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June

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THE RIGHT TO BE LET ALONE

THE NEED OF LIFE. *A STORY*

OUR RECEPTION FOR BOMBERS

THE TRUTH ABOUT SLEEP

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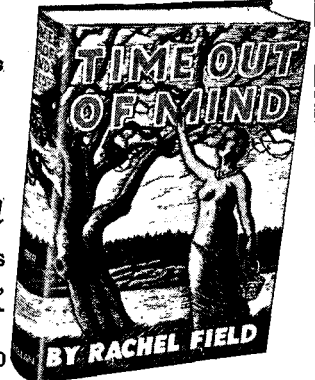
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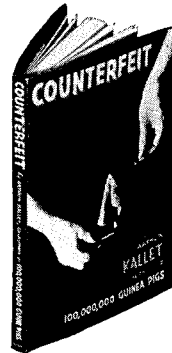
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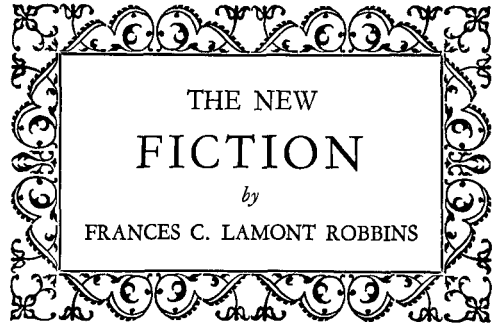
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MAINE is a fit setting for Rachel Field's *Time Out of Mind* (Macmillan, \$2.50). Salt wind and balsam have nourished Maine's celebrants. From Sarah Orne Jewett on, there has not been a Maine novelist who has written shoddy prose or forsaken unchanging life for ephemeral ideas. Miss Field's verse has been good training for her cadenced prose. Her novel is epic in plan and quality. Its setting of nineteenth-century Maine is the maritime North—everywhere, sea and woods; hard-earned plowlands; quick, scented summers; and long winters. Its characters are pride of blood and achievement; greed; sensibility touched with divine fire; selfless love made flesh. Its repeated symbols are the beat of shipyard hammers; the foretold destinies; the clock before whose face, every hour, brazen men kill time with axe strokes on a brazen log; the magic wand bringing down fire from heaven; the woman, guardian of the apples of life. From the day when she came as a child to the Penobscot village dominated by Fortune shipyards, Kate Fernald's life was dedicated to the love and service of the Fortunes. She saw their tall ships die before steam, their forest masts fall that the price of shore frontage might rise. She read old Major Fortune onto the sea of death with the surging phrases of the Bible. And she swept the hope of home and children from her heart that it might be garnished for love of Nat, the frustrated artist, to fill. Whether you take the theme of this novel to be the conflict of societies at the end of the clipper-ship era, or the conflict between the man of action and the man of dreams, or the conflict in a woman's heart between worldly wisdom and lover's wisdom, it remains an epic—as far removed from realism as the "Song of Solomon," which Kate Fernald loved, and as true—and a remarkable book for this day to have brought forth.

Novels which illuminate America's past serve to explain her national character. James Boyd's *Roll River* (Scribner's, \$2.75) is a distinguished

and moving chronicle of three generations of an American family, evoking a certain nostalgia for the *temps perdu* of American life—as far away as the golden age—but full of sound characterizations, rich humor, and fine, typical dialogue, written in a smoothly flowing style delightful to read. It is his understanding of his background and his own life as it passes before the vision of a dying man. The first part, “The Dark Shore,” is so complete and poignant a story in itself that inevitably the pages which immediately follow, devoted to childhood and undergraduate days, seem something of an anticlimax. But when Tom Rand goes to war, the novel gains momentum from its emotional weight. Mr. Boyd builds his tragedy on failure of physical adjustment in marriage. If that was not his main theme, he has made the mistake of giving it the center of the life story as well as the center of the background story. His approach to the problem is somewhat literary, but that is because the American approach to life is literary. The author attributes the frigidity of American woman to inhibitions imposed by mistaken ideas of chivalry, a thesis more likely to hold good if one could forget that in pioneer days, when the law of supply and demand put woman on a pedestal, the frigid woman seems to have been a rarer phenomenon than she is today. However, granting the author’s right to his original premise, we find that the agonizing tragedy of Clara Rand’s marriage lay in the very depth of passion between her and her husband, as indeed it is love which makes the tragedy of every human relationship. The inevitable isolation of the individual is no disaster where there is indifference. If Tom Rand’s own marital failure had been based on passion instead of indifference, its importance in the novel’s scheme would have been more natural. As it is, the emphasis thrown on it is a little troublesome, since it was, after all, only one of the courses in Tom Rand’s liberal education. The fact is that Mr. Boyd goes at a problem of group psychology from a romantic angle.

Another chronicle novel, and about Maine, is Gladys Hasty Carroll’s *A Few Foolish Ones* (Macmillan, \$2.50). Here Maine is the southernmost corner of York and Kittery, and is more New England than Down East. Gus Bragdon, one of the foolish ones to stay where life is hard and its rewards precarious, is an embodiment of New England virtues of thrift, temperance, and, above all, moral independence. These qualities have their defects, and Gus is close-fisted and reserved, a family dictator. He lives by his own conscience, and the land he loved is his kind

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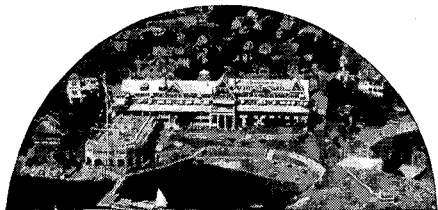
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love. He makes a fine central character for a village book which presents a period and community vividly. Mrs. Carroll's work depends for its effects on clear understanding, honesty, and homely, fresh prose. Her people, run-out Blaines, wastrel Lincotts, hymn-singing Grays, and self-sufficient Bragdons, and their tangy speech will make any New Englander homesick.

George F. Hummel's *Heritage* (Stokes, \$2.50), far less distinguished in writing than the foregoing books, is another village chronicle, sturdy and absorbing in spite of a pedestrian style. Here the town is in eastern Long Island. The period covered is the last half of the nineteenth century, a time of great physical, but little spiritual, change. The central families of the story are one of old Puritan and one of German-immigrant stock. The plot, developing around the twin sons of the German couple, I found melodramatic and unconvincing. But the village scenes and characters of the older generation are thoroughly interesting. One lives in Norwold with its people through the Civil War, the coming of the railroad, the slowing down of farming, and the beginning of city trading—through sorrows, satisfactions, and fears. *Heritage* seems to me a superior historical novel, not one of the costume-romance variety, but one as sound and true in atmosphere as in event.

Novels dealing with the contemporary American scene are many. So far the importance of the propaganda novel from the purely literary point of view is very slight. Dedicated to "The Homeless Boys of America," Nelson Algren's *Somebody in Boots* (Vanguard, \$2.50) traces the evolution of a native son of Texas through vagrancy to crime, to the accompaniment of the horrible *Chant of the Down and Outs*. It is not veiled in the symbolism and poetry of Sean O'Casey's play, but brutally stated in terms of physical filth, perversion, and nauseating cruelty. Algren, not a creative writer, but a good competent reporter, is more than a young modern doing his stuff: he flames with rage that the son of man has no place to lay his head; and his story marches inevitably, sweeping the homeless into a menacing army.

In *Talk United States*, by Robert Whitcomb (Smith & Haas, \$2.50), the hero cries from the depths in more hopeful, if belligerent, tones. Matt is no defeatist. His story, begun in khaki and carried through labor's postwar buggy ride and through depression into new social understandings, ends with a challenge to the future—"not a New Deal but a New Deck." The novel is shrewd and humorous, told in what I presume is authentic bricklayers' language.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

One is expected to understand so many versions of English in New York, now, I could do without them in books.

Of the same genre as *Somebody in Boots, A World to Win*, by Jack Conroy (Covici-Friede, \$2.50), is told from the proletarian point of view with considerable power and conviction; but it shares with the other novel a defect which to some extent defeats its ends. In excessive zeal for truth, Mr. Conroy spatters his pages with so much profanity and obscenity that the instinctive reaction is one of disgust rather than sympathy. It is not only by pity and terror that the soul of man is purged. A hearty guffaw at honest dirt often cleanses the Augean stables of the subconscious. But this meaningless dirt is dreary. There's not a laugh in a scowload.

Among the minor miracles of Soviet Russia is the American resident. To the best of my knowledge, he makes his fictional debut in *Moscow Yankee*, by Myra Page (Putnam's, \$2.50). While it cannot be said that Miss Page has made the most of her unique material, she deserves credit for perceiving its value. If she does not get far beneath the surface, she is interesting as far as she goes. Expose Americans to Soviet Russia and catalysis of some sort is bound to result.

Hamilton Basso's *In Their Own Image* (Scribner's, \$2.50) is an interesting but, at the same time, disappointing novel. Here are members of the upper clahs enjoying a winter in Aiken. They were either born into the class or have bought their way into it. They are nonfunctioning and in a vacuum. The historical function of their class is to lead, and it is not now fit to do so. So they go about looking for the sunny spots of earth, thinking that the world is the way they believe it is. Confidence based on such a foundation is easily shaken. In Mr. Basso's Aiken, these people are afraid and they act stupidly, pathetically, brutally, according to their natures, while a Jamesian chorus of one to talk and one to listen comments with bitterness and some wisdom. The book is disappointing because it is obviously made up. Its characters, chosen for the proving of points, do not come to life. Mr. Basso says too plainly, "This and thus is so, and I will make a book of it."

For some time now the Southern novel has followed a formula of brutality which has threatened to crystallize into something as arid as the older convention of crinoline and colonnels. What once seemed startling and original

*Continued in back advertising
section, page x*

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The American MERCURY

DON'T BOW DOWN TO THE ENGLISH

BY H. W. SEAMAN

THAT English taste is several notches higher than American taste is generally taken to be as self-evident as the first five clauses of the Declaration of Independence. Indeed, so axiomatic is the proposition that its bald statement by an American would seem supererogatory almost to the point of departure from good taste. Yet "Really, Mr. Tourist!" (or any such polite answer to that clumsy compliment) would be as inadequate an acknowledgment as, say, the tap of a fan from a hag who had been told that she is beautiful—unless the hag happened to believe it, or unless the fan concealed a sash weight.

Nor would it be altogether seemly for me, an Englishman, to suggest that you American visitors to England are mistaken in your view of us. The implication that Americans cannot recognize good taste when they see it would be hardly in the best of taste. It is partly to set you at your ease when you come among us and partly to spare our own blushes that I now address myself to you, but even more I am interested in discovering what you are getting at. For when

I put off the goggles of custom and compel myself to regard with an unfamiliar eye the features of English life that you profess to admire most, I feel that you must be kidding, spoofing, pulling our legs, having us on.

When, for example, I find so keen an observer and so unexceptionable a man of taste as Joseph Hergesheimer writing in a Cockney newspaper that he actually envies our nation its dignity, I wonder at his being so easily taken in. And when I remember that he reads the *News of the World*, if not the *Manchester Guardian*, regularly, and so acquaints himself with the gaudier phases of our lives and habits, I permit myself to doubt that he is taken in.

I know of no English writer who, reviewing the American spectacle, has gone out of his way to be civil in this fashion. *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes* started a racket that is still profitable. It is true that most English commentators contrive to close on a chord for heartstrings and, after a series of wet and slimy slaps at everything American, end by protesting deep love for their American brothers and

explaining that nothing more has been intended than a sympathetic analysis of the problems of the Republic. But such sympathy rings about as true as Big Ben, which, as the whole cockeared world is daily reminded, has a flat third.

In journalism, too, the same sour note is heard. John Collier, heartily praising a book of Willa Cather's in the *Daily Telegraph*, cannot resist the temptation to add: "There is no one in America who can write as well as this, and I very much doubt if there are half a dozen in England." J. B. Priestley, the Dickens of today, writing in the *Sunday Chronicle*, deplores the exposure of the British populace to the corrupting influence of American films, books, and newspapers, and continues:

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to suggest for a moment that our attitude toward America should be either antagonistic or even contemptuous. Our business is to try to understand and sympathise. But, on the other hand, it is utterly preposterous that we should ever dream for a moment of imitating these people or accepting any of their values.

Lionel Hale, however, reviewing Sinclair Lewis's *Work of Art* in the *News-Chronicle*, is good enough to omit the customary expressions of sympathy and to content himself with describing America as "a crowded market place peopled with cheap-jack inanities—ice water, cuties, drummers, nickels, sports cars (sic), toothpicks, swimming pools, shyster lawyers, films, suicides, bootleggers, divorce, culture, clam chowder, Sin, Sedition, and Service." The list flows automatically from a practiced English pen. Sometimes it runs to jazz, unprintable songs, noise, guns, synthetic liquor, graft, Jimmy Walker, Mae West, chewing gum, Ford cars, hot dogs, cuspidors—with the inevitable implication that all these features of

the American landscape are offensive to the refined noses, eyes, and ears of the people of this island.

It must be puzzling to you to find ice water, clam chowder, swimming pools, nickels, and sport roadsters in a catalogue of "cheap-jack inanities." Are clam chowder and hot dogs, you may ask, more vulgar than fish and chips or tripe and onions? Is a nickel less elegant than a threepenny bit; a Ford, than a Morris; a drummer, than a commercial? If so, the only logical answer is that everything American is vulgar, and everything English is in good taste. Have Englishmen always climbed in and out of their shirts through the neckholes? Then it is vulgar to put on a shirt like a coat. Do Americans, visiting our country, express admiration for our institutions, our dignity, and above all, our good taste? Then it is vulgar to be polite and in good taste to be rude.

Yet when you tell us how cultured we are and how crude are the old folks at home, I confess to considerable uneasiness. It cannot be good for us to believe all we are told in that line. I feel, too, that "good taste," as you apply it to us, is not altogether complimentary, but implies softness. It is as if you rated cricket above baseball because cricket players smelled of hair oil and baseball players of sweat; or as if you apologized for our heavyweights on the score that they were too polite to kill their opponents. These apparent evidences of effiteness, I submit, are misleading. My aim here is to show that we have no lack of the essential vulgarity that would relate us to the rest of mankind, and that, in spite of all misguided efforts to conceal it and courteous refusals to see it, our vulgar streak is quite as broad and every bit as vivid as your own, thank God!

II

I began this job half an hour after quitting the company of a pop-eyed American pilgrim who was studying good taste in Piccadilly Circus. He had landed at Southampton in the morning, had established himself in a hotel that closely resembled any one of a dozen New York hotels, and had spent the evening in the grill room, eating what he was accustomed to eat at home and telling me of the wonders he expected to enjoy during his visit to the Motherland. He congratulated himself on his escape from the crudities of New York—the skyscrapers, the electric signs, the beaneries, the L., the glare of chromium, the din—and, promising himself sweet surcease from all such vulgarities, prepared to set about what he was pleased to call the calm contemplation of our old-world culture.

"When I think of Forty-second Street as it used to be and as it is today," he said, "I am happy to have put nearly three thousand miles of ocean between myself and it." I asked him what he meant.

"There was a time," he explained, "when even New York had a measure of dignity and decency, and even Forty-second Street was tolerable to a man of taste. But now it is like the tawdry Midway of a county fair—flea circuses, freak shows, penny arcades, cheap burlesque theaters."

"We English also are human," I replied. "All that you have fled from is to be found in London."

"But surely not in London's Forty-second Street," he protested.

Ten minutes later a taxicab of the quaint, old London pattern set us down in Leicester Square, where Shakespeare in bronze, hidden among shrubs and unseen by the crowd, stared across the roof of a public lavatory at Garbo in papier-

mâché, many times life-sized, on the front of the Empire Theatre. My pilgrim asked me why London taxicabs were so ancient, decrepit, built so high. I explained that, although many of them were ten years old, none was decrepit and that their queer shape was due to a police order which demanded headroom for top hats. My friend then pointed out that, to his surprise and astonishment, he had not yet clapped eyes on a top hat in a city that he had been led to believe was filled with them. I replied that certain important personages did, nevertheless, wear toppers on occasion and that it was for such people and such occasions that Scotland Yard very rightly made provision. He was deeply impressed, and seemed to find in the antique cut of our taxis a victory for sturdy British conservatism over crass modernity, for good taste over vulgarity.

It was this observation that set me wondering what Americans meant by good taste. We moved along Coventry Street, and, seeing him wince at the sight of the Prince of Wales Theatre, I hoped that I had scored a point. The entire façade of this temple of the arts was covered with what looked like tin foil. Beside the shining entrance hung row on row of photographs of cuties, some in their underwear, some in less. Neon signs above the entrance promised ultra-Babylonian delights.

"Ah! A burlesque show," said my pilgrim, unmoved.

"Here called nonstop revue," I replied. "A few moments ago you were deploring the sad state of Forty-second Street. Good taste, I take it, is a matter of congruity. No sensible person objects to burlesque. As an erstwhile patron of the Old Howard in Boston and a fervent admirer of Barney Bernard, Sliding Billy Watson, Dave Marion, Billy Arlington, and other heroes of the days when revue was revue

and burlesque something else again, I should be the last to balk at these cuties, some of whom appear to be very fetching, or at Mae West, who, you may have noted, is on view at the cinema across the street. What I am getting at is that this thoroughfare, which now is almost indistinguishable from Houston Street, Fourteenth Street, or Scollay Square, is actually Coventry Street, and that we are now only one hundred feet or so from Piccadilly Circus, the heart of the British Empire and the hub of Anglo-Saxon civilization."

Colored lights framed a wide, arched doorway, whence came the rattle of wheels, the roar of barkers, and the crack of rifles.

"A shooting gallery," I pointed out. "Also a penny arcade. Here you may play at skin games called pin games, try your strength, and see how Bridget served the salad undressed and why Mary blew out the light. The lower floors of this whole block and the next are honeycombed with these gilded halls."

"Where is the flea circus?" asked the pilgrim.

"London," I told him, "is the home of the flea. Bugs are fewer here than on the eastern seaboard of the United States, for, like turkeys, they are not indigenous to these islands, but were brought here by mariners. Fleas, however, abound. All attempts by fanciers to breed *pulex irritans*, the European flea, in America have failed; and as he is the only flea who can be taught to wear a ballet skirt and drag a fire engine, showmen find it necessary to ship him to the Americas, where, alas, his life is short. There is certainly a flea circus somewhere in this mess. We must have overlooked it."

We found it near the Haymarket entrance.

"There was a time," I said, "when London had a measure of decency and dignity,

and even Haymarket was tolerable to a man of taste. But look at it now—the Carlton, His Majesty's Theatre, the Kit Kat, two movie cathedrals, and a flea circus. Haymarket, where kings bowed to Handel, is now just another one-way street."

We crossed it, and on the edge of the sidewalk in Piccadilly Circus, a cloth-capped Cockney offered for sale a vast array of nudist, art, and physical-culture magazines, spread on the sidewalk in the glare of the Neon signs. Many of the 59 publications banned in New York were represented.

"Very 'ot, governor," said the salesman to my friend.

We parted there, without further discussion of what we had seen. My friend said that he proposed to return to his hotel, have a good night's sleep, and begin his pilgrimage in the morning, alone and unembarrassed. He proposed to start with the National Gallery. As I rode home I wondered whether I ought to have warned him to enter with his eyes shut. For the main entrance of the National Gallery has lately been enriched by the addition of a large mosaic, wherein Greta Garbo figures as the Tragic Muse.

III

Lest I be accused of setting up as an arbiter of elegance, let me insist that, far from attempting to define good taste and vulgarity, I am earnestly trying to find out what other people mean by them. I am as puzzled by your telling us how civilized we are as by our smug acceptance of the tribute. Our complacency seems to me at least as vulgar as your innocence or polite simulation of innocence. If I point to Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, and the Haymarket Fun Fair and suggest that the

West End is as vulgar as Times Square, I run the risk of being told that it is vulgar to point. Worse, I may be told that the vulgarity to which I draw attention is only that of the red-nosed comedian — the honest vulgarity of which our professional arbiters of elegance boast when they gratuitously remind the common reader that they are only human after all. Very well, but the truth about the West End — that it is a popular playground, catering to the mob — ought to be in the guide books. At this moment thousands of American pilgrims in search of good taste are wasting their time there. They might as well have saved their money and taken the subway to Coney Island. If it is suggested that I don't know honest vulgarity when I see it, I reply that I can find a good deal of entertainment to my own taste in Coventry Street and points west.

And I can derive keen pleasure from the contemplation of certain other vulgarities, which, since nobody else seems to have drawn attention to them, may possibly exist only in the eye of this beholder. If it is rude to point to the West End, how much ruder is it to point to the Countess who, at about the time of the publication of her late husband's letters to herself, spread before the 2,000,000 readers of the *Daily Mail*, in a full-page advertisement, her endorsement of the merits of the furniture supplied, in plain vans, by an installment firm? Possibly a man of taste would not have been disturbed, as I was, by this linking of a noble name with hire-purchase furniture. No doubt it is the vulgar streak in myself that causes me first to be shocked and then delicately entertained by all such antics of my betters.

In America, film stars endorse cigarettes, floor polish, soap. In England, ladies of ancient title are at the same game. Among the noble endorsers whose portraits have re-

cently appeared in advertisements for Pond's Cream are the Viscountess Milton, the Lady Stanley of Alderney, the Countess of Galloway, Donna Segma Marconi, the Countess of Warwick, the Viscountess Tiverton, Lady Smiley, Lady Diana Abdy, Lady Ashley, the Lady June Charlton, the Lady Delamere, Lady Brougham and Vaux, Lady Milbanke, and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam.

Lady Helena, a million British servant girls are told, "spreads cold cream generously over her neck and face several times a day," and then "wipes off the cream and dirt with Pond's Tissue." "Complexions nowadays," writes the Viscountess Tiverton, "are what you make them." Into mill and kitchen goes the message of Lady Delamere: "Tell every girl my advice is to use these two creams daily."

"Ever since I was sixteen I've used Pond's Cream," writes Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton. "Was I thrilled? I should say I was! The smartest wedding of the season, and I was asked to be a bridesmaid. The letter came when I was at school — I was then only sixteen — and, of course, I showed it to some of the girls.

"I say, Daphne, you'll just have to do something about your skin," said my best friend, and she ran her finger up my face. 'Look, you're positively peeling, and the wind has given you little frown lines and blotches. It doesn't matter on the hockey field, but you won't look in the picture at St. Margaret's.'"

There are four more paragraphs of this, followed by the explanation that Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton "is one of the most attractive and intelligent members of the Younger Set." This advertisement, 13 inches by three columns, appeared on January 26, 1935, in the *Daily Herald*, a Socialist newspaper with a circulation of more than 2,000,000, mostly proletarian.

One of the heaviest crosses that English newspaper editors, metropolitan and provincial, have to bear is the titled letter writer. Every newspaper is shelled daily with letters on coroneted note paper, ostensibly commenting on affairs of public importance, but almost invariably working in a few words of publicity for proprietary products. Thus a letter from a peeress, in violet ink, denouncing American vulgarity, may contain references to artificial silk, radio, a tonic wine, a film, a London store, and two or three other things, ingeniously inlaid. An editor, torn between his ambition to put "From the Countess of —" at the top of his correspondence column and his duty to the advertising department, and possibly also indignant at the attempt to fool him, cuts out all the publicity that he can smell and prints the rest. For each mention of a proprietary article that gets past an editor the peeress collects one guinea, and as her letter, in various forms, may appear in a score of newspapers, the noble lady is well in. This racket is not enjoyed exclusively by the nobility; some of our best-regarded novelists, endorsers of fountain pens and memory courses, are in it, and every editor's postbag is daily swollen by letters of this sort on the notepaper of both Houses of Parliament and the most sedate clubs.

Pilgrims in search of good taste fly from Winchell's forecasts of blessed events and read in the *Daily Mail* (March 24, 1934) that the Countess of Inchcape expects one — in so many words, and in 30-point type. The *Daily Express* five months earlier outwinchelled Winchell by announcing, under the heading, "Knitting Tiny Socks," that "Mrs. Charles Sweeny, ex-Margaret Wigham, expects to give birth to a child early next summer."

"La Wigham," added the *Express*, "had much more glamour than any of her much-

publicised generation of débutantes. Dark hair, large eyes, perfect figure, slight stammer. She captured the public fancy like a Lily Langtry or a Diana Manners; record crowds rushed her wedding at the Brompton Oratory." The picture accompanying this breezy dollop of intelligence was entitled, "Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who expects to give birth to a baby early next summer, is here seen nursing a doll at a charity function."

The newspapers' gossip columns and the pictures in the shilling snob weeklies offer excellent pickings to the earnest student of taste, good and bad. The two most popular gossip writers are Irishmen of title, Viscount Castlerosse and Viscount Donegall. It is notable that these two devote much of their space to deriding the vulgarity of the social spectacle and the awe with which their colleagues and the mob at large regard it.

For all I know these society doings, because they are performed on English soil, may be in perfect taste. But in America they would certainly be sniffed at. "Beachcomber" (J. B. Morton), the intelligent columnist of the *Daily Express*, who knows vulgarity when he sees it, has invented the following description of an American millionaire's mansion:

It is made entirely of yellow glass so that it will shine more than all other mansions. There is a large swimming pool filled with sea water brought by tubes from the sea, and a gymnasium in which everything is made of gold except the ropes, which are made of platinum. There is an electric organ in every room and garage, and a wireless set is placed beside each guest's plate during meals. The library is so vast that guests are taken round it in a small six-seater motorcar. The books are all dummies made of the very finest shark-skin and embossed with the initials of the owner in rubies.

This, I take it, is the sort of thing pil-

grims hope to avoid in coming to England. Alas, I can only warn them to wear blinkers. Do Americans uproot ancient buildings and transplant them, stone by stone, from the old continent to the new? We are indebted to a *Daily Mail* correspondent for the following example of a local achievement in that line:

I strayed across country, passed a board that said, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted," and, on rounding a clump of trees, had the impression that I must have wandered on a movie location. In front of me, in the newest of stone, was a mediaeval chateau. . . . I had stumbled on the house of Lord Moyne, formerly Mr. Walter Guinness. . . . The front of the house was 14th century and the back 15th. . . . Everything was made to look of the period: oak beams were full of wormholes . . . you could hit your head on the lintel of every door; cracks and the flaking of old plaster were reproduced; but the bathrooms were the very latest thing. Oak trees had been brought from inland and planted; scores of trees probably 100 years old, wrapped round with straw ropes and rubber and stayed with wire. . . . One authentic old building, brought there piecemeal, formed the lodge. . . . *I have seen attempts to do the same thing in America.*

The italics are yours.

IV

But the countryside, the English countryside! A neighbor once asked me, "Has America a countryside, with lanes and cottages and trees? If so, we never hear of it. We hear only of hot-dog stands, petrol stations, speedways, and advertising signs that hide the hills, if any."

We hear, too, that, on Long Island, in Westchester County, and in California, wealthy men build temples, pagodas, Spanish missions, Colonial mansions, Elizabethan mansions, and hybrid mansions,

and that poorer men follow them as far as they are able. But have you in America heard that the celebrated English countryside is largely littered with similar truck — Jacobethan halls (each with a built-in garage); fake Tudor inns, floodlighted from below; gimcrack imitations of Ann Hathaway's cottage; roadside menageries; swimming pools; petrol stations; tearooms; roadhouses; villas; shanties; bungalows — "of a tawdriness and vulgarity," as Gerald Barry points out in the *News-Chronicle*, "unsurpassed by anything which our maligned Victorian grandfathers perpetrated"? Every English town is circled by an ever-widening band of villas, mostly jerry-built in meretricious imitation of Tudor cottages, and of barrack-like blocks of Council Houses, which in ten years will be indistinguishable from the Victorian slums they are intended to displace. From these monotonous suburbs radiate long rows of red and white monstrosities, lining all the main roads in what is called "ribbon development." Many of these dwellings, according to the real-estate agents' advertisements, contain "baronial halls," which is to say, vestibules paneled in three-ply. But there is hardly a shower-bath in a thousand or a decent heating system in two thousand or a real hardwood floor in three thousand. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a beam of seasoned wood or a piece of furniture superior in form and substance to the machine-made product of Grand Rapids, Michigan. I present these facts, gathered from authoritative observers, without the indignation with which such observers commonly present them when they complain of the "desecration" of the countryside. My only concern is to help you in your search for good taste.

If you visit our literary shrines, do not miss the bookshop in the Kings Cross Road

that advertises, "All this row sixpence; no dud authors." Go north to Abbotsford and inspect the bogus castle that Sir Walter Scott built for himself to live in. Imagine Scott, as Norman Collins describes him, "prosperous and porcine, in a room littered with collie dogs and antiquarian armour and bristling with bric-a-brac like Balzac's. Byron's vase . . . on the table; Montrose's sword on the bookcase; an old Border bugle; James VII's travelling flask; Rob Roy's sporran and long gun; Claverhouse's pistol; a brace of Bonaparte's; and over all a bust of Shakespeare, presiding like an immutable Buddha." Mr. Collins omits the Napoleon letters, the locks of Flora MacDonald's hair, and many other choice items that are pointed out to tourists with veneration. The place, in short, is full of junk.

Go farther North, to the Trossachs, a region famed for beauty. There, say the guidebooks, you will breathe Highland air and see Highland cattle roaming in the glens. Actually, you will see four or five long-horned, shaggy, and self-conscious steers, strategically planted. Highland pipers at crossroads will stop your car and ask for bawbees.

At the end of the road which leads through the Trossachs you will come to the lovely Loch Katrine, whose banks at this end are of concrete and enclosed by an iron railing, painted white. At short intervals along the shore there are notices, "Do not throw rubbish in the loch. Glasgow Waterworks." From an imitation rustic bridge you may see in the cool, clear water a discarded Michelin tire and three tomato cans. Loud-speakers, gramophones, ukuleles, and jazz bands filled the air with discord when I last was there; by this time, no doubt, accordions have joined them. If I were a Scot, I should demand a spectacular and bloody cleanup of the place. It

would be a grand spot for a Highland massacre.

South again, to Stratford on Avon —

WHERE SHAKESPEARE TOLD HIS LOVE

Shakespeare was a poet who got in some good lines, but he wasn't writing poetry all the time. He fell in love with Ann Hathaway and used to sit in the chimney corner with her. Wouldn't it be great to know what Shakespeare said to her, what was the tale Shakespeare told his love! Go to Stratford and sit in the corner where Shakespeare sat and feel your spirit lift at the touch of an immortal.

Hollywood speaking? No, the London, Midland, and Scottish Railway Company, in an advertisement addressed to you. Come to Stratford on Avon, pilgrims, and see where Shakespeare lies now. Two Matthews sit at the receipt of custom in the Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity, the burial place of the Shakespeare family, and sell, at sixpence a throw, a one-leaf guide to the wonders therein.

Visit our cathedrals and castles. Many of them are floodlighted. I understand that the Office of Works is even now thinking of floodlighting the ceiling of Westminster Hall, said to be "the finest mediaeval timber roof in the world." This is a vulgar error; what is actually visible is only a copy of the original woodwork, which was eaten by beetles. As for Westminster Abbey, we now have the assurance of A. L. N. Russell, noted architect, "that not a stone of the mediaeval structure may now be seen from the street, and that except for unalterable sizes and proportions it bears little resemblance to what was originally there." Here again, only the error is vulgar, or possibly also the floodlighting; but of course these things have no relation to what the Abbey is, was, and means. The interior of the Abbey, as everybody knows,

is cluttered up with statues of forgotten politicians, statues whose taste not even an archbishop can defend. The building opposite the Abbey is the Westminster Hospital and not, as the 48-sheet patent-food poster on its front might lead the pilgrim to suppose, a canning factory.

As you make the tour of our castles, up and down the country, you will note that some are 6d. a look, some 1s., and a few 2s. Those scheduled as historical monuments are administered by His Majesty's Office of Works, which issues admission tickets. Do not be shocked to find on the backs of these tickets advertisements for soap and patent medicines. These are an important source of revenue to our Government, which allows few such opportunities to pass uncashed. Thus our income-tax-receipt forms bear the advertisements of insurance companies, investment corporations, and water heaters. The walls of our post offices are liberally plastered with the announcements of local cinemas, dance teachers, undertakers, barbers, and butchers; and the officially issued books of postage stamps are interleaved with appeals in behalf of hair tonics, furniture, New Zealand lamb, pleasure cruises, typewriters, and cures for deafness, indigestion, rheumatoid arthritis, blushing, inferiority complex, and the tobacco habit—deafness cures, for an occult reason, predominate. Even franking stamps are used for advertising, and, until recently, the Post Office Department was thus engaged in promoting the sale of a *recherché* line of contraceptive devices. This branch of the business was lopped off, in response to moral, not aesthetic, objections. Similarly, bowing to the wowers, the Post Office Department has dropped liquor ads.

Halitosis and B. O. now enjoy as much publicity here as in your country. The London railway stations, unlike the Pennsyl-

vania and the Grand Central, are papered with posters, and their approaches for many miles are lined with billboards and tin shields whooping up things to wear, eat, see, drink, smoke, and sniff. So are our river banks. The south bank of the Thames, that slow-moving column of liquid history, as seen from the windows of the Savoy and the Adelphi flats, is the ugliest waterfront in the Western world. Hoboken, in comparison, is elegant. Two-thirds of the outer surfaces of our London omnibuses are rented by advertisers. At Christmas, the proprietors of Bile Beans take full-page advertisements—embellished with red holly berries and the Olde Englishe type usually reserved for Royal proclamations and Holy Scripture—to convey the season's greetings and a message of cheer to victims of colonic stasis. When you, coming from a land where such obscenities, if not actually unknown, are at least recognized as what they are, tell us that you admire our good taste, we are entitled to ask you what the hell you would call vulgarity.

V

Seeking an English counterpart of the Lynds' Middletown, I come to an ancient cathedral city of say 100,000 people, and call this composite "Midminster." The booklets, folders, maps, and posters circulated by its up-and-coming publicity department show that Midminster is up to what our Mr. Priestley calls "Ye Olde Game." Since the castle has been rebuilt too recently to receive even Americans, the cathedral is the town's strong suit. The annual overhead of the holy edifice is £9000, including the bishop's stipend, which he manages to augment by letting half his palace as offices. At present the revenue is feeling the American drought; the num-

ber of paying visitors, few of whom are natives, has dropped by 10,000 a year. Multitudes of Midminsterians, in fact, are born, grow old, and die without ever paying the necessary sixpence to approach the altar that their fathers built. A few hundred occasionally attend services in the great nave, from which no glimpse of the chancel is afforded. The cathedral is bung in the middle of the town, but several thousand spiritual miles from the rows of brick boxes in which the citizens, mostly factory workers, live.

The only theater in this cathedral town is an amateur affair, but there are a dozen movie palaces. In this respect the cultural level of the cathedral town is precisely that of Oxford, where the Oxford Union Dramatic Society plays Shakespeare to the Wood family, while Town and Gown put their money on Laurel and Hardy.

Two of Midminster's cinemas are equipped with hidden lighting, rubber floors, black glass clocks, lavatories in onyx and jade, and one-man bands of terrific horsepower. They are a distinct improvement over their predecessors. Formerly, the safety curtain bore a street scene featuring lampposts, red pillar boxes, and shopfronts, the awnings of which displayed the announcements of the local butcher, baker, and candlestick maker, with here and there the intimation that space was to let. Now, we have King Arthur's castle rising from Lake Como, with a company of knights in armor riding up to Camelot, bearing on their shields and pennons the challenges of rival sausage purveyors, permanent wavers, cylinder reborers, income-tax adjusters, central-heating specialists, palmists, kitchen kafes, herbal healers, and water diviners. Boy! Is this class? Have we got taste? I'll say we have!

Slowly the wall of asbestos rises, disclosing inner curtains of mauve and saffron,

like the silken underwings of some gaudy tropical beetle. They part and reveal, for a moment, the Holy of Holies, the screen itself. Only a short, ecstatic glimpse of the central mystery is vouchsafed to us; then the curtains are drawn by hidden hands. Thus teased, the worshipers await the moment of consecration, the *sacre du cinéma*. Thunderous eructations from the bowels of the tabernacle shake the walls, and as our imported organist at his £10,000 console rises from the depths amid the crashing chords of the only Hungarian rhapsody known in these parts, namely, *Hungarian Rhapsody Number 2*, and the glass pillars beside him ring the changes on Naples yellow, rose madder, oyster grey, pansy purple, and flannelette pink, we let ourselves go. For a moment, as the colors merge, the thin top line of Chopin's *Nocturne in E-flat Major* steals on us from above, to be answered, behind the reredos, by a *vox humana* rendering of *Liebestraume*. Who am I, at such a solemn time, to suggest that the acolyte is tone-deaf as well as color-blind? I should be told that the disability makes him the greater wonder. In the presence of the masters, any such interruption would be unseemly; this is classical stuff, and the world means to us exactly what it means to Middletown — piano music thickened and emulsified by resetting for cinema organ, dance orchestra, or military band; the three known nocturnes, the one known serenade, the second movement of the *Sonata Pathe-tique*, and, for weight, bits of the six known overtures.

It is with us as with you. The renowned Petulengro, leader of a gypsy band in high esteem in the West End, writes: "The most popular overtures are 'William Tell,' 'Tannhauser,' 'Orpheus in Hell,' and '1812.' The most popular selections are 'The Gondoliers,' 'Faust,' and 'Carmen.' Of rhap-

sodies there is only one — Lizst's No. 2. I have been playing them all my life, and while I remain faithful to such old friends I expect to continue to make a living."

As the colors come and go about the one-man band, its music bears my thoughts far away to other scenes — to the seaside, where military bands, by kind permission of Col. Whoosiz, O. C., are playing the same tunes, while crowds gamble with slot machines, consult wizards, ride in liver-jerkers billed as "Straight from Coney," pay good money to witness the last agonies of "brides" starving in glass-topped coffins, and walk on boulevards dyed green to ape grass. Speak to me of Hauptmann now, and I give you the Rev. Davidson, the Stiffkey martyr, most recent victim of the Holy Inquisition. Last time I saw him he was exhibiting himself in a barrel at Midminster's Olde Worlde Fair. His rival attraction was Al Capone's armored car, accompanied by a Cockney spieler in a colorable imitation of a Chicago police uniform, who clouted the windshield with a nightstick to show its toughness, while the loud-speakers of the roundabouts sang *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes*.

Mention the souvenir shops at Niagara Falls and the Grand Canyon, and I haul in the Loch Ness Monster. Is it a nobby trick among you to get married in airplanes and submarines? I retort with the bride who held her wedding reception in a Surrey zoo and was photographed for the newspapers on an elephant; and with another bride, who, on the same day, took her pet tortoise to church on a white ribbon. You have Aimee Semple McPherson, but have you seen *Adoremus*, *Glorificamus*, and *Laudeamus* thrown on the sky by a 3,000,000-candle-power searchlight? If so, I yield the point, but score, surely, with the Dayang Muda of Sarawak,

that beautiful English Princess, a Rajah's wife, who, born Protestant, became a Christian Scientist, was received into the Catholic church when she put on the national costume of Malaya to call on the Pope, and crowned all these efforts by staging her public reception into the Moslem faith aboard an air liner between London and Paris.

Are our radio programs in better taste than yours? There has been a great fuss lately about the vulgarity of the British Broadcasting Corporation in permitting G. B. Shaw to talk about sex on the Sabbath, in letting an off-color allusion get into a variety program, and in presenting, at the Children's Hour, a potted version of Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. I need hardly point out that the protests have not come from the populace, which generally regards B.B.C. programs as not vulgar enough. The fuss in each case is in worse taste than the offence. In a country which has never had a permanent opera, indignation about opera is rank ostentation.

At the season when every other great opera house in the world is at its rightful game, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, is a dance hall. Not until their serious work is over do opera singers from the Continental capitals find opportunity to visit us, and so we have opera at Covent Garden for a few weeks in May. It is precisely then that our football stars, their season over, find opportunity to perform in Milan, Barcelona, and Vienna. But since enthusiasm, or lack of enthusiasm, for opera is no criterion of taste, the point is unimportant. It now occurs to me that there is no orchestra of symphonic dimensions in Midminster, and I should be surprised to learn that 2000 of its citizens had ever listened to a complete symphony at any time.

Nor has Midminster one genuine bookshop. There are a stationer who sells hymn books, a department store with a book section, and a large number of thriller libraries. You may visit a dozen news agents before finding one who can supply, on demand, the *New Statesman*, the *Spectator*, and other such reviews; but the eleven will be chockablock with *Ranch Romances*, *Far Western Stories*, *Flying Aces*, *Gangster Stories*, *Marriage Stories*, *True Romances*, *Love Romances*, *True Detective*, *Startling Detective*, *Real Detective*, and home products of similar status.

If Frank Harris, that roughneck of letters, could come back and see what Lady Houston, a shipping millionaire's widow, has done with his *Saturday Review*, he would be content to return to Hell. The cover is red, white, and blue, with a Union Jack and a red ensign prominent; and the contents are devoted to jingoistic demands for blood, iron, ships, and men; denunciations of the less offensive politicians as traitors; and testimonials for Lady Houston's Cold Cure.

Politicians! How many of them have I seen on this very screen, posturing vulgarly for the groundlings? But surely, you may say, we cannot vie with you there. This, I fear, is another case of self-deception or, possibly, politeness. Every obscenity that offends the sensitive at Washington is matched, or even excelled, at Westminster, and the local politicians of Middletown are by no means inferior, aesthetically or morally, to the aldermen and councilors of Midminster. When a cigarette company presents a car a day in a coupon-collecting competition, mayors of great cities put on their chains and fur hats to award the prizes. There was booze on Capitol Hill during prohibition, and booze is on tap at the House of Commons bar during pro-

hibited hours. Parliamentary candidates lie, promise, crawl, and kiss babies, here as in America. At a recent election my neighbors and I received from a candidate postcards bearing a picture of his innocent daughter, aged four, with the message, "Baby Smythe's First Election. Vote for My Daddy." I doubt that the Republic has ever known a roorback as blatant and effective as the Zinoviev letter, which threw out the Socialist MacDonald in 1924, or such a campaign of chauvinistic ballyhoo as stampeded the electorate and put in the Tory MacDonald in 1929. Has an American Cabinet Member ever been known to call a comedian from Hollywood into consultation on a high matter of state, as the Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore Belisha called in Eddie Cantor to discuss traffic problems? That stunt, which heralded the release of a new Cantor picture, was a triumph for Sam Goldwyn and his publicity team. When, if ever, did an American Secretary of State cavort for the populace, as did the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., G.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., Secretary of State for India? Clad in a gray jersey and black jodhpur breeches, he cavorted on skates, under a spotlight, to the tune of *It's Love That Makes the World Go Round*, as the fourth turn on the program of a grand skating festival at the Parklane Ice Club.

Did you see in America the newsreel of our Chancellor of the Exchequer explaining his 1934 budget? If not, you missed a tasty treat. It was a budget, you may remember, in which no provision was made for paying an installment of our debt to America; and Mr. Neville Chamberlain took occasion to point out that, whereas he had succeeded in presenting his country with a surplus of several million pounds, America, "where things were always done on a much bigger scale than

anywhere else," actually had a deficit of many more millions. It may have been good politics, but its taste was of fish.

Our cinema organist changes his tune and brings me back to earth. The grand classical selection over, my neighbors breathe again. But it is no blast of American vulgarity that follows, no swamp music from Harlem. *What Can You Give a Nudist for His Birthday?* demands the one-man band. It is a song in the true English tradition, stemming from *Boiled Beef and Carrots*; *Ginger, You're Balmy*; *Ain't It Grand to Be Blooming Well Dead?* of yesteryear.

VI

Are we vulgar? Not half we aren't. To accuse us of good taste hits us where it hurts us most. My neighbors, like yours, are human; they believe in ghosts and consult wizards. "Holy Ghost and World Prosperity," says a *Sunday Companion* streamer, and the *Christian Herald* bids for snatch-sale with a poster, "Dead Sea Alive Again." A coroner's jury in Lancashire, including two churchwardens, a schoolmaster, a choirmaster, and members of the choir, find that the deceased, their vicar, was possessed of an evil spirit and solemnly bring in a verdict to that effect, with the coroner's full approval. Mr. A. A. Milne draws royalties from Christopher Robin handkerchiefs and Winnie the Pooh garden statues. Other novelists, stung by adverse reviews, raise hell in letters to the newspapers—a practice considered so vulgar in America that it is almost unknown there. Mr. Buchanan (I.L.P.;

Gorbals, Glasgow) says in the House of Commons that the Prime Minister is a robber, a mountebank, a swine, and a low, dirty cur.

All this, I submit, is the stuff to give the troops. What I have been trying to tell you is that there is plenty to see, hear, and otherwise enjoy in England. Our official ballyhoo is on wrong lines. Please do not let reports of our good taste keep you away.

Our hotelkeepers' associations and other such agencies complain that you prefer Paris to London, and now and then they produce figures to show that the tide is beginning to change. But it will never flow in our direction while you go on believing that our taste is lofty and yours lousy. We need the money, not of a few thousand pilgrims in search of good taste, but of the millions in search of vulgarity. I implore you not to let your fear of our table manners, our frozen airs, and our city ways keep you from our shores. When A. J. Cummings writes in the *News-Chronicle* of "the British electorate, which is, in effect, the adult population of the most highly civilised country in the world," no warning is intended, but a welcome. You have heard the same thing, in your own country, of yourselves. The truth is that we are as human as you, and as vulgar. We put on as good a show. Come and look at it. But make up your minds first what you are coming forth for to see. If you seek good taste you may get a snifter of it here and there, but in the main you will be woefully swindled. And you will miss a great deal of good, wholesome entertainment.

WHAT PRICE LIFE INSURANCE?

BY WILLIAM L. GROSSMAN

IT WILL doubtless come as a revelation to residents of forty-six states to learn that by moving to Massachusetts they can save from 25% to 50% in the cost of safe, level-premium life insurance. The reason why people in Massachusetts should enjoy a privilege denied to all the rest of us has never been made clear. Probably there is no reason. It just happened that Louis D. Brandeis was practicing law in that state when he conceived the idea of savings-bank life insurance. His plan was to permit mutual savings banks to enter the life insurance business and, under rigid state supervision, to sell small policies over the counter, at cost, to residents of, and persons regularly employed in, the state. There were to be no insurance agents and therefore no huge commissions to come out of premiums; and of course no titanic salaries for executives. Overhead would be small, for the savings and insurance departments of the banks would, to their mutual advantage, share many of the expenses. The banks' insurance funds were to be invested only in securities of the type to which the investment of savings bank funds is regularly limited, for such investments are less likely to freeze than the investments of insurance companies and may be expected to provide ready cash in hard times for those policyholders who are obliged to borrow or cash in on their policies.

The plan was placed before the Massachusetts legislature. Naturally, spirited op-

position arose. All the big life insurance companies tried to talk sense to the legislature and explained in their journals that "nobody need lose any sleep over the dream of the Boston theorists." What did the savings banks know about life insurance anyway? The question suggests that there is a lot to know. As a matter of fact, the business of life insurance has been surrounded by altogether too much mystery. All an insurer really needs is money, skill in making investments, a good doctor, an actuary, and a mortality table. Investment skill was an old story to the Massachusetts savings banks, and they could borrow the money needed to begin. The other requisites, costing next to nothing, would be supplied in part by the state, at least until the system stood securely on its feet.

The insurance lobby fought hard. But the new idea had President Eliot of Harvard, public opinion, and the labor unions on its side, as well as a few industrialists, mostly clients of lawyer Brandeis. After months of bitter fighting the proponents of the bill won, and on June 26, 1907, the legislature passed an act permitting banks to issue life insurance policies under the Brandeis plan.

One by one, the banks took advantage of the opportunity until by 1933 twenty-one banks were selling policies up to \$1000 and annuities up to \$200 a year. The amount is limited by statute. A person can take out a policy in each bank, however, and thus obtain \$21,000 of life insurance.

On July 31, 1934, there was \$99,047,251 of savings-bank life insurance in force, representing 111,266 policies. This is the dream of the Boston theorists over which no one need lose any sleep. Now that the system is well on its way the banks are required to pay the complete costs of the system, including the expenditures of the state — and they still sell the cheapest level-premium life insurance in the country. Even before enactment of the statute requiring reimbursement by the banks, the expenditures by the state were negligible in amount, varying from \$1,202.13 in 1907 to \$32,615.97 in 1924.

The literature that the system gets out is intended to appeal chiefly to the small or moderate wage earner, to the person who might otherwise fall a victim to the wiles of the industrial insurance agent. Now industrial or weekly premium insurance is by far the most expensive form of life insurance. So few industrial policyholders can keep up premium payments that only one out of every ten policies ever reaches maturity. Paradoxically enough, this is the kind of insurance that the poor man buys. The savings banks, appealing to the same purchasers, provide insurance at half the cost of industrial insurance.

From time to time the state publishes a comparative cost sheet showing the cost of a thousand-dollar policy in the savings banks and the cost of such a policy in each of several large, representative companies. The most recent of these comparative cost sheets, based on dividends payable in 1935, sets forth the following figures on the net cost for the first ten years of a thousand-dollar policy taken out by a person 35 years old. Net cost for the first ten years means simply the total amount of money that the policyholder will have paid to the insurer, less the total amount that he will have received from the insurer, if he ter-

minates his policy at the end of that period. The figures:

Savings Bank Life Insurance (average, 21 banks)	\$24.40
Northwestern Mutual	45.06
New England Mutual	57.87
Prudential (Endowment at 85)	67.88
Equitable (N. Y.)	67.89
Mutual Benefit	69.67
Massachusetts Mutual	71.08
John Hancock (Endowment at 85)	76.76
New York Life	82.23
Travelers	96.94
Aetna (participating)	99.00

(It should be noted that these figures relate to the cost of ordinary life insurance, not to the cost of industrial insurance.) The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, mightiest of all, was not included in the list because figures relating to its 1935 dividends were not available. However, previous editions of the comparative cost sheet indicate that the savings banks consistently undersell this company by a large margin.

The banks point also to their extraordinary record with regard to lapsed policies. After payment of premiums for a number of years, a policyholder who discontinues premium payments is entitled to receive from the insurance company a sum representing the surrender value of his policy. If he discontinues premium payments before the required number of years have elapsed he receives nothing at all, but loses the entire amount already paid in premiums. In the latter case his policy has been lapsed. Surrender-value payments serve an important social function as a line of last retreat for policyholders whose regular sources of income have failed. In most companies there is no surrender value until two or three years', and in industrial life insurance five or ten years', premiums have been paid.

But the banks are required by statute

to grant surrender value after payment by the policyholder of only six months' premiums. This requisite, together with the fact that there is no overselling by high-pressure, commission-hungry agents, has resulted in the practical elimination of lapses. The worst year for the banks, as for the insurance companies in general, was 1932, when the lapse ratio (ratio of lapsed to newly issued policies) in savings-bank life insurance reached 2.63%. In the same year the lapse ratio on ordinary policies in companies doing business in Massachusetts was 42.17%, and on industrial policies in such companies it was 107.45%. More than 10,000,000 policies were lapsed in the companies that year. Even in the 1927-29 boom period there were more than 6,000,000 lapses each year. This means that every year millions of policyholders in the United States find that, instead of providing for their dependents in a way commonly likened to "putting your money in a bank," they have thrown money away and have neither insurance nor cash to show for their expenditure.

Having offered society a way to wipe out the tragedy which these figures represent, Justice Brandeis must be a little disheartened to find society (outside of Massachusetts) apparently quite deaf to the offer and quite determined to perpetuate the tragedy. The question is often asked, "Why have other states not adopted the Brandeis scheme?" The answer is that the large insurance companies engage in an irritating practice common to oversized business in its various forms; in short, they spend a part of the immense sums paid by their customers to defeat legislation which would obviously benefit those customers. Hard-earned money paid for premiums goes in part to support a lobby opposed to any sort of social legis-

lation on life insurance. The person who needs life insurance or an annuity, and who wants to buy it as cheaply as possible, finds that in order to get it at all he must buy from one of the companies and so must contribute to a fund *to be used to prevent him from getting it as cheaply as possible*. It is all dishearteningly suggestive of the primitive custom of obliging the doomed prisoner to dig the grave in which he will presently be buried.

II

The history of the attempt made last year to introduce savings-bank life insurance in New York is instructive. Two Democratic legislators, Senator Duncan T. O'Brien and Assemblyman Jacob H. Livingston, introduced a bill based on the Brandeis plan. It would have enabled residents of New York to enjoy the advantages which so far have belonged exclusively to residents of Massachusetts. It would have brought savings-bank life insurance to the attention of so many persons throughout the country that other state legislatures would have been forced to follow suit. It would have saved the consumer millions of dollars in the purchase of a necessary commodity. The cost of available life insurance would have been substantially reduced, and the companies would have had to make concessions and reduce their rates as they did when Brandeis threw a scare into them 28 years ago in Massachusetts. The proposed legislation was so obviously beneficial that it may well be asked how anyone could have had the temerity to oppose it.

Yet the large array of powerful life insurance moguls who appeared at the joint legislative committee hearing to argue against the bill did not apologize for

spending premium money for the purpose of forcing premium payers to continue paying high premiums. On the contrary, they made up, both in vehemence and verbiage, for any advantage in cogency and disinterested logic which may have been enjoyed by Susan Brandeis, Norman Hapgood, and the other proponents of the bill.

When the representatives of the companies presented their chief argument, their trump card, those persons in the audience who were familiar with the history of life insurance understood that they were listening to one of those mock-logical bits of Wonderland nonsense for which private political lobbies, obliged to argue where there is no argument, have become notorious. For that argument was no other than this: that in requiring strict supervision by the state government the bill provided a subsidy for the banks to enter into competition with the regular companies. The government would have to spend a small sum of money in the special supervision of the banks' insurance business and would spend no similar sum to help the poor companies. On the basis of this expenditure (and the negligible difference in tax rates between insurance companies and savings banks), the moguls, one after another, bellowed the word "subsidy" to the legislative committee. The companies, be it noted, put up a stiff fight against every effort by the states to regulate *them*. If any ill-advised legislators were to introduce a bill, say, to make medical examination for insurance a state function (as in the Brandeis plan), what a howl the companies and agents would raise! They have never regarded regulation as a boon nor blessed the legislatures for spending money for supervision. Yet when a state seems about to regulate and supervise a competitor more strictly than it supervises the companies,

they cry subsidy and unfair discrimination.

Peculiarly significant was the appearance at the hearing of a representative of the Savings Bank Association. He spoke for less than two minutes and said only that the banks were so busy with a number of unusual problems that they were not prepared to take on another. This statement is interesting in view of the fact that the proposed legislation does not require banks to sell life insurance. It merely permits them to do so if they wish; and so the opposition by the banks seems at first blush altogether pointless. Why, then, did the Savings Banks Association appear against the bill? Why, for that matter, were the banks in Massachusetts at first hostile to the Brandeis innovation?

The answer is simply that the Money Trust of which Justice Brandeis used to write has not been busted. In short, the large savings banks and the powerful insurance companies have more than a speaking acquaintance.

Probably the most important man in determining the policy of savings banks in New York is Henry Bruere, president of the Bowery Savings Bank, the largest savings bank in the state. But Mr. Bruere is also in the life insurance business. He is a director of the New York Life Insurance Company. Four other trustees of his bank are directors of life insurance companies. The leading figure in the life insurance world is undoubtedly Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. But Mr. Ecker is also in the savings bank business, as first vice-president and trustee of the Union Dime Savings Bank. Indeed, so far as management is concerned, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the Union Dime Savings Bank are simply the two faces of an economic Janus. Five of the Bank's seventeen trustees, including its president, are

directors of the Company. The wedding of the great Central Savings Bank and the Guardian Life Insurance Company of America is about equally impressive: the president of the bank is a director of the company; the president of the company is a trustee of the bank; and there is a well-integrated cross-directorate.

We have limited ourselves to banks which are included among the ten largest in New York. The combined resources of these ten banks are \$2,619,523,836,¹ representing a little less than one-half the total resources (\$5,844,863,520)¹ of the savings banks in the state. They are therefore the wielders of influence. Only one of the ten has no life insurance company director on its board of trustees.² It is submitted that the little speech by the Savings Bank Association in opposition to the O'Brien-Livingston Bill can be chalked up to human nature.

III

The prospect for the adoption of savings-bank life insurance outside of Massachusetts depends on several factors. If it were simply a question of weighing arguments, the system would be almost universally adopted, for its benefits are mathematically and empirically demonstrable. Opposition has arisen only from the insurance companies and those whom they control. If in counteropposition the support of powerful industrialists can be secured, success will be within reach. To become a supporter of savings-bank life insurance, an industrialist need not turn altruist: he need only recognize the obvious fact that workers who pay out less

for insurance will have less cause to grumble about wages. In Massachusetts several progressive manufacturers have used their influence to bring savings banks into the system, and some of them have even established agencies within their plants for the sale of savings-bank life insurance policies.

The plum which the companies stand to lose is extremely luscious, and they may be expected to fight tooth and nail to retain it. This is especially true of the companies that sell industrial life insurance. In 1933, \$163,183,440 was paid in premiums for such insurance in the State of New York alone. A possible annual saving of approximately \$80,000,000 to small wage earners in that state is not to be lightly dismissed, nor are proportionate economies to workers in other states. In opposing a reform that would make possible these economies, the directors of the life insurance companies that have opposed the Brandeis system are clearly not endeavoring to protect the interests of their policyholders. Those policyholders have nothing to lose and everything to gain through savings-bank life insurance. The directors of the Metropolitan and other large mutual companies, which constitute by far the most powerful opponents of the system, cannot even maintain that they are protecting the interests of stockholders, for mutual companies have no stockholders. Their expensive lobbying protects nothing but their own interests. It is at least a pious wish that policyholders in mutual companies will some day exercise more than a nominal control over their companies and will use their latent powers for the purpose of electing officers who really represent policyholders' interest. Under such circumstances savings-bank life insurance would win in a walk.

¹ As of January 1, 1934.

² Information regarding cross-directorates from the *Directory of Directors in the City of New York*, 1934 edition.

A MODEL DICTATOR

BY S. K. PADOVER

Everywhere I hear it said: Do not reason! The officer says: Do not reason — drill! The financier: Do not reason — pay! The clergyman: Do not reason — believe! Only one ruler in the world [Frederick the Great] says: Reason as much as you like and about whatsoever you wish — but obey! — IMMANUEL KANT.

THE epidemic of dictatorships in post-war Europe recalls a curious observation made by the greatest of all autocrats. Speaking of the advantages of parliamentary government, Frederick the Great deplored that he could not be the chief of a democracy. "One must be a good man and full of good principles," this powerful king declared, "to allow his actions to be weighed every day." He himself doubted his own goodness and ability to give an account of his administration to his fellow citizens.

Yet many a modern dictator thinks himself a Frederick the Great. The third King of Prussia is the hero of Hitler and all the lesser *Führer*. But there is an unbridgeable chasm between the royal despot and his contemporary imitators. Where a crowned autocrat such as Frederick could act with simple human dignity, a popular demagogue must perform his public functions in the manner of a gladiator before a degraded circus mob. While a royal autocrat, trained for his hereditary position, felt sure of his person and secure on his throne, a modern dictator, having seized power with the aid of his henchmen, is in ever-present danger of losing both the helm and his head.

The most startling difference, however, between the two types of autocracy, royal and popular, is in their respective attitudes toward intellectual freedom. Autocrats such as Frederick the Great and Joseph II of Austria, being men of culture, had a deep respect for the human mind. Sure of themselves, they could foster learning and encourage thought. But the contemporary despot, devoid of both education and personal security, is in constant dread, not so much of a bullet or a bomb, but of a critical idea. Hence it is not surprising that the concept of freedom, which Jefferson, the democrat, held to be self-evident and Frederick, the autocrat, accepted as a law of nature, should have become a butt for jeers of political adventurers. Hitler dismisses this tortured offspring of the dreams of a past generation — for which a century ago thousands shed their blood on countless barricades — as a vile invention of the Jews, designed to undermine the virile German character. Lenin sneered at liberty as a "bourgeois prejudice." And to Mussolini, "the freedom of which democrats prate is merely a verbal illusion for simple-minded folk."

The career of Frederick the Great gives the lie to those half-educated would-be dic-

tators who raucously announce that efficient government is incompatible with intellectual freedom and who vehemently urge repression in the name of patriotism. To the King of Prussia, freedom of the mind was a noble ideal worthy of a monarch's efforts. Hitler's royal predecessor in Berlin would have been horrified at the suggestion of concentration camps for political opponents. He would have confined in an insane asylum anyone who had dared to propose the persecution of religious dissenters. His trenchant wit would have scorched the bizarre antics of a Minister of Propaganda.

Far from the need of being a demagogue, the royal champion of freedom possessed more autocratic power than Hitler and enjoyed a fuller acquiescence from his subjects than Mussolini. No political party dictated his course, and no industrialist clique influenced his actions. Frederick could, if he wished, change the religion of his land ("I am the pope of the Lutherans and the chief of the Reformed church"), could confiscate the property of his subjects and put them in uniform, could, in short, do anything he wanted. But instead of exiling free minds, he gave them pensions; and instead of torturing dissenters in concentration camps, he announced that in his territories "all men must have full freedom of religion and conscience."

The autocrat of Prussia was not afraid of being criticized or ridiculed. He welcomed the free play of the mind. A philosopher who worshiped reason and abhorred intolerance, Frederick was outraged by human stupidity and cruelty; to escape the pain he took refuge in cynicism. Endowed with despotic power, he tried to teach his people, not the Christian ideal of love, but the Voltairean principle of toleration. As the "first servant of the State," he acted for the good of his people and he knew best

what was good for them. Freedom was good, toleration was better, but despotism, ensuring both, was best. My subjects and I, Frederick said in effect, have a contract: They are to say what they wish, and I am to do what I please.

II

In the spring of 1740, the liberal intellectuals of Europe were excited by the news that a twenty-eight-year-old fellow philosopher was ascending the throne of Prussia. At last, thought the literati who had been dreaming of a new golden age, the two-thousand-year-old Platonic ideal of a philosopher-king has taken concrete form. Voltaire, not without ulterior motives, hurried to his sceptered friend in Berlin.

Frederick, the Platonic model, had had a bitter childhood. His unlamented father, who was in the habit of caning his subjects, had not spared the rod on the fragile heir. Small and slender, with the delicate features of a girl, the young man had found escape from his father's brutality in playing the flute and writing verse. Kept from affairs of state, the Crown Prince had had time to read widely and to steep himself in the libertarian literature of the age. Thus in the barrack-room atmosphere of the Hohenzollern court had grown up a young man imbued with a furious hatred of injustice and a passionate attachment for the free exercise of the human spirit.

Five days after Frederick assumed the crown, he proclaimed unlimited freedom of the press. "If the newspapers are to be interesting," he announced, "they should not be molested." For forty-six years Frederick remained true to this principle, although on two occasions he ordered the horsewhipping of hostile editors; both punishments, however, were meted out to non-Prussians and in time of war.

For the Prussian newspapers Frederick had, not unreasonably, a tolerant contempt. Berlin possessed two wretched little gazettes, the *Spener'sche Berlinische Nachrichten* and the *Vossische Zeitung* (the latter was recently killed by the Nazis after an existence of two centuries). Half the content of these newspapers, printed on eight pages of porous paper and appearing three times weekly, was devoted to official announcements, and the rest, to innocuous gossip. The editors were devoid of imagination and, like the rest of the nation, were so cowed by centuries of despotism that they only aroused disgust in the spirited King. A monarch who matched wits with Voltaire could only shrug with contempt when he read newspaper articles which raised the grave question: "Is it true that the souls of males are smaller than those of females?" But he constantly checked the officious censors, annulling all penalties with the marginal comment, "My intention is that the press should be free."

Next to kingship, Frederick considered literature his second profession. Apart from forty or more thick volumes of letters, the King, for whose vast energies Prussia was too small, wrote no less than twenty-five works, ranging from politics to education and from science to poetry. His best friends were literary men, and he would gladly have given his soul, whose existence he gravely doubted, to be able to write like Voltaire. Too busy with statecraft to write all the books himself, Frederick encouraged others to compose freely. He not only granted authors complete liberty, but also complimented them by reading their works. Once he offered Rousseau a pension of 2,000 livres a year to settle in Berlin. "Come, dear Rousseau, I offer you a house, a pension, and liberty."

But Rousseau, the democrat, would have

no truck with a despot. "Your Majesty," the author of the *Contrat Social* replied dryly, "offers me an asylum, and promises me liberty. But you have a sword, and you are a king; you offer a pension to me who never did you a service, but have you bestowed pensions on the brave men who have lost legs and arms in your service?"

"He is a madman!" exclaimed the exasperated King.

I have done all I could [Frederick told his nephew] to gain for myself a reputation in literary matters, and . . . thank God, I pass for an author; but, between ourselves, the race of the *beaux esprits* is an accursed one. They are a people insupportable for their vanity. Such a poet would refuse my kingdom if he were obliged to sacrifice one of his fine verses . . . I only compose when I have nothing better to do; and, to give myself more ease, I have at my court some wits who take the trouble to indite my ideas.

You saw with what distinction I treated d'Alembert . . . I did nothing but praise him . . . This philosopher is listened to in Paris as an oracle, he does nothing but speak of my talents, of my virtues, and everywhere he relates that I have all the characteristics of a true hero and a great king. Moreover, I like to be praised, and d'Alembert never opens his mouth but to tell me obliging things. Voltaire is not of such a character, therefore I drove him away . . . I always took care to pay the wits their pensions. These philosophers describe war as the most frightful folly when it touches their pockets.

The King liked to be praised, but he had also a sense of humor of such boundless bitterness that he found sadistic joy in being lampooned. When he received a satire on himself with the request for money to suppress it, he smiled grimly and sent for a Berlin publisher. "I advise you to publish this," Frederick said, handing him the pamphlet; "you will make money out of it." He did not restrain the legion of sarcastic pamphleteers who ridi-

culed everybody in Europe, including His Prussian Majesty. What if the hypersensitive Catherine the Great protested against being libeled on Prussian soil? She was only a little adventuress and should not forget that he, Frederick, had helped her get her present imperial position. It would be cruel to deprive his Berliners of the lascivious pleasure they got from reading about Catherine's amours.

Cynicism had its compensations, but a monarch had to buy it at too high a price. Age and illness sobered the lonely King. The last war, which he had fought against a united Europe for seven years, drained him of all illusions. He still remained a philosopher, mentally detached and spiritually embittered, but he had done nothing to raise the mental level of his subjects. Too many of them were influenced by Voltaire's cynicism, without the benefit of his wit, and Rousseau's *Confessions* found imitators of his sentimentalism, but not his genius. His Majesty's world was degenerating. Even Voltaire, according to the King, had come to write like an old woman. A mass of trash, as Frederick called it, came from France and corrupted his unsophisticated subjects. The stuff which the book sellers displayed was credulous and obscene. One such book bore the title *Amorous Tales*; another dealt with the story of *How Satan Carried Off a Virgin*; a third described the *Fabulous albeit Fearful Tale of a Sea Monster whose Head was that of a Lion, the hairy Arms those of a Man, and the Rest that of a Fish with Scales and Fins*. The nauseated King ordered that the censorship be sharpened, but there was no interference with serious books. "I am old," Frederick muttered, "and frivolities no longer amuse me."

Though no longer amused, the King did not prevent others from being so. If the

Prussians enjoyed cursing their monarch in public, His Majesty was likewise free to grumble at the beastliness of his subjects. So there was much grumbling and talking and writing in Frederician Prussia. The King not only permitted everybody to speak his mind, but even went so far as to admit that a hungry person had the right to steal.

An Englishman visiting Berlin in 1772 expressed amazement at the "freedom with which people spoke of the measures of government and of the conduct of the king." Supported by an army of 180,000 men, Frederick, unlike his present-day imitators with larger armies and more effective means of coercion, could afford the luxury of toleration. He knew that words could not upset his throne.

"Sire," an excited Councilor informed the King, "there is in your capital a man who allows himself, in speaking of Your Majesty, the most unwarrantable liberties. He does not speak of Your Majesty as a great king, nor even as his king; the terms he uses are those of *tyrant, despot*."

"And what," Frederick asked calmly, "is the condition of this man?"

"His name is —."

"I do not inquire his name," the King snapped; "it is of no importance. What I want to know is the state of his fortune. What resources has he? Can he raise an army of two hundred thousand men?"

"No, Sire, he is a private individual, whose whole fortune amounts to a few thousand crowns."

"Ah," His Majesty exclaimed ironically, "you have set my heart at ease! It appears this man is no friend of mine; and you may conceive that if he had the power of raising an army, I must have thought of some means for defending myself; but since he can do nothing of this kind, I bestow on him my contempt."

III

"Oh, God," Frederick once prayed, "if there is one, have pity on my soul, if I have one." Such was Frederick's religion, a blend of reverence and mockery. And everybody else was free to worship or to sneer to his heart's content. While Catholics were being mobbed in England, Moravian Brethren banished by Maria Theresa in Austria, and converts to Protestantism broken on the wheel in France, the royal friend of Voltaire was proud to announce that he permitted every man "to get to heaven in whatever way he pleases."

The King by the grace of God had an all-embracing contempt for dogmatic religions in general and Christianity in particular. All religions were "holy impostures." The religion of Christ was a "gross plagiarism on antecedent fables and its principal dogmas the height of folly." As for the Bible, Frederick considered it to be "an ancient metaphysical romance full of miracles, contradictions, and absurdities, springing from the ardent imagination of Orientals." Moses was a "Jewish liar." Priests and parsons were superstitious rascals who had enslaved mankind.

Frederick's vehement reaction to the established religion of Europe derived from his hatred of fanaticism and intolerance, vices, he insisted, in which Christianity was steeped. He valued, nevertheless, the moral elements in the faith of Christ and subscribed to the Golden Rule. "Every man," the King used to say, "may believe what he wishes, provided he is honest." His Majesty chose to believe in Deism, the "religion of reason." In expressing his belief, he said, "we owe [to Deism] the toleration which prevents the raging of fanaticism and the blind zeal of faith." Just as the Peripatetics and Cynics of antiquity

had laughed to scorn the worship of false gods, so now, Frederick hoped, Deism would avenge mankind "for all the injustices which for so many centuries it has suffered under the despotic rule of the craziest superstition and stupidest errors."

Apart from his hatred of fanaticism and persecution, Frederick had sound political reasons for his complete toleration in religious matters. The heterogeneous composition of his lands made religious freedom a political necessity, since the Kingdom of Prussia was an amalgam of races and creeds. The royal house was Calvinist. Mark Brandenburg was Lutheran. Polish East Prussia and Silesia were both Catholic and Protestant; so was Cleve and Jülich. There were also Huguenots, Jews, and esoteric Christian sects. Frederick, therefore, followed the tradition of his ancestors in not interfering with the faith of his subjects, and thereby avoided a conflict which defeated even Bismarck and which is now disrupting the Nazi *Reich*.

Catholics, Lutherans, Reformed, Jews, and numerous Christian sects [the King wrote in his *Political Testament*] live at peace in this State. If, out of false zeal, the ruler should suddenly decide to give preference to any one of these religions, factions would promptly develop, disputations become heated, persecutions begin, until in the end the followers of the oppressed religion would leave the land and the neighboring countries would receive thousands of subjects who would bring them an increase in population and industry.

The wisest thing to do was to leave the sects alone, particularly if they did not try to meddle with politics. "The State is not concerned with the metaphysical views which are lodged in men's brains; it is sufficient that each man conduct himself as a good citizen and patriot."

Frederick deplored man's stupidity,

which made him the slave of "repugnant fables." Earlier in his reign, he had hoped to educate his subjects away from the churches, to "detach them from all their prejudices." Hoping to teach his people toleration, the King planned to invite several thousand Moslems—"the only sect which is wanting in my lands"—to settle in Prussia and sing *hilli halli*. But contempt for the human race ("you don't know this accursed race as well as I do") corroded his mind and paralyzed his reforming zeal. What use was there in educating "eternal slaves," among one million of whom there was "hardly one philosopher"? "If philosophers themselves founded a government," Frederick exclaimed with awful mordacity, "in half a century the people would forge for themselves new superstitions." Let the mob worship its gods!

*Er liess uns all Freiheit, selbst
Die Freiheit, dumm zu sein.*

The people were "free to be stupid," but the King did not give them a chance to be cruel. When the Jesuits were driven from Catholic Europe and their Order dissolved by the Pope, every man's hand was raised against those "men abandoned by God," as Pope Clement XIV called them. Frederick was moved to scorn and pity by this spectacle of Catholics hunting Catholics. Human cruelty was abysmal. True, the Jesuits had done enough damage in their time, but, after all, they had saved the Church of Rome. The King of Prussia would not sink to the level of Catholic sovereigns by joining in the hunt. He flatly refused to promulgate the papal bull abolishing the Society of Jesus. "Tell the Holy Father," so Frederick instructed his agent in Rome, "that I shall protect the Jesuits in my lands. You may also add that I belong to that class of heretics whom the Holy Father can neither give a dispensation nor compel to break his word."

A practical motive underlay this sardonic truculence. Frederick, as usual, knew how to make his idealism pay. In this instance, protecting and welcoming the Jesuits meant an acquisition of the best educators in Europe. For Prussia was badly in need of teachers and the King had no money to hire them. Thus the Society of Jesus became useful to the state. Clement XIV, who served only the Almighty, could afford to be without teachers, but Frederick II, who worked for the state, needed social servants. *Chaque selon son salut*. True, the religion of the Jesuits was not to the King's liking, but neither was the faith of the Lutherans. "Circuses," Frederick mocked, "keep tigers and lions, so why not also tolerate the Jesuits? . . . One can live peaceably with Jesuits, bonzes, talapoins, imams, and rabbis without biting or being devoured."

The news that the most irreligious of kings, and withal a Calvinist by birth, gave his protection to the loathed Jesuits struck consternation in the hearts of the European liberals. No one saw the superb irony in the spectacle of a notoriously anti-Christian king being driven by self-interest and by the logic of his toleration to shelter the greatest enemies of reason and tolerance. From France, d'Alembert gravely warned his royal friend of the danger of his action. The papal bull, according to Frederick's defense of himself, had cut the Jesuits' "claws and pulled their fangs, so that now they can neither scratch nor bite."

"Your Majesty is too optimistic," was d'Alembert's answer, "the Fredericks go, but the Jesuits remain."

"You philosophers," the King retorted, "are a funny lot; you spend your lives preaching toleration, and when I try to put it into effect you heap reproaches upon me. I am proud to be tolerant; I wish other

sovereigns could be reproached with the same fault."

Secure in the possession of his throne, and profoundly imbued with the idea of toleration, Frederick did not, as did other monarchs, fear that laxness in religion would lead to anarchy. Maria Theresa, who also ruled over a heterogeneous realm, harshly suppressed religious dissenters, because she believed that "without a dominant religion the State would be undermined." The King of Prussia scoffed at such superstition.

"Is not religion," a Frenchman asked him, "one of the supports of authority?"

"My friend," Frederick replied, "this blind obedience is acceptable only to tyrants; true monarchs require none but a rational and well-motivated obedience. I reject the blind obedience the priests preach to the people."

"Nevertheless, Sire, the fear of punishment in a future life frequently produces the best effects on even the most corrupt."

"My good fellow, for such men I have a madhouse. Depend upon it, countries have been admirably governed in times when your religion had no existence."

IV

Prussia under Frederick was indeed well-governed, for the King had the genius to combine the idealistic with the practical. He was endowed with extraordinary mental gifts and a sense of reality so devastatingly sober that, except for burning up his energies in a torrent of minutiae, he had nothing left to live for. The world, he said, was governed by

obscure and impenetrable causes on the one hand and by handiness and trickery on the other. He had only one faith, that of reason, and only one conviction, that of toleration. His occasional infringements upon the rights of free speech were motivated by political exigencies and never by intolerance. High-minded ideas, the King learned in the course of a long and successful reign, were not always compatible with the needs of statecraft. What a Voltaire, in the isolation of his study, could write, a Frederick, in the full glare of his royal position, could also express; but while a free literary man was not responsible for the execution or effect of his ideas, a king was accountable to his subjects, "bound to act justly, wisely, and with complete selflessness."

Like modern dictators, Frederick rejected democracy; but unlike present-day autocrats, the King of Prussia, feeling secure and self-confident, had no need for repressive measures. Under Frederick, men were free to think and write and speak, free to worship, free to criticize, though never free to act. As a result, while the monarchical autocracies which repressed thought were washed away in the blood of revolutions, Prussia was not only able to weather the storms of the Napoleonic epoch, but also emerged—for a whole century after Frederick—as the leader in European science and culture.

Such was the effect of the reign of an enlightened autocrat who did not have sufficient respect for human souls to attempt to regiment them in the name of an eagle, a cross, or a swastika.

THE NEED OF LIFE

A Story

BY JOHN BROOME

HE PUNCHED gaskets. He punched gaskets out of shiny black press-board. He punched shiny black gaskets with an intricately made machine whose functioning was none of his business.

He punched his gaskets with one of two dies. He never used any other die to punch his gaskets. He could punch gaskets with any other die easily. But he just never did punch gaskets with any other die. He punched his gaskets either with a No. 8 die doing a $\frac{3}{8}$ " job or a No. 9 die doing a $\frac{1}{4}$ " job.

Punching gaskets was for him a job made up of a definite number of details, all of which were time-tested and certified. The foreman handed him a shop order. He took it to the storeroom, walking unchallenged through three alien sections of the shop with the yellow flimsy for his passport. He submitted his order. While the storekeeper was filling it he drew a piecework card from the little rack alongside the storeroom window. A minute or so after he had punched in his time the storekeeper gave him his material. He carried the loaded wooden box briskly through the shop and he never wished to dawdle—time was money and the foreman gave each job to the first worker available. He stacked the blanks of smooth gleamy black pressboard at the extreme left of the tray. The empty box precisely

covered an oblong of floor kept nearly clean by its constant serving. He molded himself to the contours of his wirebacked, caneseated chair and snuggled his knees under the tray. He set his No. 8 die or his No. 9 die. He threw in a switch. He settled his arms to pivot on a point just below the elbows on the worn edge of the tray. He disavowed the muscles and nerves and bones of his torso. His fingers writhed a little and a blank came to them. The blank neatly slid against the stay pins. His foot tensed against a pedal. The die hit down viciously and flicked back triumphantly to make a tiny streak of dulled light. The fingers stiffened sharply. The gasket shuddered a little, then slid over the farther edge of the tray to drop into the box. His arms exercised their pivoting ability. The number was not rigidly prescribed—but it varied only between ten and seventeen. The morning's first job might be seventeen and its last job ten and a job in midafternoon thirteen. The exact number had no importance. Always the die disappeared and the streak of dulled light became like a visible pulse and the tray became an undimensioned spread below his eyes and the known optical illusion proceeded according to the description given in any physics textbook. He puffed his breath loudly and jerked his head while he pulled out the switch. He carried the filled box of gaskets to the

storeroom, holding the sensible pace set when he had taken away the box of blanks. He handed the job in. While the storekeeper negligently watched he punched out his time and carefully printed his check number in the correct space on the card. Then he went back to his machine and sat advertising his unemployedness. Then the foreman handed him a shop order.

He was a good man. He was fast. He gave no trouble and made none. He could always show a flaw in any gasket his press broke. He was a good man to have around and the foreman knew it. He rarely had to go home before his seven hours were up unless most of the department was punished by a time of stagnancy.

The walk home was a badly contrived ending to the day's work—a straggling off like a song forgotten in the middle. But it always ended—no matter how long the minutes of walking were they eventually ended just as it always stops raining. When he kicked the back door shut behind him he became at liberty and he knew it. He sat briefly in the kitchen smoking a cigarette unless his mother was working there. He went to his bedroom when he wanted to. He removed his workclothes and tossed them in a corner of the closet. He went to the bathroom in his underwear shorts. He scrubbed his face, hands, arms, neck, armpits, chest with GreSolv-ent. He combed his hair. He returned to his bedroom. He donned the trousers of his good suit, lisle socks, his good shoes, an undershirt. He settled in the parlor and made certain parts of the evening paper last through two cigarettes.

"Sixteen-eighty this time, mom." She slowed the tempo of her ironing. She said, "they doan pay suh much in that place". He extended a wad of six dollars. He shrugged while he turned to leave the

kitchen. He said, "better un nuthin aw-right". The nondescript woman stowed the money in an apron pocket. The tempo of her ironing rose up again—she had not heard his rejoinder.

The newspaper was done with and its radio column listed no jazz orchestra. He threw the sheets to the far end of the sofa and swung his feet up onto them. He lengthened out, wriggled sluggishly to comfort. He lay a moment, then yawned. He closed his eyes—he was as good as asleep until he wanted a cigarette. He had an empty package in his pocket. Always he had an empty package—when he tore open a fresh package the air attacked the cigarettes and dissolved them. He cursed ritually. He struggled up onto an elbow. He slowly crumpled the package in a lazy fist while mentally searching the house, the clothes of his father and his two brothers, his sister's room. The search was barren—no one of his family wittingly left cigarettes unguarded. He drooped back. He sighed. He made up his mind. He lay motionless until it became clear that a made-up mind was not a lungful of smoke.

He flung his legs sidewise. The impetus carried through and brought him thoroughly to his feet—the rush of violence in his body was the sensory proof of an achievement. He hurried to his room. He hurried into a shirt and a woolen sweater. He hurried out the front door.

Clear of the house and on the public sidewalk and pointed in the correct direction, it became definite that he surely would have his cigarettes because the store was but two blocks away. He strolled—empty, negative. The sun was failing in the raw spring day. He moved rather fretfully until his exertion generated enough body heat to wall off the damp little wind; then he moved, placid, complacent.

The street was commonplace like thirty others in the town. It was built up to its limit. There were several empty lots, but the vicinity long ago had reached its saturation point. The houses on the street were all two-family flats. The fifty-dollar ones had two porches, the forty-five-dollar ones had one porch, the forty-dollar ones had no porches. No house stood out blatant in new paint—they varied in color, but it required a very fresh mind to react to each individual house. He moved past a solid neutral wall which demurely was in his memory. While he crossed Avenue C anticipating another full block to walk he felt once more his normal wish—that an indeterminate someone would establish a grocery delicatessen tobacco newspaper candy store like Bill's on an undetermined one of these four corners in a neighborhood which undistinguishedly supported Bill's.

Bill said, "hahyih, Wes." He shoved the door shut with a foot. He said, "hi, Bill," on his way to the counter. He picked up the package which Bill had tossed on the counter; he dropped the money out of his fist. He slouched against the counter, he worked on the cellophane with undirected fingers, he contemplated an array of cakes on a stand opposite him without realizing names, shapes, or colors. The first dose of smoke bathed his lungs. There was nothing further to keep him in the store.

Supper was imminent. He exited from the store definitely homebound. He strode firmly, slowly. Obscurely he aspired to gear his walking to the coming meal, to make a transition from walking to eating rhythmically.

She came up behind him clattering her heels with haste. He only twisted his head briefly when she called, "hey, Wes, where's the fuh?" He said, "hate tih tell yih, Rose." She caught up with him; she satis-

fiedly shuffled a little to match into his pace. They had a moment of vague pleasantries. He absorbed the idea of the bulgy bundle she carried by its patently unreliable handle. He said, "lemme lug it fih yuh —yih! have th' stuff all ova th' street droppin it." They fumbled the bundle from her to him. She said, "who's droppin it?"

II

Each weekday she took her place on a high, backless stool placed alongside a small vise and close against her portion of a long, wide table. Each day she wound stator or armature coils as long as the foreman chose to allot to her blueprint copies of winding specifications.

She assumed the only possible pose—crouched over her vise. She wriggled the fingers of her right hand to actuate the spool of wire. She turned her left wrist once and her right wrist twice. When her fingers had counted up to fifteen or to sixty or to twelve hundred and ten her hands quit. When the job was done and its two coils or twelve lay on the table, an old man appeared uncalled and carried the things away. She knew they were dipped in insulating varnish and baked but she didn't know how.

She knew how to wind, though. That was admitted. Whenever there came a heavy rush and the five men who handled the armatures demanded help the foreman generally assigned her. It was a topic of discussion for at least one lunch half-hour. The sheeny, complicated thing which stood finally created was something to make her smile hiddenly. It meant more money, too. The line "arm. S.O. 3630" on a timecard could mean two or three dollars extra. Heavy rushes were few in these years, though. She never planned for a rush.

She was a good winder. She was fast. She was quiet. She was good. She never became discreetly sloppy when she knew she'd have half a dozen coils in a morning and be told to go home at noon.

She walked home slowly. Out of instinct she made a smooth, undemanding pace. Thus could her legs handle the task independent of her. So she walked in quiet. And was able to grow back to belief in her body. The faint surprise that came when she pushed at the back door never went out of bounds.

"Ma, I got twelve-ninedee—yih know yih said I could git that dress?" "Well, how much yih takin off?" "A dolla an a haff." "Las month yih took off a dolla." "I aint got no good dress." They spoke flat-voiced, they did not think to look at one another. Their words were a discussion, there was no discussion. The mother accepted the three dollars and fifty cents as she had the previous week accepted five dollars and in essential as she would have accepted twenty-five cents. The daughter handed over the money, only weakly stirred by the victory. There had been a contest, she had won—her mother could have had a definite need for the full five dollars. The six-dollar dress she was to buy had not been brought clearly enough into reality to stir her; its acquisition now lacked the pulse of life which had been the prime mover of a Wednesday evening debate. There remained the moment of purchase which was in the future and a certainty.

Unless her mother was unable to overbear the pains in her back she opposed any aid from her daughters in the housework; negatively opposed, by dim facial movements, half words—by making her daughters conscious of the fact that they had jobs and were contributing to the financing of their home.

She'd have preferred to sweep or dust or

do something but she knew she couldn't obtrude herself on her homekeeping mother any more than she could transmit her reasons for disliking the cut in working hours which was her portion of the N.R.A. She could only say, "want nee help, ma?" and hear, "not now, Rose, ther aint nuthin." Then she could do as she liked with the leisure hours before supper.

There was nothing on the radio, at least not on the six stations she was able to tune in. There was no newspaper, she only vaguely looked for one—newspapers meant less only to her mother than to her; Mae and Irma liked the daily stories from real life but not well enough to bring home newspapers habitually. There were *Love Stories* and *Ranch Romances* and *True Stories*, a battered magazine rack was straining to hold them. She half lay on the sofa staring down at the things. No copy proved itself new and unread. She could have found one or more stories in almost every copy which she hadn't read. When she had stared for a brief while she did not want to find those unread stories. She pushed down to full length on the sofa, smiling vaguely because she could remember that out of those fifteen or more magazines she had paid out her good money for only two or at the very most four.

She lay conscious until it became certain there was nothing in the room or the house or in her ken preparing or wanting to disturb her. That certainty came as a smooth progression. At its logical end was the fact. The fact took expression and she lay in a torpor.

In the kitchen the ritual noises of the preliminaries for supper carried through to the resonant clang of the colander full of potatoes dropping in the sink. She came onto her feet, out of her torpor. Her going to the store at this time had become a custom since she began coming home at half-

past three. Mae worked in Woolworth's, Irma in an insurance office; neither ever arrived home before supper. Her young brother was apt to wander in during or after the meal, her father of course was the father. She didn't mind, never had minded, except sporadically to show she knew what it was all about. Her mother even had given up ordering the young brother home at half-past four without fail.

She came into the kitchen. Her mother straightened slowly at the sink. She said, "need nee thing from th' store, ma?" Her mother turned about cautiously, wiped her hands on her apron confusedly, while she came to thought. She said, "I guess yih betta git some stuff." She watched her mother's thin, sharp face while the woman pawed through a limp handbag. She sterilizedly remembered, as she nearly always did, the face she'd seen years before, when she still was in school; so often she had remembered the plump expressive face, too often perhaps. She had now only impersonal wonder that this woman should reveal so much loss when her children had come to full estate, when her labor of the world was done, when she had expiated her femaleness. Her mother had been saying, "I need bread fuh suppa, an git five pounds a suga, an three cans a tumata soup, an a poun a unyins, an a loaf a bread." She heard it all, she knew she had a good memory. Her mother said, "doan fugit nuthin now." She engulfed the money. Her mother, occupied with returning to the potatoes, said, flat voiced, "thas all I want."

She bought everything in Visone's. Visone sold anything. He sold bootleg wine and he sold his legal goods discreetly cheaper to hold a steady trade as a front. The gross man whom she did not like thrust the lumpy bundle at her belly, she had her hands there mechanically—she

laughed with him, she did not hear him.

The wind was damp, it made her clothes feel cumbersome. The bundle dragged her out of shape, she was lifting her chest for breath before she reached the corner, her face was glistening faintly on its protuberances. The journey home was a small but an actual effort—the intent of the chore was fulfilled—walking home somehow became like working overtime without pay.

She saw him as she turned the corner. In the first second of looking she knew that she knew his back. While her pace rose higher she assigned a name to the chunky, stoop-shouldered, commonly dressed, poor-walking young man out of the three dozen or so male names in her personal rollcall. It was no more remarkable this time than any other. It meant no more than a companion on the two-block walk, conversation to within a hundred feet of her house, palliative for the minutes for which she was not otherwise equipped. She hurried after him, called out. She fretfully fought the bundle.

III

They walked steadily, the flavor of a march in the rhythm of the movings of their bodies. His walk was so definitely detailed it stole attention from hers, but for a motion-picture camera they walked as a team—heavy on their feet, saggy in their shoulders, willing to look almost constantly at the sidewalk ten feet in front of them. She said, "guess spring's here pretty soon." He said, "lousy kinda weatha—oughta make up its mind." She said, "yeah, yih dun nuh whah tih do." She said, "jih go duh Eddie's party?" "Yeah." She said, "any good?" "Yeah—pretty good. Say, why wasint you at it?" She shrugged one shoulder, she looked gently, saw he was ready to be interested. Contented she told her tale.

At Avenue C they edged with little steps six or eight feet out on the avenue during the passing of a brief stream of cars. When the way was clear they spurted ten feet. Without comment they relapsed to normal plod before they had achieved the further sidewalk.

She slightly lost thought of him when she sensed her house fifty feet away. There was supper and the duel both verbal and tactical with Mae and Irma over the question of the dishes. Then the evening, lacking a date. The promenade on Broadway or the Boulevard, the rising fear of herself and the heavy repressing of it, the steady walking, the waiting she was not allowed to acknowledge, the reasonless sag if and when a fellow discovered her, the necessity of a fellow, any fellow, sag or no sag. He said, "wadda yih doin tinight?" She choked slightly. Bessie Riley with her boast of having him on a string was a liar then. She had been out with him before and it meant nothing. She had never found what meant something—it had never come up to slug her on the head. She said, "nuthin." "Wanna gu up th' De Witt?" "Awright."

They fumbled the bundle from him to her. He got rid of it without quite stopping his walk. He said, "pick yup aroun sevin." She said, "okay."

They ate their suppers, did a good workmanlike job in proper time.

Using a simple weapon she won the dishes' duel before it began; she said, "I got a date tinight, ma—with Wes." The name meant almost nothing to her mother but it was the clinching point, the factual proof that she had a bona fide date with a man. Mae laughed with not much feeling: she fought the nightly duel in an almost pure amateur spirit as did her sisters; she only said, "that flat tire again." Irma, the quick-minded one, said, "I bet it's Elmer." It was the current gag—obscure in its mean-

ing, but that mattered nothing. The duel was ended amicably.

He combed his hair and donned a necktie and his suitcoat. Then he sat in the parlor and roamed the bawling pages of the *Evening Journal*—half amusedly, half resentfully as he bogged slowly down in the diabetically fattened nonsense. He faced, at last, a half hour without even a suggestive paragraph to fool the clock. He passed it in induced torpidity. It was not his fault that he didn't have to remember the name of the girl he'd dated up when the time came to go after her.

She was waiting for him on the porch as he came before her house. That was indigenous to the known course of the coming evening. They smiled and spoke politely as they got into step.

They took a bus on the Bumpway Line. They crouched on a treacherous wicker-covered seat of the box on wheels and passively took a beating for fourteen blocks on Broadway. They did not converse, the commotion of the bus perhaps bothered them too much. The bus ride in any event was an interlude, a dead space. They both knew how to handle interludes, how to breathe in dead spaces.

The theater was a block away. They sensed their goal and focused on it and he watched the other passengers calculatingly, readied himself for competition in disembarking. As he stretched an arm for the bellcord he said, "what's playin, yih know?" "I heard it but I fugit—I think it's good." He snatched a look out the window while she was extricating herself. He said vibrantly, "jeez, it's Mae West." She said, "yeah, thas it."

They sat in the orchestra. The balcony was against the rules, the loges were not in his consciousness. They settled themselves briskly, they sighed and laughed for each other, they had arrived some-

where. During the ten minutes of waiting for the show to start they chattered steadily in the hushed voices imposed on them by the fact of a place of public assemblage. They chattered and easily fitted together the recent time of their lives in a commonalty of friends, acquaintances, likes, dislikes, parties, dances, and affairs of import.

The varied antics on the screen suffused them, tinted them. They submitted into willing thrall. They sat strangers—while the West preached to them her brand of anarchy, they knew need only for a pair of eyes.

They stood under the marquee faintly unsteady on their feet. Their eyes ached, their heads throbbed with the glaring light pouring down on them. They smoothly slid into dullness as the narcotic of the film wore swiftly away. When they set out walking they were cloddish, they had no conscious goal, they could not well co-ordinate their bodies as they worked in and through the moiling mob spreading away from the theatre. They attained the clear with an almost physical shock. Hurriedly he said, "we'll gu up tih Sanelli's." He meant a query though he made none. She said, "okay."

They wanted to go to Sanelli's. One of the best spots in town. Both of them had been there often, several times together, other times with others, always they'd had a good time. A hot time. Sanelli was smart. He was fighting plenty of competition and he knew how to handle it—with a steady clientele, almost a gang of initiates. So his joint was obscurely placed on a side street, his prices were right, his orchestra was hot, his lights were low, his booths were effective, his atmosphere was intimate. Sanelli was a wise Wop. It pleased them. They felt like club members and that was worth the price of admission.

IV

The long, low, narrow room was muggy with visible air—it throbbed jarringly with the cacophony of a six-piece orchestra whose brass was predominant. The room was laid out for maximum seating around an oblong dance floor inefficiently bounded by little tables; the bar was a small scrubby thing squeezed to one side; the walls bore frescoes probably done by a sign painter. In its obscurity no one could immediately know that the joint was jammed or merely occupied. The room was thick and gross with life that moved swiftly at a heavy gait like a runaway truckhorse.

He opened the door. Something not quite palpable bellied out over them, around them, and sucked them in. The door banged behind them. She laughed highly. He grabbed her arm and aimed her at the vacant booth he smelled. He shouted, "hey, Mike, git hoppin—two ryes," and she cried out, "an doan you fugit th' stick." They dodged through the welter of tables, waved hands, yelled greetings, hummed whatever tune it was that the orchestra was playing. They made their booth like a victory.

After the third round of highballs at sixty cents a round he knew he couldn't afford it. He knew he'd be pinched for the rest of the week if he went any deeper. He knew he'd probably run into something on Wednesday or Thursday that would require his dragging a loan out of his mother.

They had spaced the highballs over two hours of wassail unwittingly—it was not his fault that he hadn't bought six or ten rounds, merely the circumstance of events, of friends encountered, of discussions arising and being killed by the orchestra's resuming. They danced almost every number, danced eagerly, violently. They

sweated and eventually they panted. Their ears constantly were bombarded by roughly, efficiently made rhythms which sank into their senses through heat and planned motion and the ceaseless rousing of the swirling mob. They returned to their booth carrying bodies which swelled and crawled with the pulsing of the reluctantly receding assault of the music. Sanelli may not have been a psychologist, but his orchestra played groups of three and every finale was lowdown.

He knew he could not afford the fourth highball which he ordered just as he knew he could not afford the fifth highball which he would certainly order eventually.

The waiter deposited the sticky glasses after he saw the money—it was a smooth progression and normal. She laughed, shook her torso heavily, unconsciously wiped her wet, red face. She said, “boy, yih tryin tih git me stewed? These things got a awful kick.” He almost bellowed. He reached for her—“wadda yih think ahm gittin um fuh—tih drink?” They kissed wrestingly.

He finished the drink in two gulps—she swallowed more briefly, more rapidly. The town’s dances were done with, Sanelli’s profit on the take was touching its peak of 40%, the joint was riding high. Sanelli could have revealed the fact that a fast crowd had started the evening off and the pace had held true without trouble. They knew it was a hot night, that Sanelli’s was getting better every time, that they were keeping up with the joint on natural virtues.

They danced a variation of the shag to *The Continental*. The spate of fast rhythm in the song gave them a base for improvising the unsuited dance step into an effective vehicle. Everybody did it—the orchestra caught the step and helped, the floor was a convulsed glut of jagged mov-

ings. The actual music was overcome, the dancers functioned to a bass roar that was more in their ears, throats and stomachs than in Sanelli’s place. The song’s rhythm hit them like a broad missile. He shouted into her ear, “step it, baby!” She grabbed his arms low and whirled. Her legs rammed stiffly, she arched back against him.

She stared possessed at his possessed face. She yelled, “go high, honey!”

But at last they were forced by many couples in common consent into a fast fox-trot. *The Continental* smoothed into “You kiss while you’re dancing.” He brought her heavily close. She drew heavily close. The two of them collided in a kiss as in simultaneous blows.

While they kissed they danced because of natural torque. She held the kiss. She refused to let it end. She murdered her senses and lived on the fact of a male being indissoluble with her. He dared not end the kiss. Were he to end the kiss something would happen to him, she might go scotfree but not him. If their legs became unable to act as independent entities they would collapse on the floor.

Their crushed bodies stumbled clear of a mob which as a mob was stumbling. They were in the rear of the room, confronting a door marked LADIES and alongside it a door unmarked. They hung in each other’s arms, their kiss ended stragglingly.

He said, “les gu upstairs.” She hung limp on his arms. She held her head pressed on his chest and gulped rapidly to ward off the vomiting which threatened. She heard his suggestion blurrily. She was drained and she functioned poorly. All in the one moment of falling free of the mob and losing contact with it and knowing the isolation of their two bodies she had been violently drained, a large petcock had been twisted full on. She lifted up her head and

waggled it to clear the hair out of her eyes. She saw his mottled pulpy face curiously impersonal under its pulsating cover of flesh and eyes. She said, "yeah."

V

Only a select group of customers knew the value of that unmarked door. If any of the habitués happened not to be in Sanelli's good graces they didn't use it. Sanelli could hear that door opening and name the spoor of him who opened it. It gave onto a narrow flight of stairs leading to a loft in which Sanelli's ginny red had been hashed up during prohibition.

The loft was dark and it stank. He knew its layout well enough to navigate and they too thoroughly were animals to balk at the smell of stale wine, empty beer barrels, and dead air. They entered the loft directly from the stairs through a small square hole once protected by a trapdoor which now lay permanently open, bulky at the right as a stumbling block for the unwary.

He went first politely. Then bending low in exaggerated darkness, seeing her only as a dimensionless bulk, he hindered her climb by helping her with hauling arms. She came up hunched over precariously, grunting, managing finally to say, "lee me alone—I kin git up." He made a toneless sound. He fumbled an arm around her waist and towed her to the left. He did not, could not realize her while he concentrated on taking so many steps straight forward and so many more on an angle to evade a trio of beer barrels and so many more directly left to find the clear space he knew close under the sharply sloping roof. She submitted to his towing. She tried in her drugged soggy mind to relive her climb and make definite its effect, if any, on her dress and stockings. At the

moment when he climbed down to a sitting position and helpfully hauled her down to join him, neither of them could have said in normal words why they were there. They spent the minute they had to have, for filling up with understanding as blotting paper fills with ink, in confusedly twisting torsos, wriggling legs, experimenting with shoulders to settle themselves in solid poses.

The loft was not a proper place in which to be. It had a menace so true it needed no advertisement. The loft pressed around him like a mushy weight. The loft was mushy in all ways. Its air was mushy and its dark was mushy and the sounds it made were distasteful. He lay empty with his face on her shoulder. He breathed through his mouth laboringly. There was a pulsebeat of fear each time his chest swelled, for it had to compete against that pervading mushy weight to win him the air he had to have and each breath nearly failed to culminate and never could he be sure of victory.

Suddenly but not abruptly, so smoothly it felt like a boon, came the conscious knowledge of the woman—her body material possessed by him, the only thing he owned, the firm chunk of life complementing his own so well. And in the next pulse his man's mind took a draught of what could be inflicted upon him by for instance a nightmare, the awful aloneness there could be for him in this sort of mushy dark, this kind of dark mushy with a life like that in a jellyfish. There was that one beat of fear and all he had was the female body beneath him to insulate him from the profound dark.

"Hey, wadda yih say you an me oughta git married?"

Close over her face his head was poised and his neck stretched as though drawn by a magnet. His heart thudded irregularly,

jabbed him thinly as with a little knife. His eyes were swelling and that hurt badly. His mouth was dry and it was difficult to make his words. He watched her in a suspense like a victim seeing the hangman fuss. This one thing so important, this need so important, never anything so essentially important and he had to keep it in himself where it likely would burst him asunder. He could not give it to her. If she had it there would be protection for him, as her physical fact protected him. He could only peer intensely into her face—white, strained, ridged and hollowed, with deep black spots for its orifices. He could only hope—the species of hope of a drowning man glaring at a far-off boat—that she could see his face better than he could hers.

She stared at the masked face close above her. With a sensation as of her eyes developing larger, rounder and deeper, she slowly saw. And finally—a chin seeming huge, lips heavy and escaping into cheeks, the end of a nose with two long thin black lines splitting that blob of grimed white—she saw nothing else through the heavy shadow painted on the upper half of his face by the poise of his head. While she saw, cold hurting was diffusing from her belly concentrically through her body. Finally she was afraid. It grew right down

to the very bottom of her and named itself. It was the first time she had ever known fear.

She had too little weight. There was a weight requirement and she failed to meet it, so she was vulnerable and there was cause for fear. She had life, life stronger than fear. Like a rat cornered, she grabbed. She grabbed for there must be something other than her in life, she was not fitted to admit she could be alone in life and therefore so ill-made she could have true fear.

Her grab could not be made. Like a bomb burst she discovered she had only made the violent movement betraying her plan and had been cheated of the grab. Then she had a great weight in her arms and she clutched it as her own.

While she was fainting she passionlessly heard her voice muttering, “we oughta, I guess we oughta.” She had cause for gratitude that for a little moment she was unconscious, unconscious during that very first moment, during that special moment when an actuality flares from future to past. After that particular moment she had his kisses and the muttering he made requiring answer and the wish that he’d get off her because her legs were full of pins and needles from the heavy weight of him.

CONTRACEPTION BY RHYTHM

BY ANTHONY M. TURANO

THE ancient holy war of the Catholic Church against birth-control clinics has finally simmered down to a casuistic wrangle about the best methods to effect a stipulated result. To be sure, according to Catholic dogma, the use of chemical or mechanical contraceptives is still considered "the unspeakable vice." The prevailing statutory hypocrisies on the subject are to be retained, simply because nature can be just as effectively fooled by "natural" and theological means. An all-wise Providence has so ordained the monthly cycles of women that there is a time for procreation and a time for recreation. By cleverly observing these changes, copulation need not result in population, and the sin of medical contraception becomes unnecessary.

This procedure has the approval of a papal encyclical of 1930, which holds that married people may "make use of their rights according to natural reason, even though no new life can thence arise on account of circumstances of time." His Holiness was doubtless referring to the well-known Capellmann Theory which, according to standard textbooks on the subject, placed the period of fertility "during the first fourteen days after menstruation and three or four days before the next menstruation." It has since been shown, however, that almost the very opposite of this theory is true, and that the observance of such a rule would insure frequent pregnancy.

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The newest claim that the period of safety has been definitely established is made by Dr. K. Ogino of Japan and Dr. H. Knaus of Vienna. The manner in which the best results may be obtained under the new formula are set forth in two little books now traveling through the mails with Gen. Farley's approval. One of them, *The Sterile Period in Family Life*, by Canon Valère J. Coucke and Dr. James J. Walsh, has on its flyleaf the imprimatur of Patrick Cardinal Hayes. The other is called *The Rhythm of Sterility and Fertility in Women* and is published, with ecclesiastical approbation, by Dr. Leo J. Latz, a Catholic physician. As the latest broadcasts of divine law, these two volumes have had such a wide circulation that there seems to be no taboo against the learned lay discussion of their contents in mixed company. The popular interest once aroused by psychoanalysis has now been transferred to such heterosexual matters as the effect of onanism on the *corpus luteum*.

II

The so-called Ogino-Knaus Theory (O.K. for short) may be explained briefly without reciting too much of the technical lore of gynecology. From the fact that menstruation usually ceases during pregnancy, doctors have plausibly inferred that the recurrence of the menses has a direct dependency upon the nonfecundation of

the ovum released during the preceding month. But no convincing studies of the relationship between conception and menstruation were ever made until Ogino tabulated a series of laparotomies, and Knaus studied the endocrine reactions of the uterus. Although the investigations of these two eminent physicians were separate and independent, they arrived essentially at the same conclusions. According to Ogino, ovulation normally takes place between the 12th and 16th day before the onset of the menses. Knaus says that it occurs between the 14th and 16th day.

The time of fertility, however, is by no means limited to the three to five days mentioned. The ovum retains the power of being fecundated by the male element for twenty-four hours; while the sperm cells themselves preserve their power of uniting with the female egg for two days after being deposited in the vaginal tract. So that the period during which pregnancy normally results lasts for eight days, that is to say, from the 11th day to the 19th day, always counting back from the commencement of the *following* menses. All other times are said to be sterile. As restated by Dr. Latz, the formula reads:

The sterile periods of a woman with a cycle of twenty-nine days are the ten days before and the ten days after the beginning of menstruation.

It is understood, of course, that the menstrual cycle is not of the same duration with every woman. Consequently, the patient must make calculations for eight months or longer, in order to determine her physiological rhythm. For this purpose, she is urged to purchase for ten cents from the Latz Foundation a *Record Calendar for Married People*, upon which she is to chart and record "all pertinent

biological data." For a more elaborate system of blueprinting her love life she is advised to provide herself with a *Concip Calendar*, for \$1.50.

It is assumed that, while milady is thus planning to defeat nature at its own game, her libido will be totally sublimated by mathematics. Having ascertained her "safe period," she is, presumably, to time her emotional behavior by consulting her calendar frequently and her husband occasionally.

We are assured that these ambitious preparations to outwit the principle of reproduction involve no moral turpitude. "There is nothing reprehensible," says Dr. Latz, "in enjoying the pleasures of sex without having to bear the burdens ordinarily resulting therefrom." The scriptural obligation to replenish the earth is not binding upon unemployed or starving parents. But in declaring a moratorium on reproduction, they must avoid the "moral deterioration" that is certain to follow from the use of artificial contraceptives. Evidently, the sin dwells entirely in the kind of knowledge one uses to bring about the same result. Nature may be cheated with impunity by lying in wait to catch her napping, according to the chartered course of a lunar calendar suspended from the bedstead. Physicians may continue to dispatch every imaginable antiseptic or evacuant through the alimentary canal, so long as they refrain from prescribing germicides for the vaginal tract, even during the sterile period. The deposit of the male germ, in search of an ovum that is known to be nonexistent, is somehow in harmony with the purposes of marriage. But any medical recipe that would cut short a pilgrimage that is bound to lead nowhere is deemed an unwarranted tampering with the plan of creation.

III

Of course such metaphysical distinctions between two things essentially identical could be forgiven if a sterile period of sufficient practical duration had been proved beyond question. For it is well known that no contraceptive substance or device now in use is absolutely infallible. But unfortunately, when the "natural" formula is fairly analyzed, it seems to be largely a mixture of moral theology with a few grains of dubious biology. That a period of relatively high fecundity exists is generally admitted by scientists and physicians. But the general medical verdict as to a time of absolute sterility is far from unanimous. Grosser, for instance, made a careful study of twenty-four young embryos and found that in only four of them could conception be placed at the fertile period, as defined by Knaus. Dr. Hannah M. Stone of New York studied another two dozen cases of isolated coitus and concluded that seven of the pregnancies occurred outside the fertile period.

The eminent American embryologist, Dr. Carl G. Hartman, has definitely established that the post-ovulatory half of the cycle in menstruating monkeys "varies much more than the pre-ovulatory." As to the human species, he suggests that "without much further proof, the prevailing opinion that ovulation may occur at any time cannot be brushed aside." A similar attitude is expressed by Dr. Emil Novak of the Gynecological Department of Johns Hopkins Medical School. After granting "on mere *a priori* grounds," that the most likely period of conception is "the span that embraces most ovulations," he reminds us that the survival time of the spermatozoa is by no means definitely known and that, in women with

irregular cycles, there is considerable uncertainty as to the time when the female ovum is released for fertilization.

It is not to be denied that, if the theory were finally established by additional evidence, the knowledge would be extremely valuable to parents who wish to space the births of their successive offspring. It would also be useful to a few women with highly punctual cycles, whose religious scruples are stronger than their erotic impulses. But it is doubtful whether it can ever serve as a general and practical substitute for all other forms of contraception. Theoretically, there is a sterile period of two or three days after the cessation of the menses and before the time when fertility is presumed to begin. But Ogino himself points out that, unless the cycle is longer than the usual lunar month, these preovulation days must be regarded as only "practically sterile," until their character is established by more precise scientific studies. This confines the unproductive time to the eleven days before menstruation. And even this period is considerably reduced by Dr. Guchteneere, another eminent protagonist of the theory, who warns us that the safest rule is to confine sexual activity to the six or seven days before the expected menses. So that the entire formula has been very properly called "periodical abstinence." The length of time that each couple must refrain from coitus depends on the duration of the monthly cycle, its occasional fluctuations, and the foolhardiness to infringe on the practically sterile or actually fertile zones.

Perhaps the restriction of sexuality to a few days every month for a lifetime is not an impossible feat, even despite the temptations of matrimonial propinquity. Indeed, some mortals manage to live in total celibacy all their lives. A few others

are capable of elephantine periodicity in their erotic encounters. Laurence Sterne tells us, for instance, that the elder Mr. Shandy had gradually brought "certain family concernments" to the mechanical regularity of an old clock, which he wound ritualistically every thirty days, as an advance notice of his romantic intentions toward Mrs. Shandy. But with average men and women, such emotional orderliness is attained only when nature herself, through the menopause, has already solved the whole problem of progeny. The biological impulse, furthermore, is too imperious for mathematical charting, and its beauty depends entirely upon the degree of spontaneity, and not upon obedience to the deliberate markings of a rhythm calendar.

IV

Even if such chronological lovemaking were both practical and desirable, it would not follow that the stork would keep his distance in every case. By adding more days on each side of the fecund period, a woman may make a proper allowance for the usual variations between one cycle and another. We are warned, however, that, when her mensal functions are not punctual, she cannot avail herself of the rhythm theory, since there is no way to determine her time of ovulation. In this group are thousands of women who have anatomical or physiological peculiarities of the genital region, but whose sexual desires may be quite normal. Without apparent reason, irregular menses frequently occur in girl brides, who can least repress the sexual impulse and who are least able to face the responsibility of families. Yet, as Dr. Latz says:

The rhythm theory cannot be used by young people to a very great extent, be-

cause their menstrual cycles are usually rather irregular, and because they will not take the trouble to observe them accurately.

What the sexual behavior of irregular women and young wives should be is not disclosed by either of the two little volumes on medico-legal theology. If parturition happens to be dangerous to their lives, they should evidently remain continent. If no such risks are involved, and they are economically unable to support families, they can serve notice of each successive pregnancy on their local relief offices. If this is distasteful to them, they can expect nothing from marriage but the glories of ascetic companionship, until the climacteric, or the intervention of a surgeon, gives them the benefit of the "natural" method.

But there is no assurance that the theory will always work, even with women whose menstrual periods are relatively regular. Such is the physiology of ovulation that the question of pregnancy cannot be positively determined until the onset of the *following* menses. All that the chart of previous recurrences provides is a law of probabilities that may be upset without detectable advance symptoms. Every physician knows that the expected menses of the most punctual woman may be delayed or brought on prematurely by a number of factors, such as common colds, emotional disturbances, inflammation of the genital tract, and countless disorders of the nervous system or the endocrine glands.

Retarded menses usually mean delayed ovulation, which would cause the fertile period to encroach upon the time allowed for sterile intercourse. Dr. Latz observes that if nature "changes the time of ovulation," the parties must patiently study the new rhythm. But obviously, as to the month in question, conception may

already have taken place, for which no subsequent refurbishing of the old calendar will provide a remedy.

Assuming the continuance of a determined rhythm, we are assured that ovulation normally occurs during the so-called fertile period. But the learned authors hesitate to say, against the claims of Dr. Robert L. Dickinson, that other ovulations may not also take place during the month or that they may not be induced by the sexual orgasm. Hartman has shown that in rabbits the ovarian follicle bursts exactly ten hours after coitus. It is possible that something analogous occurs in the human species. Indeed Ogino found that 15 of his cases did not fall within his theory for "pathological reasons" or insufficient data.

These obvious shortcomings of the "natural" system are not very plausibly met by its chief propagandist:

We are inclined to believe, though we have no evidence to that effect, that intercourse had under extraordinary circumstances might stimulate ovulation and bring it on prematurely, as, for instance, in the case of adultery.

In this glorious blending of science and theology, we are urged to conclude that the fires of concupiscence invariably burn low in the wedded state and that biological laws are especially efficacious when a duly sealed marriage certificate hangs above the bed.

So it appears, on the whole, that the "rhythm theory" can never become a practical substitute for all other forms of contraception. Its extraordinary demands for continence may be commendable, but it is not likely that they will be accepted as a rule of conduct by the general population. The application of the formula in specific cases is beset by so many inherent doubts and limitations that it hardly offers a plausible reason to preserve the various state and federal laws against the dissemination of medical contraceptive knowledge. But it is easy to predict, on the contrary, that the removal of all legal impediments to the free discussion of the subject, both lay and professional, would eventually lead to more positive information, not only of a sterile period, but also of a truly effective and harmless contraceptive formula.

CONRAD AND THE SEA

BY FORD MADDOX FORD

IT is, singularly enough, *The Secret Agent* that most affects me when, ten years after the death of Joseph Conrad, I sit in New York and read his works — and the other books that are not about the lives of seamen: *The Arrow of Gold*, *Under Western Eyes*, *Nostromo*, and *Heart of Darkness*. Should this come to be the final verdict on the work of that great and romantic poet it would singularly appease his poor ghost. For he never tired of protesting that he was not a writer about the sea; he detested the sea as a man detests a castoff mistress and with the hatred of a small man who has had, on freezing nights of gales, to wrestle with immense yards and dripping cordage; his passion became to live out of sight of the sea and all its memories; he never tired of repeating Christina Rossetti's last written words:

A little while and we shall be
Please God, where there is no more sea.

The curious, oriental courtiership in Conrad's disposition led him to greet the humblest of human beings with gestures of servility, with strokings of the hand, with bendings of the back, and with verbal eulogia that would have added glory to a czar on his throne — and I have seen him, I emphasize, behave with an identical oriental display before an old laborer's wife; his child's nurse; myself; a peer of the realm; Messrs. Gosse, Garnett, and Galsworthy; his own son, aged

twelve; or the deaf, grizzled, tangled-bearded old farmer who farmed the land of the Pent; so that, if he was a respecter of persons, he respected all persons alike. Acting then on the conviction that every Briton liked to think of himself as having veins filled with Viking blood, that curious oriental spirit of courtiership also led him during six-elevenths of his writing life to shower bouquets all over the sea from Tilbury Dock to Palembang and back by way of Sydney Heads. . . .

He had that curious half-misconception of the English character. So that he must needs begin his matchless *Youth* with the statement:

This could have happened nowhere but in England where men and sea interpenetrate, so to speak — the sea entering into the life of most men and the men knowing something or everything about the sea . . .

Actually, the sea in England enters more into the consciousness of the average Englishman than into the consciousness of inhabitants of Illinois or Central Russia — but not very much more. Most English boys of my generation read, like Conrad himself, the novels of Marryatt, and from ten years of age till twelve we all imagined ourselves captains of seventy-fours or admirals of the fleet. But it stopped pretty well there, and the English boy of today does not read even *Peter Simple*. But still, flogged into it by Conrad's carefully simulated enthusiasm, the Englishman of the

second, and perhaps a little of the first, decade of this century, when he had a book of Conrad's in his hand, would puff out his chest and remember that he was a hardy Norseman, a son of Drake, a companion in arms of Lord Nelson, or the first mate of an Australian wool clipper. And, in revenge, that same Englishman exacted that Conrad should write exclusively about the sea.

It was a curious and wanton nemesis. For many years of his life almost all the English whom Conrad met were men connected with the sea. And, with his highly developed sense of nationalities, Conrad was almost superaware of the immense part that the sea has played in the history of the English race—of the Anglo-Saxon congeries of nations.

Most men enter London by way of Charing Cross or Victoria, railway stations about sixty miles away from the sea and its ships. Therefore, for them, London is the City of London. If you questioned them, and they were at all knowledgeable men, they might confess to a dim awareness that, somewhere in that city, there were some ships tucked away in a negligible corner, much as an inhabitant of Minneapolis coming to New York might agree that somewhere near the Battery seagoing craft would probably be found. . . . So either might agree that it would be appropriate to speak of the City and Port of London, or New York, as the case might be.

But Conrad first approached London from its amazing other end, going up a great, silver-gray estuary between sixty miles of docks, all with seagoing ships lying shoulder to shoulder, like fish in thick shoals. And he was confronted with grandiosities, evidences of wealth, of steadfastness, courage, enterprise, and justice, in a world where the first and last of the vir-

tues is the quality of shipshapeness. So for Conrad that metropolis was the Port of London and, as an afterthought, he might have conceded that you might reasonably style it the Port and City of London. For some years that remained his naïve psychology.

For, when he wrote, "This could have happened nowhere but in England," and the rest, he was expressing what for him was the God's truth . . . of the moment. And even when he had left off from following the sea, and while he was writing *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness*, he still lived within sound of the steamer sirens and within hail of the tides—in a dreary hamlet called Stamford-le-Hope, in among the Essex mud flats, on the edge of Thames Estuary. And perhaps his finest passage of prose of those, his early and as if virgin days, is precisely the last paragraph of *Heart of Darkness*:

"We have lost the first of the ebb," said the Director suddenly. I raised my head. The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds and the tranquil water-way, leading to the uttermost ends of the earth flowed sombre under an overcast sky—seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.

I will pause here to make some annotations. *Heart of Darkness* is a tale told *viva voce* by a ship's captain on the deck of a cruising yawl, to a Director of Companies, a Lawyer, and an Accountant, all of whom followed the sea to the extent of taking week-end cruises in the *Nellie*—the cruising yawl. They formed the society in which Conrad lived at Stamford-le-Hope while, having left the sea but living near its verge, he was still quivering with his attempt, with the aid of the Director, the Lawyer, and the Accountant, to float a diamond mine in South Africa. For Conrad had his adventures of that sort, too—ad-

ventures ending naturally in frustration. And since, while waiting for that financial flotation to mature, he floated physically during week ends in the company of those financiers on the bosom of that tranquil waterway, he really believed that all the bankers, lawyers, and accountants of the obscure square mile of city upstream were also seamen, or so near it as made no difference. He emerged, of course, from that conviction, but the tragedy was that, by the time he came to see life more collectively and less as a matter of Conway-trained and steadfast individuals heroically fighting august northwesterners, the unseeing and malignant destiny that waits on us writers set him in such circumstances as robbed him of the leisure in which *Youth* and *Heart of Darkness* could be written. For those two stories were written and rewritten and filed and thought over and rethought over and re- and re- thought over by a leisured mind of a rare literary common sense. With his later work, it was different, since the leisure mood was gone; he thought, as it were, continually under a cloud of panic and finally in moods of despair broke the backs of his books . . . "Broke the back" was his own phrase. By it he meant that, after months and months, or even years and years, of desperate and agonized thinking, despairingly and at the dictates of Pinker or Pawling or old Mr. Blackwood or some other cheque-withholding minister of destiny, he contrived any old end for his book and let it go at that, such a book remaining forever after in his mind as a record of failure and of the futility of human effort. For obviously the buildings-up of such an immense fabric as the earlier pages of *Nostromo* were meant to lead to an impressive, protracted, and dwelt-upon end. Yet, actually, the book, as was the case with *Chance*, with *Under Western Eyes*, with *The Secret Agent*,

and with how many more, is finished off with the quick, deft touches of a de Maupassant *conte* and the rapid invention of any efficient writer of short stories.

So that, ironically, while he was still under the spell of sea-following and the hypnotism of mariners, he did his best and, as it were, cleanest work. For I think it is to *Youth*, *Heart of Darkness*, and the matchless *Nigger of the Narcissus* that those epithets must be ascribed, leaving *Almayer* and *The Outpost of Progress* to be considered as his prentice work.

I will add some further notations as to the passage I have quoted from *Heart of Darkness*. It has always seemed to me—and still seems—one of the most perfect passages of prose in the language and it has for me a certain added significance from the fact that it must have been the first passage of Conrad's prose to which I ever paid minute and letter-by-letter consideration. He had come to stop with me at the Pent, and had there received the proofs of the story in one or another of its stages. And being worried over—and above all having the leisure to attend to—his closing passages, it was the last paragraph to which he first invited me to pay attention.

We must have argued over it for three whole days, going from time to time over the beginning and the body of the story, but always at the back of the mind considering that last paragraph and returning to it to suggest one or another minute change in wording or in punctuation.

If you will take the trouble to look back to the passage as I have quoted it, you will see that it begins, "We have lost the first of the ebb." Actually, in the copy from which I am quoting—Doubleday, Doran's *Malay* edition of 1928—the last paragraph begins, "Marlow ceased and sat apart, indistinct and silent, in the pose of a medi-

tating Buddha. Nobody moved for a time," and then continues with the Director's speech.

In the original version, those last two sentences stood apart, the word "time" ending the paragraph. And we tried every possible juxtaposition of those sentences, putting "No one moved for a time" in front of Marlow's ceasing; running that sentence up to the end of the last paragraph of speech; cutting it out altogether — because the first principle of the technique of Conrad and myself at that time was that you should never state a negative. If nobody moves, you do not have to make the statement; just as, if somebody is silent, you just do not record any speech of his, and leave it at that.

However, that negative statement got itself left in at the end, I suppose as a matter of cadence, though I remember suggesting the excision of "for a time" — a suggestion that Conrad turned down because that would have made the statement too abrupt and dramatic. The last paragraph of a story should have the effect of what musicians call a coda — a passage meditative in tone, suited for letting the reader or hearer gently down from the tense drama of the story, in which all his senses have been shut up, into the ordinary workaday world again.

In the interest of that tranquillity, either Conrad or I suggested the use of the adjectival-participle form in the last clause of the paragraph. I can't remember which of us it was, because we changed our position morning by morning, according as the one or the other of us had got up feeling the more French. We never read anything but French in those days, but sometimes Conrad, and less often I, would have a British reaction. . . . And to make that passage classic English prose, you would have to put it:

. . . the tranquil waterway, leading to the uttermost ends of the earth, flowing sombre under an overcast sky, seemed to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.

or, since Conrad — or, in the alternative, I — might object to the assonance of "flowing" and "leading":

the tranquil waterway, leading to the uttermost ends of the earth, flowed sombre under an overcast sky, seeming to lead into the heart of an immense darkness.

which last would be the version I should today adopt, as being, with its punctuation and all, the most tranquilly classic.

But I suppose that, in the end, we both of us got up one morning feeling unbridledly and unrepentantly Gallic — and so you have only one comma and a French dash for punctuation of the whole sentence and the relatively harsh "seemed," instead of the tender "seeming."

I remember that at that time, over the proofs of this story, I succeeded in persuading Conrad that he was really an Elizabethan writing almost-blank verse, as thus:

The peroration was magnificent . . .

It made me tingle with enthusiasm.

This, the unbounded power of eloquence,
Of words, of burning, noble words. There
were

No practical hints to interrupt the magic,
Current of Phrase, unless a kindly note

At the foot of the page . . .

and so on over pages and pages.

I would go on reading page after page of blank verse like that from the writings of that poor astonished fellow. . . . Remember that I was young and unscrupulous then. . . . And he, blinking, half-ravished because he thought blank verse something noble, and half alarmed because Mr. Shaw had told him that blank verse was the easiest of all things to write, would sit looking like an eagle to whom someone had announced that one of his

wife's eggs had produced a phoenix with all its fabulous gifts—or perhaps as if I were a conjurer who should have produced from his tall hat a colony of turtle doves. For that inspired writer with his matchless *flair* for the significance and life and suitability of words, as if he were a Beethoven that should never hear his own symphonies, had hardly the remotest idea of how, in English, or even in French, they sounded or were accentuated. He never, for instance, could see that in French rhymed Alexandrines the muted *e*'s counted in the beat, and if I chose to read out, "The offing was barred by a black bank of clouds," he would accept it as if it were one of the mightiest of Marlowe's lines, or as he would equally have accepted, "The offing was barréd || by a black bank of clouds." . . . accepting them with that naïve astonishment and joy that was one of his greatest charms, whether as great writer or as great man. For it should never be forgotten that an artist or great man remains great only as long as he can remain naïve and astonished and can examine with a vivid curiosity the minutest, as well as the most enormous, of the workings of nature or of humanity. As soon as he becomes *refrogné*, conscious of his importance, listless in face of phenomena, grown up . . . the comedy is finished. Let him, as it were, take his seat in the House of Peers; the Commons will be below and beyond his forces.

II

The sea has two disadvantages as pabulum for the writer. Seen from the shore it cuts your horizon in half. If you write about human voyages upon it, your work will inevitably be set down as boys' books. That is the final insult that humanity addresses to Captain Marryatt.

For Marryatt, who was Conrad's first master, wrote even less about the sea and even more about the pursuits and endeavors of men. Conrad at times—and too often, really—anthropomorphized that lugubrious element; Marryatt never did. For the author of *Midshipman Easy* the sea was a necessary nuisance that occasionally slopped over into being a menace. For Conrad, anxious to be polite to Anglo-Saxon, Viking-born, week-end-cruising financiers, the sea became—yes, too often—an immense, all-embracing human-divine Being, menacing, capricious, smiling, august, inspired with blind rages, sinking into besunnen tranquillities. The terrific storm in *Peter Simple* is hardly less of a storm than the storm of *Typhoon*—but it is much less human-divine.

Marryatt, realizing that a world of men without women is in truth a world of only a half-horizon, got his heroes' young women as often into his books as he could. Conrad, sensing the same thing, left women, for a great part of his writing career, altogether out of his books and supplied their place with the epicene great waters, attributing to them all the passions and pretty ways of he-male rages and feminine coquetties.

But, as he left the hated sea further and further behind him, women and nonseafarers came more and more into his books—and political intrigues and the careers of republics entered more and more largely. *Nostromo*, an immense book, the first that he evolved after he had definitely left the sea far behind, is the first of his political romances—and the one he loved best. It retained, still, some of his early quality of gusto. To give it a frame, he must needs invent a whole human cosmogony—a whole republic, with a governing machine, a constitution, intrigues, commerce, industry, graft . . . and a gal-

lery of women from Mrs. Gould downward.

And, as he went onward, women became of more and more importance in his political romances—and it was more and more the political romance that occupied his mind. *The Secret Agent* is the romance of international communism, with Mrs. Verloc as its *dea ex machina*; *The Arrow of Gold* is the romance of royalist machinations, with the Rita of his first love dominating its every sentence; *Under Western Eyes* is the romance of Russian-Swiss nihilism, over which floats continuously, as mists float above a city, the serene and beautiful spirit of Miss Haldin.

But indeed, the political motive is discernible enough even in his earlier, Malaymarine excursions. *Almayer* is an exposure of Dutch exploitations of the spice islands; *The Outpost of Progress*, a cynical and dreary exposé of the darker sides of imperialism; and *Heart of Darkness*, the most impassioned unveiling of the hidden springs of human hypocrisy, greed, blood-lust—and of course heroism!—that the pages of any book have ever recorded. Conrad was, at heart, an aristo-royalist apologist; the whole Left in politics was forever temperamentally suspect for him, and, at the bottom of his heart, all his writing wistfully tended toward the restoration of the Kingdom of Poland, with its irresponsible hierarchy of reckless and hypersophistically civilized nobility. He saw in nothing else the salvation of mankind. . . . But he was a poet even before he was a Polack *pan* . . . and the blood-plus-gold-and-rubber enrichments of the Dutch in Malaysia or of a vampire so foul as Leopold II—who must have been the most ignoble financier whose actions are recorded in the pages of all the histories of all the ages—those horrors were too much for even his royalist gorge.

In any case he was a great poet and a great novelist. I imagine that few men have had much more power to see vividly the opposing sides of human characters. The faculty that made him be able to prostrate himself in unbelievable politenesses before Messrs. Gosse, Garnett, and Galsworthy, not to mention such relatively humble persons as his child's nurse and myself, let him, at other times, perceive and express the bitterest, the almost most sadistic, contempt for those three gentlemen—and, of course, myself—though he was, as a true Polack *pan*, almost always a miracle of patience with his child's faithful attendant.

And that two-sidedness let him be as relatively fair in his treatment of his temperamental political opponents as it is reasonable to expect of mortal man. *The Secret Agent* represents the anarchist-communists of London as being a pretty measly set of imbeciles, but it represents the *agent provocateur*—whom I knew well—as even more loathsome than the hideous Azev really was and the employer of that sad scoundrel as even more imbecile, if more sophisticated, than the shadows of Krapotkin, Stepniak, Volkhovsky, Bakunin, and the rest. And he had really made efforts to get behind the revolutionary mind. I supplied him with most of the material of that sort in the book, and it was instructive in the extreme to see him react to those accounts of revolutionary activities. . . . “His omniscient friend,” he calls me in the preface to the book. . . . He would shudder at the mere idea of coming into mental contact with revolutionary activities and then set himself seriously to work to examine into the altruistic motives that might lie hidden in the backs of the minds of those, to him, repulsive scoundrels. But he speaks truth when, in the same preface he says, “There had been

moments during the writing of the book when I was an extreme revolutionist" — to such an extent did he try to read himself into their frames of mind. . . . And then to relieve the strain he would contemplate for an hour or so the moral and mental perfections of the Scotland Yard Chief Inspector, and of the Assistant Commissioner, and of the Home Secretary — in actual life, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, that brilliant and cynical last of England's Whig politicians. He would rest his poor mind on those perfected embodiments of the quality of shipshapeness and then, with a sigh, return to his occupations in the underworld. . . . The result is one of the best — and certainly the most significant — detective stories ever written.

For that is the astonishing conclusion to which I have come on rereading, twenty years later, that astonishing book. And do not imagine that in writing those words I am trying to belittle my dead friend. The best technical work that is being done in the novel today is, perforce, being put into the romances of mystery that pour from all the world's presses. These at least *must* be well done, must progress from paragraph to paragraph until the final effect is got by the last word — must, in fact, embody all that technique that poor Conrad laboriously evolved for their benefit. Else no one would read!

III

An omniscient friend of my own was the other day accounting to me for the temporary eclipse of this great writer in the New York which, fifteen years ago, lay prostrate before his feet. He said that Conrad was dead because his books lacked the spirit of mass action; the world had passed the day when books devoted to individuals could hold a public attention

that saw the world in terms only of mass action.

But seeing the world in those terms is only a phase like any other phase. Temporarily, the background has usurped the position of the figures of the play. The individual will return. That king shall enjoy his own again simply because we are all kings — if only over a kingdom of our own minds.

And, even at that, my friend was still thinking of Conrad only in terms of the writer about the sea — a writer of books in which childlike individuals battle with an obtuse adversary. For the best seaman has to be eternally unsophisticated; when, like Conrad, he is a hypercivilized being, whom the illusions of youth have tricked into following the tides, he will react into the hatred that was later Conrad's.

And indeed Conrad, if he was never class-conscious in the present sense of the word, became later in life mass- and universe-conscious enough to serve anybody's turn — almost infinitely obsessed by:

the vision of an enormous town . . . of a monstrous town, more populous than some continents and in its man-made might as if indifferent to heaven's frowns and smiles. . . . There was room enough there for any passion, variety enough for any setting, darkness enough to bury millions of lives.

It was no longer the Port but the City that then engrossed him. And so in *Nostromo* you have the whole of a vast, imagined republic, where all humanity's passions, meannesses, and failures from ideals may run riot. In *Under Western Eyes* you have all Russia forever alive in the background of a mass movement — and in that book Conrad lets his Polish hatred for the Russian Czars make him almost kind, even to revolutionaries, who in the end must give Poland her freedom. And you have *The Secret Agent*, the immense

thriller with its enveloping background of a darkness enough to bury millions of lives . . . and with the eternal mother-woman dominating the whole of it.

I suppose Conrad to be indeed suffering a commercial and fashionable eclipse. I hear that his bric-a-brac and souvenirs fetch almost nothing at auctions. I rang up a dozen booksellers the other day without being able to obtain copies of his works. His very publishers told me that they could not supply me with a complete set of his books—though they subsequently succeeded in doing so.

But he will return. Every great man suffers a thirty years' eclipse after his death—or a longer one if he is immensely great. (In 1633, Samuel Pepys was still talking of *Hamlet* as "a barbarous and antick piece.") But I think that it will be rather on account of his land books than on account of his marine tapestries that Conrad will eventually re-emerge and be ac-

counted great. It will be rather *Nostromo* than *Lord Jim*—though *The Nigger*, the only mass romance of the sea, must always be regarded as a work of a master. For his methods as a writer were inspired by an immense common sense. It is not mere fantastic overscrupulousness that makes a man devote three days to four sentences of the end of a story. It is sheer workmanlikeness, because your last paragraph is what will leave the taste in your reader's mouth and reveal the last secret of your tale. . . . And he had his incomparable naïveté—his unrivaled and passionate curiosity as to the minutest and the most huge of human manifestations. For if you wish to be a great writer, it is not sufficient to say, *Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*, you must be able to inscribe on the forefront of all your work, "And the dwarf said, 'Something human is dearer to me than all the wealth of the Indies.'" That Conrad did.



BEYOND ANGER

BY E. MERRILL ROOT

WHY seize on words like boulders, and then throw them
 Crashing titanic on the spawn of earth?
 Yes, men are men: ignore them now you know them;
 Spendthrift of anger, what is anger worth?
 Desist from fury, human all too human;
 Joy, rather, with the frolic winds that run
 Flying white clouds for kites. Leave man and woman
 To the sure justice of oblivion.
 Still through the vast blue spaces of the morning
 The sun is rising like a stormy fire
 Superb in exultation, never scorning
 Earth, though he shines on mountain or on mire.
 Live like the sun: a gayety of flame
 Splendid above the glory or the shame.

CAN FRANCE SURVIVE?

BY L. A. SIGAUD

ARE the days of France as a major world power now definitely numbered? This question is raised, unmistakably and ominously, by present military, economic, and psychological conditions. An unsatisfactory birth rate fore-shadows early inadequacy of armed forces and industrial man power; in domestic markets, an overwhelming flood of foreign goods is displacing admittedly inferior native products; and throughout the nation, there is manifest a tolerance of alien influences, inimical to racial, national, and cultural solidarity. Stated tersely, these developments are unquestionably alarming. But it is only when they are examined in detail that their full significance emerges, and the probable fate of France becomes apparent.

A rich country with a relatively small population and extensive colonies, France has two youthful, ambitious neighbors with larger populations and practically no colonies. Therefore, at terrific financial and economic cost, she must maintain what is probably the largest standing army in the world, with the possible exception of Russia's. But here a merciless and insistent feature of the problem intrudes. With a population of only 42,000,000 there is lacking the reservoir of man power needed to keep this standing army on its present footing and to maintain adequate reserves behind it.

In the year 1870, there were more than a million French births. In 1933, there were

but 682,000, which was a decrease of 40,000, compared with 1932. It is forecast that, at the present rate of decrease, there will be less than 550,000 in 1943. Last year, there were 661,000 deaths. For 1935 and all ensuing years, it is a foregone conclusion that there will be more deaths than births and that France's total population will diminish as that of its younger age groups already has for many years.

The immediate menace of these cold statistics was first dramatically vivified when Marshal Pétain appeared before the French legislative Army Commission in the summer of 1934. He revealed that the age group to be called upon in 1935 for one year of compulsory military service would fall short of the required number by 85,000. By 1939, the annual shortage would amount to 120,000. This deficit, officially ascribed to a natural drop in birth returns for the war years 1914-18 had to be met in some way. Only one solution appeared possible: that was to extend the period of active service from one year to two, thereby depriving the economic life of the nation of hundreds of thousands of men. After months of natural hesitation, during which an unsuccessful effort was made to secure additional men through voluntary enlistment, the French Government acted. It increased temporarily the term of compulsory military service to two years, reduced the eligibility age from twenty-one years to twenty, and provided for the recruiting of military specialists.

The feeling of security engendered by the adoption of these measures lasted exactly twenty-four hours. It was completely dissipated by the announcement of Germany's determination to insist on arms equality and to establish military conscription. The last illusions of the French as to the protective value of the restrictive clauses of the Treaty of Versailles disappeared overnight.

The French now hope that Germany can be induced by concessions or pressure to remain under some military restrictions. But they realize that the present German attitude is to consider promises that become embarrassing, or are contrary to general policy, as voidable on grounds of hardship or duress. Whatever temporary agreements may result, the French cannot escape the logical conclusion that they are faced with the unenviable task of keeping up permanently an armed force equal to the army of an unfriendly neighbor with a population greater by twenty-three millions and unquestionably more prolific.

Eventually, this situation is bound to become increasingly difficult. Yearly, more young men in Germany will attain the age for military service than in France. And year after year, this numerical superiority will increase. One contributing factor is the condition with respect to marriages in both countries. In 1933 there totaled 315,000 in France, or but half the number of German marriages for the same period. A decided decrease is, moreover, to be feared in about twenty years, due to the comparative sterility of the war-time period and the consequent small number, born from 1914 to the end of 1918, who are now to become of age and mate. Another unpleasant aspect is, as the National Alliance for Increase of the French Population reports, that in the few sections where rural communities have

maintained a relatively high birth rate there is a steady exodus of the population to the urban centers, where the birth rate is dropping.

Alexander Millerand, Edward Herriot, and the late Raymond Poincaré addressed a patriotic appeal to their countrymen last July, exposing the inevitable consequences. After reviewing the figures, they pointed out that a continuing decrease in the number of births would mean in time the failure of business and agriculture, because of lack of consumers; the insolvency of the state, because of lack of taxpayers; and a defenseless country, for want of defenders. Bluntly, they added that Germany and Italy, although having 250,000 and 400,000 more births than deaths, respectively, had found it imperative to inaugurate and maintain an already successful crusade against their falling birth rates, and they concluded: "Under penalty of death, France must follow their example. It is the duty of every Frenchman to raise three children!"

Assuming that the French heed such an appeal, it is evident that for many years to come they will be unable to undertake even a defensive war. Such a war, though successful, would only render the country weaker, through additional depletion of the quantity and quality of its man power, and make its international position more difficult than ever. It has already had one such Pyrrhic victory.

The French course to prevent any need for a defensive war is simple, if not easy. It involves their present diplomatic policy, which is directed toward maintaining a defensive coalition sufficiently powerful to deter any hostile combination of forces; developing friendly relations with both neighbors, thereby removing as many causes of friction as possible; and, as occasion presents, turning to the advantage of

France the present rivalry that exists between her enemies. If the hazards of such a procedure are successfully negotiated for a sufficiently long period, the French are entitled to hope that they may correct the matter of the diminishing birth returns, or, failing that, may develop their colonies to a point where substantial white and black colonial man power will be available to bolster the declining resources of the mother country. International coalitions, however, are more noted for their tribulations than for their longevity. What happened to the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance is still distinctly remembered.

That European France expects its colonies to rescue it from destruction is not a matter of mere surmise or conjecture. The part the colonies are to play is set forth in an impressive and remarkably frank booklet published in Paris. This interesting document bears on its fly leaf the significant legend, "Published under the patronage of the Minister of War."

The author, stressing the relative populations and birth rates of France and Germany, fears for the future of his country and prophesies that in fifty years, unless a miracle intervenes, thirty-five million Frenchmen will be faced by one hundred million Germans. Considering what is to be done to meet this peril, he points out that France possesses immense colonies peopled by natives in all stages of human evolution, against whom the French principles of equality and human fraternity bar any prejudice on the ground of color. These natives, in spite of ethnic and social differences, call themselves French. "Is it not possible to hope that some day, united by the ties of a common civilization, one hundred million patriotic French citizens of widely diverse origins will form one great homogeneous nation?" About this

last phrase there hovers something more than a barely perceptible suggestion of inspirational propaganda.

There is an admission in the booklet that this grandiose project, appropriately labeled *Destiny of Greater France* and officially sanctioned, involves some delicate problems. This concession to reason seems well founded. When forty million unprolific and unproductive whites seek to regenerate their nation by amalgamation with almost sixty million virile natives of other races, it is likely that something hybrid will emerge, in which the former dominant strain will become increasingly unimportant. Beside such a possibility, Germany's professed fear of racial contamination and economic domination by a comparatively small element of her population fades into insignificance.

II

One form of economic domination which France must resist is that of foreign products. Her own manufactures, once extolled for style, quality, and utility, have not only lost a considerable part of their former world-wide market, but are also being displaced, to an alarming extent within the country, by competitive goods of other nations, notably the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Japan. There have been unsuccessful efforts to combat this. One was the patriotic appeal to "Buy French!" Another was to impose heavy duties on imported finished products and, subsequently, on raw materials. A third, and more recent, is quantity limitation on specific imports during given periods.

As a result, many foreign firms have established themselves in the country to manufacture and distribute their products. This means that foreign capital has en-

tered France, is contributing to its industry and taxes, and is employing many nationals. To a limited degree, this might be beneficial if it met a national need. But on a very large scale, where it brings about internal competition of modern alien business with antiquated native enterprises, it can only mean financial harm to the latter, possible loss of national economic independence, and internal creation of wealth which, to a considerable degree, foreign capital will remove from the country.

The extent to which foreign goods have flooded France is incredible. Prominent among the articles exported or produced, there are many of the well-known brands of American and English products, such as agricultural machines, cosmetics, automobiles, shaving implements and accessories, sport goods, soaps, radios, bathing suits, food products, typewriters, cameras, pharmaceutical supplies, and locks.

Because of a natural French antipathy to foreign economic exploitation, few of these articles, except automobiles and radios, indicate in any way their foreign origin or connections. Palmolive Soap, which, in the United States, extensively advertises its slogan, "Keep that schoolgirl complexion!" has placarded France with posters showing a gypsy telling her client, *Gardez ce teint de jeune fille!* This product enjoys wide use, and is commonly believed to be French.

Some early invaders of the field, in an apparent endeavor to appear basically native, use such expressions as "French-made for years" (Elizabeth Arden cosmetics), or cannily emphasize that they are located in *Seine et Oise* (McCormick agricultural machines), or elsewhere. Only the blue safety-razor blade of King Gillette, which the French seem to consider America's greatest gift to humanity, can afford complete frankness.

The French use these various products because they are better, cheaper, and widely and attractively advertised. If native articles are to regain their own market, their quality, utility, price, and appeal, as well as their methods of production and exploitation, must be modernized. The consumer must not only be made aware what articles are essentially French, but also that they are not inferior. To achieve such a result, however, requires a quality of governmental leadership of industrial activity and a degree of co-operation in the latter field which do not appear immediately available in a land where individualism is aggressively militant, and a multiplicity of political minority groups seek authority and evade responsibility.

When the military strength of a nation is on the wane, and its economic resources diminish, it is not surprising to find evidence of cultural invasion and deterioration. In the case of France, a significant indication of this is found in connection with the language. A comparatively short time ago, French was more than the speech of a great nation. It was the unchallenged diplomatic and social vocal medium of the world. Today, it appears definitely to be losing the virility that is indispensable to a living tongue.

Any form of speech, in order to live, must feed upon itself in coining phrases for new things. When it does not do so, and supinely accepts the wholesale introduction of indigestible foreign terms, it is not only sterile, but reveals the sinister fact that leadership in the creation and development of new things lies elsewhere. Typical is the prevalent and unchallenged use of *antifading* and *pickup*. Obviously, the latest developments along these lines have not been French.

To use foreign words to attract alien trade is commercially desirable. In a land

where there is a year-round incursion of English-speaking tourists, the business value of such catchwords as *ice cream*, *lavatory*, and *ticket* is incontestable. But when these words and many others, such as *week end*, *shorts*, *pickles*, and *interview*, come into widespread use to replace expressive and understandable words in the native speech, there is an undesirable and profound influence at work tending to create a feeling that the language is not the only inadequate national element. A definite sense of inferiority in other respects than lingual is developing. In a provincial town, Peugeot coins the hybrid term *self-amortie* to describe automatic shock absorbers, and on the Boulevard Haussmann in Paris a store confidently offers *bath soap de luxe*. What they are both advertising, however, is their inability to resist the increasing influence of a tongue which, in the days of William the Conqueror, sought a good part of its life-blood from Norman-French, and their willingness to bow to this form of foreign domination.

The Parisian and the provincial press are less than courageous in resisting these foreign encroachments. Such metropolitan dailies as *Le Petit Parisien*, *l'Intransigeant*, *Paris Soir*, and *Le Matin* offer at random such gems as *puzzle*, *pipe-line*, and *starter*, and the particularly atrocious verb forms *swings* and *drivé*. Not to be outdone, *Le Nouvelliste* of Lyon prints the first name of Guillaume Bertrand, Minister of the Merchant Marine, as *William*. In the course of time, he may find himself known — at least to future Elks — as *Bill*.

There is also a general tendency to discard the three important accent signs illustrated by *é*, *è* and *ô*. *Le Petit Dauphinois* of Grenoble is an outstanding, but far from solitary, offender. Paris subway posters insist on *contrôlé*, minus the acute ac-

cent, and on a voluble commemorative monument in the Square du Canada at Dieppe, not one accent appears. There are innumerable other instances. Foreign visitors possessing only a fair knowledge of the language have ample excuse to wonder whether the French themselves really know how to use it accurately.

A campaign to restore the full vigor and effectiveness of the national tongue is evidently very much needed. Germany has been actively engaged in such an effort for the past two years. In this, as in her struggle to increase her population, France would do well to emulate her Teutonic rival. But in her case any such attempt is doomed to fail if it does not also seek to remove the deep, underlying danger: the national loss of pride and loyalty.

III

To survive as a major power, a modern nation needs more than a sufficient number of consumers, taxpayers and defenders. If it is to prosper and be sovereign in reality, its own nationals must supply its labor requirements, control its business, and reap the reward of its industry. Its people must have a definite consciousness of national entity, making them loyal to their institutions, their products, and their cultural heritages. There must be intelligent and courageous leadership. These are essentials of an economic and psychological order, and here again the French face trouble.

From an economic standpoint, the lack of French man power is bound to be a matter of grave concern. That it has not been, so far, is due to the effect of the depression, which has reduced temporarily the quantity of men needed. When commerce improves, the required labor will not be readily available.

For many years preceding the war, France was prosperous and contented. But her man power was already inadequate to meet the demands of her commerce. A serious labor shortage would have existed but for heavy immigration, notably to large centers such as Paris, Marseilles, and Lyons. These immigrants came mainly from Italy, where neither commerce nor agriculture could take care of the overwhelming population. They were drawn to their new homes by a definite demand for labor.

Since the beginning of the depression, there has been much favorable comment abroad as to the comparative absence of unemployment in France. Here again a deceptive situation exists. The actual condition is that the man power now available is not greatly in excess of what is needed for the present much-restricted industrial requirements. Edouard Herriot, present Radical-Socialist leader and often a Cabinet Minister, who has served many years as Mayor of Lyons, revealed this clearly when, in speaking of the unemployment question, he pointed out that in Lyons, the third largest city, there were only 5,000 men out of work and that 35,000 foreigners were employed. He estimated the same proportion to exist throughout the country—Marseilles has 100,000 Italians—and counseled, as a helpful measure, that the alien workers be eliminated.

If France eliminates an appreciable part of its foreign population, a lack of labor will become manifest the moment there is even a slight improvement in business conditions. The adoption of the two-year military service period will, naturally, make more critical an eventual labor shortage which will paralyze expansion. And yet the French are carrying out such a short-sighted policy of alien repatriation. Because there was friction between French

and Polish workers in the mining districts, the Poles, who had been brought to France after the war because of lack of native labor, were dismissed and repatriated. They were no longer needed. Since then, the inexorable expulsion of aliens has continued. In one week, 1422 foreign workers were sent back to their native countries.

Herriot is inconsistent when he warns his country as to its diminishing population and then recommends the elimination of a substantial number of foreigners. He cannot be blind to the desperate need for France to retain and protect her large alien group as an already vital part of her failing military and economic man power. But when constituents become unreasonably nationalistic and insist on "French jobs for the French," a politician is apt to consider the political exigencies of the situation and strongly advocate a popular measure, no matter how harmful, which he would be the first to oppose were it not dangerous to do so.

Eventually, French labor will again have to be supplemented by foreign labor. But a constant economic invasion of magnitude by alien labor is almost as dangerous in the long run as a military invasion. It tends to loosen the ties of national unity and introduces new sociological, lingual, industrial, and other factors, all operating to endanger the economic and military control of the nation by its original native elements. To escape the dilemma of labor scarcity or of alien economic invasion, reliance cannot be placed upon a long-term campaign to increase the native population. Any possibly favorable result is too remote in point of time. The only early solution would appear to be intensive mechanization of present manual processes. Whether the French will adopt this course is problematical.

All these conditions that now menace France are gravely dangerous, but they are not necessarily fatal. A vigorous, aggressive nation would meet them unflinchingly, hopefully, and effectively. Across present-day France, however, lies the paralyzing shadow of her dead.

War, unlike disease, is not a matter of the survival of the fittest. It not only destroys the best of the stock, but brands physically and mentally the survivors who are to sire the next generation. Their children, born and raised in years of stress and privation, attain maturity marked by the afflictions of two generations. That they are inferior to the best strain the nation has known is a distressing but incontrovertible fact. What France misses most today are the million and a half who died on the battlefields and their unborn sons and daughters. When the pick of French manhood perished, there was not only an obvious loss of fertility, but an equally evident and more harmful loss of virility.

There is a consequent lack of vitality in the France of today. In every phase of national existence, there is apathy and an understandable reluctance to face difficulties. Those who could lead the nation are dead. The living are crushed by responsibilities and are tragically aware that the last war inflicted injuries from which their country may never recover.

The French do not want war. From the North Sea to the Swiss frontier, they have constructed a tremendously powerful line of defensive fortifications. Along the Italian border, the Alps present a natural and formidable barricade. Behind these ramparts, a strong military force is ready to engage invaders. And behind these same ramparts, the French await with dread a possible surprise attack from the air.

IV

France may survive as a great nation. But to do so, three things are essential. The birth rate must be increased so that the population will be equal, numerically, to all probable military and industrial exigencies. Native products must be improved so as to recapture the domestic market and to regain, in the foreign field, the prestige and the profit that once accrued to all articles marked "Made in France." And last, but possibly most important of all, the French must recover the indomitable spirit of prewar France and pride in their tongue, their genius, and their culture.

The French nation may still possess sufficient virility to escape from its present plight. Whether it will, however, is a controversial point which can be settled by one arbiter only, and that is time.

OTTO TEMKE'S GOOD LUCK

A Story

BY ARNOLD ZWEIG

IT is hard to say what might have become of Otto Temke if, at the age of eight, he had not seen the first electric trains flashing through Berlin with unprecedented speed—under streets, under houses, above squares, straight through buildings, above the tracks of other railways—yellow coaches, red coaches, gigantic caterpillars with flat heads. One Sunday shortly afterward he persuaded his mother, the widowed washerwoman Albertine Temke, to entrust herself and him to this intimidating train on a trip from Leipzig Square to the Zoo. Though she was pleased with the spic and span coach, which smelt of varnish and was bright with new seats and highly polished brass, Frau Temke was furious at her son—unnerved, shaken, a rumbling from the pit of her ears to the top of her head, fear in her heart, panic-stricken by speed. But, on getting out, she was proud of her cheap and successful adventure and impressed by the fact that she had reached her destination in fifteen minutes, instead of endlessly jogging along in a tramcar. So, in place of the cuffing, which had silently been promised him, Otto was granted an equally silent pardon. He would have taken notice of neither; for, within him, the lodestar of his existence was taking shape—to be a driver, a driver of a train like this, to sit in the cabin up front, or to be a conductor inside a glass cubbyhole.

Man's determination must triumph. Three years after leaving school, Otto had come into his own. He opened the doors of the front coach and gravely, with official dignity under the rim of his conductor's cap, watched the people get off, saw to it that new passengers didn't crowd, and waited until the starter on the last coach bellowed "Ready!" Then he raised his hand to signal "Go" to the driver in the glass cage. Gracefully and calmly, he slipped into the already moving train, edged past standing passengers to his seat, and watched how the distance ahead hurled itself upon the train, enveloping it; watched how that insatiable train persisted in exchanging the present for a fair and beckoning future until the next station, like a tiled flat coffin, received it with lights, people, benches, colorful advertisements, and a booth, its technical soul. However, the death of the train only lasted twenty seconds; its destiny was Resurrection; its primal law, Onward.

Otto loved the life. After the nightmare of filth, stench, and sitting still in the shop of his first master, the locksmith; after the ten hours of daily drudgery in the house on Koppenstrasse, where, being the youngest of five apprentices, he had been goaded to frenzy, to tears, to boisterously ridiculed outbursts of futile rage—after two such years, he now seemed in a paradise of orderliness, always active; always with peo-

ple; always with perfumed, pretty women; always in different places; completely at home in this moving room with its thousands of shifting occupants. He thoroughly enjoyed passing alternately through stations over and under the ground in all sections of this great Berlin where every district had its particular customs, idioms, clothing, and even its own air. He could be clean again; he became good again; and he, the delicate boy, no longer had to drudge.

Happiness made him friendly and obliging. While on duty, he gave courteous and clear answers to all queries and smiled when people thanked him. He told himself that they were far worse off than he, being driven bald before their time by the lure of gold, always impatient, always in a hurry. He held up trains so that fat women in tight skirts, or breathless old men, hobbling along with sticks, could get on. He was careful to put up the correct black-lettered sign which showed the destination of the next train, so that the gentleman who wanted to reach Kaiserdamm in the West End would not land at Thiele Square in Dahlem. And many people spoke to him, for they all wanted something. He, alone, wanted nothing from anyone. Thousands of voices. Thousands of faces.

II

It would have required a profound change to reveal the tyrant latent within this courteous boy—the assailant, the murderer, the enemy of mankind, who, dormant in every abused child, awaits resurrection. That this change called itself war has nothing to do with the case; shooting and stabbing, hand grenades and commands mattered as little as the daily victory or the soldiers' common grave. On

that particular spot of the earth's surface where we stand with Otto Temke, we are merely concerned with the fact that the men were disappearing. It seemed as though some Gargantuan vacuum cleaner were drawing them away. When men are scarce, boys get their chance, so Otto Temke was put into training as a driver.

As women were replacing the men at his former job, Otto welcomed the change, especially as the girls were not half so pretty as Minna, his little friend. They completely disfigured themselves by closely cropped hair—Prussian style—and conductor's caps. The older men, who taught him, often gave him sour looks, because they realized that the gigantic vacuum cleaner was already snuffling at them. Otto Temke thought, "Well, you're next," and regarded them much as he had his former tormentors, the locksmith's assistants. Yet he was sorry for these men who would shortly be obliged to exchange a dark gray coat for a gray-green one and would have to accustom hands, used to a driver's steering gear, to the feel of muskets and cannon.

He passed through the trial trips of his training period with perfect equanimity. With his good eyes, a natural aptitude, a clear head, and sure hands, Otto made a first-rate driver and would certainly not be demoted when soon, as they all hoped, the men returned.

"Now then, Temke," said the traffic manager whose subordinate he was after many intermediate gradations, "we'll take you on until the Prussians come and get you, for we certainly can't have young cocks like you exempted. But we'll play together for a year or so."

An elderly station guard, who stood with them, nodded resignedly. Two deep furrows of anxiety extended from his nostrils into his short, graying beard.

Otto looked at the two men with a fear that was reflected in his large, childish eyes. Those fellows seemed to think victory was a long way off! Make him join up with the Prussians? Some folks weren't at all keen to join the army. Standing at attention might be a healthful exercise, but tell it to the fellow next door. Thus, from the very start, his impulse was to show his teeth and guard his position against all contingencies.

At first everything went smoothly. Doors opened; doors closed; people got in and out—lever back; lever forward. Everything was perfectly familiar to him: the lights on the roadbeds, the masonry, the arches, the tracks which, gleaming for a moment under his headlights, were swallowed up by the darkness beneath his feet. Often happiness at having so quickly reached the goal of his ambition surged within him. He was the youngest driver on the underground and elevated railways: his picture appeared in a magazine. Minna, his little friend, pinned it up over her bed.

There was tremendous power in the lever he handled so easily. He felt Death standing beside him, near him—Death in many shapes, seeming almost tangible. But what young man takes even Death seriously? Any fear Otto may have felt when he first began to drive, especially during the trial trips, had long ago given way to calm routine; only the feeling of power remained, a feeling that flowed from his hands, filled his head, and obsessed his young heart. He was captain and helmsman of a ship that was his to command, carrying a cargo of ladies and gentlemen, of men, women, and children, who—after the sliding glass doors had closed behind them—were only to a slight degree masters of their own fates. They imagined he was driving them where they

wished to go; yet the thing could be looked at from an entirely different angle—from the driver's seat, for instance. Yes, they really went wherever he chose to take them. Of course, every device to safeguard their precious lives had been provided, but only up to a point. This was a train propelled by the roaring strength of a waterfall harnessed to lightning and controlled by a human hand at its most vital point. Yes, power was his.

Alas, at that particular time the air of the whole country vibrated with the adulation of power. Men greeted each other with wooden salutes when they met on the streets—their very limbs seemed stiff. All wore uniforms. Everyday life was under the pressure of military rule. The experts, whose duty it should have been to bring the war to a speedy close, revealed primarily in the extent of their authority and spread it out in all directions. It was this general display of power that finally brought disaster to little Temke.

III

Slightly as he esteemed personal service in the war, Otto was enormously tickled by the remarks of military leaders which he regarded as expressions of kindred souls. He was intrigued by the impotence of journalists when face to face with the heroes of the General Staff and, above all, he was impressed by the pithy slogans of His Majesty, Wilhelm II. A picture postcard showed the Kaiser, dressed in mariner's cloak and oilskin-covered hat, at the helm of a ship. The inscription affirmed, "His course is right, it shall be followed." That, and precisely that, expressed the essence of Temke's soul. His course was right, and he would follow it. He gradually forgot that it was beyond his arbitrary powers to regulate this course, cir-

cumscribed as it was by tracks, switches, timetables, emergency brakes, and all manner of safety devices. During an era of victory, such things could not possibly counterbalance a young man's feeling of self-sufficiency.

It was the incident of the girl that brought matters to a head. Minna chose to prefer a noncommissioned officer on leave—a red-checked, swaggering hero from behind the lines—to her everlasting Otto . . . While attempting to give the interloper a good piece of his mind, Otto became aware that he was not even master of his own faculties. If the use of a metaphor be permissible, the arms of his soul drooped limply and flabbily from the outset, and while the soldier stood by, grinning insolently, Otto managed to say only a few bitter, half-questioning, half-threatening words—to Minna.

He came to call for her on the next Wednesday, his afternoon off, and found the field-gray one again making himself at home. He asked Minna if she weren't ashamed of herself, if she didn't realize that the soldier would soon be gone. He went on to say that, if it were not for the fact that his responsibilities required his being in prime condition and back on duty that night, the soldier would find himself in a real battle.

"You and your responsibilities!" retorted Minna flippantly. The corporal grinned. "Anyway, it won't be long before they get you, too. They will take the starch out of you then." And the corporal grinned again.

Otto, although listed as G.V. (which in the raw and slovenly idiom of the day indicated a German of lesser physique), realized that this was very likely to happen. There had been rumors of mustering. The fathers of families were being reclaimed; they were returning, completely

fagged out, from the range of the gigantic vacuum cleaner and were being put back into their jobs. The star of young unmarried men was, at the moment, not in the ascendant.

Yet Fate decided to be kind to Otto Temke. To do so, she chose a devious route, as twisted as a corkscrew. That afternoon he was in a towering rage. He gulped down glass after glass of the weak dilution of alcohol then masquerading as brandy. Worry about his job and contempt for himself, because of his humiliation, made him completely irresponsible. Outwardly he appeared normal. In this condition he reported for duty at six o'clock one Wednesday afternoon toward the end of the autumn of 1915.

IV

He drove from the East End to the West and back again and then, close to seven o'clock, the disaster occurred at Kaiserhof Station. A general, who had evidently just come from a conference at the all-important Wilhelmstrasse, a real general—completely authentic from the red stripes running up the sides of his trousers to the red glow on his face; displaying a gleaming tinsmith's array of medals on his chest, a gold embroidered collar and thick red facings on his warm cloak—stepped into Otto's train and, settling down in the second-class smoking compartment, was soon engrossed in one of the newspapers which are fit to be read by generals.

Otto saw the general striding past the driver's seat into the train. He ground his teeth in an access of sudden rage toward this unsuspecting, innocent gentleman. He, Temke, was a general, too. Might against Might! So this fellow wanted to take the starch out of him—out of him,

whose course was right! "Might against Might," echoed his heart. What did route schedules, rules, stop signals, station masters mean to him; what did the whole world mean to him?

The "Go" signal flashed. Temke started. But he started with the purpose of showing that general a thing or two. Fortunately his route was clear from end to end, owing to the greatly reduced train schedule. His motors picked up speed during the stone's throw from Kaiserhof to Potsdam Square; he should have come to a stop there but he hadn't the slightest intention of doing so. Glowering through the window ahead, Otto drove his red and yellow coaches with the speed of an express through the brightly lighted station which fell away to the right and left like a box split in half. He heeded neither the frantic gesticulations of the station master nor the arresting howl of the passengers. But he listened avidly to their uproar, which reached his ears faintly above the hum of the motors.

Meanwhile his train climbed and thundered along the incline leading from Potsdam Square to Gleisdreieck, then rushed into the night air and crossed the viaduct at full speed. The web of lights and the broad crisscross of the tracks on the road below, where old-fashioned steam locomotives were drolly and busily belching smoke, were gobbled up by the lighted archway of a station which merely received and dismissed the train. The passengers, their eyes glassy, clutched their seats.

The dispatcher telephoned ahead that the driver of the train had evidently gone mad and was not stopping at stations. The message from Gleisdreieck was closely followed by one from Bülowstrasse, where a crowd of people, eager to reach home, experienced the strange sensation of seeing,

instead of the approach of their familiar local, a mad express go thundering past and disappear into the brilliantly lighted night in the direction of Nollendorf Square. The central office telephoned warnings up the line to make sure the switches were open at Wittenberg Square. The current along the entire route could be shut off but, considering the rate of speed at which the train was traveling, this might easily precipitate a catastrophe. The officials conferred anxiously.

In the meantime, Otto had driven far beyond the Zoo station, where, so many years ago, he had had his first experience on this beloved road. The dazed passengers looked at each other in consternation; stout-hearted men considered overpowering this driver who had evidently gone mad—but what could they do about the train! They thumped against the wall which separated the driver from the first coach, but they didn't dare go further. No one wanted to risk being thrown headlong against the glass or, having no knowledge of the machinery, getting a thousand-volt shock. Heralded by signals and telephones, the train roared crazily through the broad station at Bismarckstrasse; after that, nothing mattered. It couldn't go any farther than the end of the line, Reichskanzler Square. And it didn't go any farther. The habit of eleven months suddenly took hold of Otto Temke again. His rage was satisfied, his power proven. He had shown them! Slowly, according to rules, as though nothing had happened, train No. 3471 entered the station at Reichskanzler Square and came to a stop.

Then Otto did the cleverest thing he had ever done in his life: he fainted on his seat and fell into the arms of the station master who had come to arrest him, but who now stood holding a sweaty, greenish-white, quivering little bundle of humanity.

V

The crowd—this pushing, questioning jumble of people—forgot all rage toward their kidnaper when they realized he was just a boy, not much more than an undernourished child of nineteen who, unbalanced by some experience, had taken them on this unpremeditated jaunt into the sparsely built-up wilds of Reichskanzler Square. The evening plans of some had been upset. Many more had been put to inconvenience: women should have been looking after their husbands and children; men should have been home for supper; tickets for theaters and concerts had been forfeited; but they were all human beings, Berliners. They submitted to the inevitable with a jest. Besides, the train now stood ready with a new driver, a reliable, elderly man, waiting to take them all, without additional expense, back to their proper stations. Of course, Lawyer Gas declared he would sue the company for loss of time and volunteered his services, free of charge, to anyone present with similar claims. However, as his name was Gas, the majority took scant notice of him, preferring to stare into the waiting room, where Otto Temke lay in a heavy stupor, sleeping off his jag of power. A doctor indignantly declared that anyone could see the young man was overworked, and if a representative of the press were here, he . . . But the station master appeased him.

Naturally, care would be taken in the future that no trains would be entrusted to such young men. The reclamation of the older men had begun, and today's incident would be certain to hurry it along. "The boy should go to a rest-home," the doctor, who had a better heart than was usual in those times, growled as he left.

And that is just where Otto did go. An entry of temporary aberration was made on his work record and this, for all time, saved him from active service. Being on garrison duty during the years of the war, he had ample time to acquire a variety of knowledge. During the summer of 1917 he was transferred to Lille for tramcar duty and there proved that he had only suffered a passing attack—"that time"—of some unusual and highly scientific ailment. Returning home with the others, he married his little Minna, who meanwhile, after some not-to-be-described adventures and detours, had come to realize that the best thing for her would be someday to carry on the flourishing business of Frau Albertine Temke.

Otto Temke, now the father of two sons and employed as a tramcar motor-man, often, on sleepless nights, thinks of the time when he "played crazy." Then he smiles and tells himself that never in his life has he undertaken anything half so dangerous as that craziness. But he hasn't the slightest hankering for a similar demonstration of good luck.

THE RIGHT TO BE LET ALONE

BY NEWMAN LEVY

ABOUT thirty years ago a beautiful young woman named Abigail Roberson was shocked to discover that her portrait was being used to adorn an advertisement for a well-known brand of flour. She was not only shocked but indignant, nor was her indignation soothed by the complimentary legend, "The Flour of the Family," that accompanied her picture. There was no question of libel. It was a good, almost flattering likeness; in fact, so excellent was the portrait that her friends had no difficulty in recognizing her as they observed it "conspicuously posted and displayed in stores, warehouses, saloons, and other public places."

The result was that Miss Roberson, to quote the prim, legal language of her complaint, was "greatly humiliated by the scoffs and jeers of persons who recognized her face and picture on this advertisement, and her good name has been attacked, causing her great distress and suffering both in body and mind; that she was made sick and suffered a severe nervous shock, was confined to her bed and compelled to employ a physician because of these facts." So Miss Roberson brought suit to restrain the mill from unlawfully using her picture, and also to recover \$50,000 to compensate her for her "suffering in body and mind."

This was the first case on record to recover damages for an invasion of what is now called "the right of privacy." Somehow or other this interesting right had

been overlooked during the centuries of development of English and American law. All other rights and injuries had been passed upon in countless judicial decisions, but apparently the question of a man's ownership of his own face had never arisen to perplex the judicial mind. A learned legal article entitled "The Right of Privacy" had appeared in the *Harvard Law Review*, written by Louis D. Brandeis, now Mr. Justice Brandeis of the United States Supreme Court. The article collected all the pertinent cases and indicated that such right did exist, and if it did not, it ought to. But Blackstone had never mentioned it, nor had Kent, so when Miss Roberson's distress in body and mind arrived, finally, in the New York Court of Appeals, that learned body found itself in virgin, unexplored legal territory.

It should be remembered that Miss Roberson was not libeled; on the contrary, she was flattered. Her quite understandable grievance was that she did not like to see her portrait upon the walls of "stores, warehouses, saloons, and other public places." "Such publicity," said Chief Judge Parker, later a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, "which some find agreeable is to plaintiff very distasteful." After a careful consideration of all the relevant authorities, which were, in fact, no authorities at all, because the question had never arisen before, the court decided by a vote of four to three that Miss Roberson had no redress. Judge Gray, who wrote the

dissenting opinion said, "The proposition is, to me, an inconceivable one that these defendants may, unauthorizedly, use the likeness of this young woman upon their advertisement as a method of attracting widespread public attention to their wares, and that she must submit to the mortifying notoriety without right to invoke the exercise of the preventive power of a court of equity."

The proposition was evidently inconceivable, also, to the members of the New York legislature, who perhaps saw a danger of their own portraits decorating unlegislative surroundings. At any rate, at the very next session they enacted an amendment to the Civil Rights Law, which provided that "a person, firm, or corporation that uses for advertising purposes, or for the purposes of trade, the name, portrait, or picture of any living person without having first obtained the written consent of such person, or if a minor, of his or her parent or guardian, is guilty of a misdemeanor." It also provided that the person injured might obtain an injunction and recover damages.

It will be seen that the law contained several ambiguities which have since been a source of disturbance to judicial slumbers. The unlawful use had to be for advertising or trade, so that anyone so inclined might continue to placard "warehouses, saloons, and stores" with unauthorized features so long as he reaped no financial benefit therefrom. Moreover, the person injured had to be alive. An enterprising sausage manufacturer might, for instance, employ the portrait of my deceased grandmother to call attention to his wares, or the picture of my late lamented maiden aunt to sell perambulators, and I could not stop him, no matter how sorely afflicted I might be in body and mind. This very situation arose in a re-

cent case in which the descendants of a certain gentleman, distinguished, among other things, for his large, ornamental side-whiskers, sought to prevent a shaving-soap company from using his picture in their advertisements.

The reason for limiting the law to advertising purposes or the purpose of trade was suggested by Chief Judge Parker, who said, "The so-called right of privacy is, as the phrase suggests, founded upon the claim that a man has the right to pass through this world, if he wills, without having his picture published, his business enterprises discussed, his successful experiments written up for the benefit of others, or his eccentricities commented upon either in handbills, circulars, catalogues, periodicals, or newspapers, and, necessarily, that the things which may not be written and published of him must not be spoken of him by his neighbors, whether the comment be favorable or otherwise. While most persons would much prefer to have a good likeness of themselves appear in a responsible periodical or leading newspaper rather than upon an advertising card or sheet, the doctrine which the courts are asked to create for this case would apply as well to the one publication as to the other." In other words, he was afraid that a statute restricting *all* unauthorized use of a picture or name might interfere with the right of a free press. He suggested, and the legislature followed his advice, that the law be limited to use for commercial purposes.

II

For centuries an Englishman's home was his castle, but his face was in the public domain. It is true that there had been cases in which the unauthorized use of a name or picture had been enjoined, but

in those cases there had always been either a definite injury or else an invasion of some property right. The law is usually more concerned about property than feelings. For instance, there was the case of Dr. Dockrell in England. The proprietors of a patent medicine advertised that "Dr. Morgan Dockrell, physician to St. Johns Hospital, London, is prescribing Sallyco as an habitual drink. Dr. Dockrell says nothing has done his gout so much good." As a matter of fact, the statement was true, only Dr. Dockrell had not given permission to use the endorsement, and he probably resented having his gout advertised upon the rural signboards. The court decided that the doctor could not have an injunction unless he could show that the use of his name was "such as to injure the plaintiff's reputation or property."

This solicitude of the law for property rights was also demonstrated in a Michigan case in which the widow of Colonel Atkinson, a well-known lawyer, sought to enjoin a cigar manufacturer from using her husband's name and portrait upon his cigar boxes. The court found that there was no invasion of any property right and added "that Colonel Atkinson would himself be remediless were he alive, and the same is true of his friends who survive."

The new amendment to the New York Civil Rights Law, a revolutionary change, was followed by a succession of legal controversies in which it was learnedly attempted to show that the law did not mean what it said, that it did not say what it meant, that the law was unconstitutional, and that the right of a butcher to place the classic features of a protesting actor upon his hams was one of those inalienable rights for which our fathers had frozen at Valley Forge.

One of the early questions of interpretation to arise was "What is an advertise-

ment?" The problem came about in this way. A lady was photographed while boarding a streetcar one day with her child. Later the car company, for the purpose of educating the public and preventing accidents, had signs made illustrating the correct and incorrect way to board a car. These cards were exhibited in all their cars, and the lady's photograph was used to show the incorrect way.

This presented a knotty legal problem. The picture was not used for trade, nor was it an advertisement to get business. Passengers were not induced to patronize the streetcar line by the picture of the plaintiff, unwillingly exhibited as a horrible example. If anything, it was for a benevolent public purpose. The court recognized that although "such education has an individual value for the traveler on the car, an economic value for the State," it has also "a possible and indirect pecuniary value for the carrier." But such value, it pointed out "is remote in a legal sense and negligible." That is, the sign might prevent accident suits, but that did not mean that it was being used for trade.

The court then tackled the question of whether the picture was for "advertising purposes," and concluded that it was, and that the plaintiff was entitled to damages. It stated this highly sensible rule: "The right of privacy under the statute cannot be invaded for purposes purely informative or redemptive, whether the altruist be entirely a charitable envoy or a railway company. No cause is so exalted that it may allure by exposing the portrait of a person to the public gaze. The statute does not mean that the grocer may not without written consent use another's picture to advertise his goods, but that a reformer may without such consent expose it to call attention to ways and means of reformation."

Then came the celebrated Jack Binns case, which further enlarged the scope of the law. On January 23, 1909, the steamships *Republic* and *Florida* collided at sea. This was in the early days of radio, and Jack Binns, the radio operator of the *Republic*, sent out a C.Q.D. to summon aid. The message was received by the steamship *Baltic* and by the station at Nantucket. The *Baltic* hastened to the aid of the sinking ships, and arrived in time to rescue all the passengers. During it all Jack Binns remained at his post, continuing to send out calls for help. For the first time in history the radio had been used in a marine disaster, hundreds of lives were saved, and Jack Binns became a national hero.

Shortly afterward, a motion picture producer made a picture called *C.Q.D. or Saved by Wireless: A True Story of the Wreck of the Republic*. This picture, with the exception of a few shots of the *Baltic* as it entered New York harbor, was made in the studio. Actors were employed to impersonate Binns and others, and the name of Jack Binns appeared several times in the subtitles. One read, "John R. Binns the Wireless Operator in His Cabin Aboard the S.S. *Republic*." Another was, "Jack Binns and His Good American Smile."

His Good American Smile apparently faded when he learned that he had become the involuntary hero of a motion picture, and Mr. Binns promptly brought suit to enjoin the picture, and to recover damages for the unlawful use of his name for trade and advertising purposes. There was no claim for libel, so presumably he had no fault to find with the actor who impersonated him.

Having decided in the streetcar case that an advertisement does not necessarily have to be for profit, the court now un-

dertook to solve the question of when is a portrait not a portrait. The use of the plaintiff's name did not present any great difficulties; the defendants were trying to cash in on his heroic exploit, so the court promptly decided that the name was being used for commercial purposes. The impersonation of Binns, however, presented a different problem. There is nothing in the report to indicate whether or not the actor resembled him. The court did not even consider that, but decided that not only his name but his picture was unlawfully used. "A picture within the meaning of the statute is not necessarily a photograph of the living person, but includes any representation of such person. The picture represented by the defendant to be a true picture of the plaintiff, and exhibited to the public as such, was intended to be, and it was, a representation of the plaintiff. The defendant is in no position to say that the picture does not represent the plaintiff or that it was an actual picture made up to look like and impersonate the plaintiff."

Thus it was judicially decided that not only is an authentic portrait protected against unauthorized commercial use, but also a simulation of a person by another. The reason given in the opinion sounds convincing:

If the use of the plaintiff's name and picture as shown in this case is not within the terms of the statute, then the picture of any individual can be similarly made and exhibited for the purpose of showing his peculiarities as of dress and walk, and his personal fads, eccentricities, amusements, and even his private life. By such pictures an audience would be amused and the makers of films and exhibitors would be enriched. The greater the exaggeration in such a series of pictures, so long as they were not libelous, the greater would be the profit of the picture maker and the exhibitor.

III

This opens up an interesting field of speculation. In a recent successful revue, *As Thousands Cheer*, there were sketches depicting humorous, imaginary scenes in the lives of various celebrities: John D. Rockefeller and his family, King George of England, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and others. The actors were made up to resemble the originals with startling fidelity. Would such impersonations come within the decision in the Jack Binns case? Unquestionably, the revue was produced for profit. The names of the individuals impersonated appear on the program. Whether or not an impersonation upon the stage is a picture or portrait is, perhaps, debatable, but the use of the actual names seems to come within the language of the case.

A closer analogy is suggested by an announcement I recently saw of a new kind of newsreel. The producers intend to depict current events by pictures taken in their studio, the parts to be played by actors impersonating the originals. This is quite like what was done in the Jack Binns case.

It should be pointed out, however, that genuine newsreels do not come under the prohibition of the statute. This was squarely decided in an interesting case brought by Mrs. Grace Humiston, a New York attorney, against a motion picture company for exhibiting her picture on the screen in their *Animated Weekly*. Mrs. Humiston had come into prominence by solving a notorious murder case after the police had failed. The film showed various episodes connected with the murder, including a picture of Mrs. Humiston riding in an automobile with a captain of police. It was to this that she objected.

It was held that a news film had the same right fairly to report the news as a newspaper. It is true, the court said, that newsreels are published for profit, but so is a newspaper. Incidentally, the court decided (one judge dissenting) that the plaintiff's name and picture might be used on posters to advertise the newsreel.

This would seem to have settled the law definitely. However, recently the same court appears to have come to a somewhat different conclusion, and the bewildered wayfarer who threads his way through the maze of the law is left to draw his own conclusion. A motion picture was produced called "Sight-Seeing in New York with Nick and Tony." The film depicted a sight-seeing tour around New York, showing actual photographs of "life in various quarters of the Borough of Manhattan, City of New York, and in particular the Fifth Avenue shopping district, Washington Square, the Bowery, Chinatown, the financial district, and sections of the lower part of the city in which Hebrew, Italian, and Chinese people reside. . . . For the purpose of adding interest to this production two professional actors were engaged who were to portray the character of guides to two school teachers desiring to make the tour."

Among the scenes so photographed was one of an East Side street showing an elderly and respectable widow engaged in earning her livelihood by selling bread and rolls to passersby. Subsequently, the picture was exhibited in a neighborhood theater, where it was witnessed by her daughter as well as her large circle of acquaintances. Like Miss Roberson, the widow was distressed in body and mind, and she brought suit, claiming that she was held up "to public ridicule and the contempt of her neighbors and friends."

Of course, the statute has nothing to

do with contempt or ridicule; that belongs to the law of libel. So the vendor of rolls and bread had to claim, in order to make out a case, that her picture was being used for the purpose of trade. And with this strange contention three of the five judges agreed.

The statute, it has been seen, not only gave a man a right to the exclusive enjoyment of his own face, if I may borrow a legal phrase, but also to his own name. One of the early cases on that aspect of the problem was brought by the former president of Harvard, Dr. Charles W. Eliot. Dr. Eliot, it will be recalled, once stated that all the essentials of a liberal education could be contained in a five-foot shelf of books, and to prove his point he gave his list of books to the press. An enterprising publisher, with Dr. Eliot's permission, thereupon published a set of books called Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf. Another, and possibly more enterprising publisher, also published, without permission, however, Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf, and the learned doctor brought an action to restrain him. The court promptly decided that the use of the name was unlawful, that it was for the purpose of trade, and granted the injunction.

James J. Jeffries, who was at that time the heavyweight champion of the world, was not so successful as Dr. Eliot in keeping his name out of print. Mr. Jeffries, who seems to have possessed that literary flair that always goes with successful pugilism, had written his autobiography and had sold it to a daily newspaper for a large sum of money. A rival newspaper at the same time began the publication of a biography of Mr. Jeffries, illustrated with portraits and scenes of his ring battles. This, of course, was embarrassing to the plaintiff; he had certainly been damaged, for the unofficial publication impaired the

value of his official reminiscences, but the question was, had he been damaged in a way that the law recognized? He could not sue for plagiarism, because his life, which was more or less of an open book, was in the public domain. So he started an action to restrain the publication of his unauthorized life, and asked that the defendant be enjoined "from using the name, portrait, or picture of the plaintiff" on the ground that they were being used "for advertising purposes."

Mr. Jeffries's theory was that the use of his name and picture gave the defendant's newspaper "an increased circulation" and thereby "increased value as an advertising medium." But this, the court, said, stretched "the language of the statute *ad absurdum*," and the plaintiff was denied his injunction.

This case was not the first, but it was a conspicuous case of the price one must pay for fame. Another victim of undesired exploitation was a young lady named Colyer, a professional diver. Miss Colyer discovered her picture in a popular periodical, clad in swimming costume, together with the pictures of several other stage beauties. This was not so bad, but beneath the picture was the startling legend, "Five of a Kind on This Page. Most of Them Adorn the Burlesque Stage. All of Them Are Favorites with the Bald Head Boys." Miss Colyer's distress in body and mind can well be imagined, but there was nothing she could do about it. The learned court found that her picture was not used for trade purposes.

A more poignant case was that of a gentleman whom I shall call Warren Hobbs. That was not his real name, but his distress has already received so much notoriety in the public prints that I shall spare him further suffering by hiding him under an alias. Edna Ferber wrote a novel

called *Show Boat*. In it she described the arrival of the show boat at the little town of Carlisle, Mississippi. Amid the general rejoicing, Warren Hobbs, the proprietor of the Red Raven Saloon, the local drink emporium, unlocked the door of his place, and with a grand gesture cast the key into the river as a symbol that he was open for business.

It happened, by one of those extraordinary coincidences, that there actually was a Warren Hobbs living in Carlisle, Mississippi. He was a sedate and respectable citizen, a pillar of the church, the father of a family, and he had never been connected with the saloon business in his life. The distress of body and mind of Miss Roberson and Miss Colyer was as nothing compared with that of Mr. Hobbs. The record of the case does not state whether he endured the scoffs and jeers of his friends, but it is fair to assume that he did. The victims in these cases, I might say in passing, seem to be afflicted with an ill-bred, inconsiderate collection of friends who scoff and jeer upon the slightest provocation.

Mr. Hobbs was in a legal predicament. It was not libel *per se* to accuse a man of being a saloonkeeper. Moreover, the story took place at a time either before he was born, or else when he was a young child, so he would have had difficulty in showing that he was the saloonkeeper referred to. Therefore he had to seek redress for the invasion of his privacy and the unlawful use of his name. So he brought suit, claiming that his name had been inserted in the story for the purpose of trade.

The eminent counsel who represented the defendant contended that, regardless of what local celebrity Mr. Hobbs might enjoy, it was rather far-fetched to believe that Miss Ferber used his name to stimulate the sales of the book. This view was

concurrent in by the judge, and Mr. Hobbs found himself out of court. The decision reminds one, somehow, of Mark Twain's comment on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy. "The plays," he said, "were not written by Shakespeare, but by another fellow with the same name."

This case, while in accord with the authorities, presents frightening possibilities. Apparently, the directory is now in the public domain. I might wake up some morning to find myself, name, address, and telephone number, the hero of a romantic novel or a character in a play. My friends might scoff and jeer, and if I know them, they certainly would, but so long as the author steered clear of libel there would be nothing I could do about it.

IV

However, some progress has been made. I know that if a miller wants to advertise his wares he will think twice before putting my picture on his flour barrels. It is interesting to note that, although individuals have gained a limited right of privacy, corporations have none. It has long been known that corporations have no souls. It has also been judicially determined that they have no feelings.

This was settled in an action brought by Vassar College against a candy manufacturer for selling and advertising a brand of chocolates called Vassar Chocolates. On the candy boxes and the advertisements was a picture of a young lady in mortar board and academic gown, standing before a Grecian temple that might be supposed to represent one of Vassar's classic halls. There was also a reproduction of the college pennant, the college yell, and the college seal. On the seal, however, in place of the college motto, "Vassar College—Purity and Wisdom,"

were the words, "Vassar Chocolates—Always Fresh." Probably it was the words "Always Fresh" that aroused the embattled alumnae to litigation.

The use of the name and insignia of the college was, so they said, "a matter of regret, pain, and annoyance to the students and to the graduates of the college, and tends to depreciate the college in the eyes of the public." It was further claimed that the offending chocolates would cause the college to "lose its standing and supremacy as an educational institution, and . . . suffer a loss . . . it cannot estimate."

This was pretty terrible, and the distress of the corporate body and the academic mind caused the United States District Court to indulge in a twelve-page opinion in which it decided that the apprehensions of the college were unfounded and the injuries psychological. The court said:

The injurious effects, if any, of the advertisements complained of are speculative in the highest degree. They seem to me to be creations of fancy, due to supersensitiveness and apprehension. They are lodged rather in a feeling of distaste on the part of those interested in Vassar College for seeing its name and insignia, inferentially at least, linked with any commercial pursuit than in any appreciable injury to its tangible property. I have not felt, and cannot feel, that anyone could think less of this eminent institution by reason of the acts of the defendants recited in this bill; and I believe it to be beyond the power of this court to take cognizance of the psychological injuries recited.

V

In this brief summary I have merely attempted to hit the high spots of an interesting and highly important phase of legal development. As life becomes more complex, more socialized, and more mechanized the "right to be let alone," as one judge called it, becomes increasingly threatened. Particularly is this true of those who have unluckily achieved celebrity of some sort. "A statesman, author, artist, or inventor," said the judge in a certain federal case, "who asks for and desires public recognition, may be said to have surrendered his right to the public."

If a man builds a better mousetrap than his neighbor, the world will not only beat a path to his door, it will make newsreels of him and his wife in beach pajamas, it will discuss his diet and his health, it will publish heart-throb stories of his love life, it will publicize him, analyze him, photograph him, and make his life thoroughly miserable by feeding to the palpitant public intimate details of things that are none of its damned business. A man who has once faced the smoke of battle is doomed to go through life forever dodging the smoke of the flash light camera. Some headway has been made, and some immunities have been gained. The law of "the right of privacy" is still in its infancy. Perhaps nothing much can be done about it, but it is important to keep thinking about it.

DAMYANKEES IN NEGRO SCHOOLS

BY SUE NORTH

EVEN before the Civil War had ended, a newer type of Yankee army had begun to occupy the South. It was garbed, not in blue uniform, but to a large degree in the voluminous skirts and prim necklines of characters out of Louisa May Alcott, and it was dedicated, not to the storming of Richmond, but to an earnest meddling with the mores of the conquered people. Consequently, its activities were in some ways more irritating than those of the Army of the Potomac. Yet this army, though greatly diminished in numbers, has never been withdrawn. One might have supposed that it would have been ousted along with the carpet-baggers in 1877 when the Federal troops were finally recalled; but it was not. To this day the Yankee teachers are a fixture in thirty or more Negro colleges of the South, to say nothing of numerous lesser Negro schools. It is in order to inquire how they have survived and what they are doing there now.

Schools for the freedmen were established throughout the South nearly as fast as the territories were occupied, by the military commanders themselves, and by philanthropic organizations from the North. The American Missionary Association, which was to play a large part in financing Negro institutions, had opened a school for General Ben Butler's so-called "contrabands of war" at Fortress Monroe, Virginia, as early as September, 1861. Numerous denominational missionary so-

cieties, Presbyterian, Baptist, Friends, Methodist, followed suit elsewhere in the South.

In 1863 General Nathaniel P. Banks opened schools for the Negroes in Louisiana, and at the close of the War the Freedmen's Bureau took the responsibility of setting up a school superintendent in each state to co-operate with and supervise both the embryonic public-school systems and the multitudinous little institutions, both admirable and futile, which Northern missionary zeal was causing to spring up everywhere. This supervision continued until 1870, when the Freedmen's Bureau abandoned its educational work. That its work had been on the whole helpful and well-done is attested by the fact that Southerners have since complained that it was withdrawn too soon. But by that year the Reconstruction governments, with all their corruptions, had established at least the theoretical beginnings of universal education, and the foundations had been laid for those institutions which have developed into the major Negro colleges and universities of today.

The task of educating the Negroes, pitifully eager to be taught in those early and revolutionary days of Reconstruction, when a world of joyous, illimitable opportunity seemed to be opening to them, attracted hundreds of teachers from the North. Some of them, according to Southern witnesses, were ill-balanced and even rascally fanatics, bent, not on reconciliation, but on

stirring up the Negro against the Southern white, who, in consequence, eased them and some of their better-intentioned fellows out of the community as speedily as the withdrawal of military force allowed. More of them were essentially harmless novelty seekers who stuck it out for a year or so and then returned North to write gushing little books of quaint adventure. But the burden of evidence indicates that a large proportion were serious men and women of adaptability and common sense for whose presence Southern white and Negro alike were in the long run the richer.

Even so there was from the Southern point of view an annoying air of nobility about the best of them, a pronounced tendency to regard themselves as emissaries of light sent into the regions of ignorance and barbarism. To suggest, as Southerners have done, that they had come to make the South safe for Republicans would be unjust to the genuine humanitarian spirit of the majority. And yet in a more subtle, less direct way it was true, at least at first. The slaveowners had led a rebellion which had only just been suppressed at vast cost and with prodigious bloodshed. It seemed unreasonable to believe that they could ever again be entrusted with a responsible position in the Union. "We must treat them as Western farmers do the stumps in their clearings," said a speaker before the National Teachers Association in 1865, "work around them and let them rot out." And the working-around and rotting-out process was to be achieved by educating the late slaves to replace their late masters as loyal citizens.

That the South itself was fundamentally opposed to educating the Negroes was another general Northern belief, and indeed there was enough of such feeling to

warrant this supposition. Whether the Southerners would have made any general and immediate attempt to educate the Negro had not the North taken that responsibility from them is certainly questionable. For one thing, the idea of free public schools had only just begun to enter the South before the War, and for another, the South, economically prostrate, would not easily have taken on the task. Northern help was direly needed.

Yet there were Southern leaders who recognized that the Negroes must be trained for the responsibilities of freedom and a number of independent educational movements inaugurated, especially in the black belts of Mississippi and Alabama, where the Negroes outnumbered the whites. What is more, it was the despised and distrusted planter class which undertook these movements. The Negroes themselves of Selma, Alabama, appealed to their former masters to educate them, saying that they would rather be taught by their friends than by strangers from the North and promising to support schools if they were provided. This plea resulted eventually in a school taught by the pastor of the local white Presbyterian church and his wife. Similar schools were opened elsewhere in these states. Some of them, it is true, were created partly for the purpose of counteracting the political teachings of the invading Yankees. A school for "the children of colored Democrats" in Yazoo, Mississippi, attracted the unfavorable attention of a radical Republican editor in Ohio, who virtuously denounced this attempt to influence the Negro vote through education. "The treachery and villainy of those rebels stands without parallel in the history of man," he thundered from the editorial columns of the *Wilmington Aid to Progress*.

Nor were white Southerners, especially disabled Confederate soldiers and impoverished Confederate widows, altogether averse to accepting positions in Negro schools opened from Virginia to Texas under the auspices of the Freedmen's Bureau. Some of them, to be sure, were forced by the bitter antagonism of their own communities to resign, but many were able to continue their work unmolested. It is a matter of fact that, until very recently, the hotbed of the Confederacy, Charleston, S. C., employed white teachers in its colored public schools.

II

Opposition to the Yankee teachers grew with the corruptions and excesses of the Reconstruction and carpetbag governments, for which they as a class are not justly chargeable. The tragedy of the South, colored and white, was, not that the Negro was too quickly educated, but that he was too easily persuaded by beguiling politicians, who wanted to use him to keep the South in subjection, to prefer the quick results of playing politics to the slow process of education. But that this fact should be generally understood in the unhappy confusion of the day was hardly to be expected. Yankee teacher and Yankee carpetbagger were alike reviled.

Some of the bitterest opposition to the Northern teachers, however, came, not from the deep South, the heart of the Confederacy, but from the more or less loyal border states where the large white laboring class feared the competition of the freedmen. Citizens of Maryland were emphatic in demanding that only Negroes be allowed to teach Negroes. Kentucky and Tennessee, to judge from the records of the Freedmen's Bureau, were

even more irreconcilable in their opposition than Georgia. Communities that had remained loyal to the Union announced that they had no room for Northern teachers, burned their schoolhouses, frequently insulted and occasionally mobbed them, and in general drove the badgered missionaries to implore military protection of the Freedmen's Bureau. Negroes in such places were scornfully told by their white neighbors that all the Yankees wanted of them was their money.

In New Orleans the city school system was for a time invaded by Northerners when many of the Southern teachers were debarred by their inability to take the test oath, swearing that they had not aided the Confederacy. A lively little bloodless war arose from the fact that teachers of Union and Secessionist sentiment were working in the same buildings. The Northern ladies made a point of adorning their rooms with the stars and stripes, expounded Union sentiments, and taught their pupils to sing *Hail, Columbia* and *John Brown's Body*.

Their Southern friends omitted the songs and the sentiments and encouraged their students to organize clubs of such dubious names as "Stonewall Jackson's Boys." The situation lasted about a year, after which the Yankees were ousted in spite of official protests. Elsewhere in the state their lot was as various as the communities to which they were assigned. Welcomed into the homes of planters in some sections, in others they were jeered at, their schoolrooms invaded by rowdies who scribbled obscenities on the blackboards.

The favorite form of resistance, however, was simply ostracism and a refusal to board the Yankees, who were sometimes ignominiously ousted from hotels and boardinghouses, as soon as their mis-

sion became known, and forced to go home or put up in Negro quarters. In most parts of Texas, according to the Freedmen's Bureau, only the loyal German population would take in the Northern ladies. Under such conditions it was natural that the more successful of the schools established by Northern enterprise should become boarding schools where teachers and pupils could live according to their own views in little worlds independent of the community.

Had opposition to the Northerners been universal, however, they could not have remained after the overturning of the carpetbag governments. But universal it was not, even at the worst, and it tended to decline as the teachers themselves learned to take a more realistic view of their work.

At first their instruction had been criticized as being too literary, too impractical. They prided themselves that their colored pupils, who still had small notion of how to make their way in the new world, were apt in solving geometric abstractions and in construing Virgil. After all, that was only the prevailing conception of an education for anyone in those days. It was partly out of the necessity for meeting more directly the practical needs of the freedmen that the modern idea of industrial education began to rise. Samuel Chapman Armstrong's plan at Hampton Institute for teaching the dignity of skilled manual labor was warmly applauded in the South and began an important trend in Negro education that lasted several decades. Almost alone of Negro colleges of the day, Howard University at Washington remained a liberal arts and professional college.

Feeling was also improved by the fact that Northern philanthropy ceased to make the Negro the sole object of solici-

tude and began to assist white education in the more impoverished sections of the South. In 1870 the agent of the Peabody Education Fund had refused an application for funds, on the part of the radical governor of Louisiana, on the grounds that the colored children alone were getting the benefit of state appropriations, since the whites refused to attend the mixed schools, and that consequently it was the whites who needed special help as the underprivileged group. And in 1888 the Freedmen's Aid Society of the Methodist Church expressed the broadening of its field by changing its name to the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

But probably a still more important factor in the coming of a friendlier feeling was the fact that the Northern teachers were being supplanted by their own colored pupils as rapidly as the latter could be trained. Whereas in 1865 and 1866 the elementary schools were almost wholly taught by Northern whites, three years later half of the 1871 teachers under the direction of the Freedmen's Bureau were colored. This was a part of the policy of General O. O. Howard, who to that end had established a colored normal school in each Southern state. It was also the policy of the Methodist Society, whose eleven colleges today remain largely under the control of white trustees, but whose faculties, with few exceptions, are almost wholly colored.

All of this was in accord with the South's own policy, which she has carried out in the systems of public education bequeathed her by the Reconstruction governments: white educators for white schools and Negro educators for Negro schools. The twenty-two Negro colleges and normal schools now under state control (many of them established with the

help of substantial government grants in 1890) have all-Negro faculties. And this is true of the interesting group of independent Negro colleges, of which no less than seventeen exist, supported, administered, taught, and attended by Negroes.

Nevertheless, there are still thirty or more Negro colleges in the South where white teachers and administrators are employed, and in many of them they predominate. This is true of several of the nine best-known Negro colleges, such as Fisk, Hampton, Atlanta, and Lincoln, which operate independently of denominational or state control and are the largest of all. In most of them the administration has recently shown a disposition to increase the proportion of colored instructors, and yet it is at present highly doubtful if the process will go so far as to supplant the white teachers entirely in the course of the present century, if at all.

III

Yet why should the process not be carried out to what might appear its logical conclusion? Excellent though many of the Northern teachers may be, a few of them nationally known educators, it is no longer true as it was three score years ago that competent colored teachers cannot be found to replace them. And what is very much to the point, these colored teachers, for whom the field of opportunity is so much more limited, need the jobs more than do most of their white colleagues. What excuse, then, have the latter for staying on?

The question is seldom raised in this day by the white Southerners, at least not openly. In spite of the fact that they are well aware that most of the Northern teachers entertain theories of interracial relationships opposed to their own insist-

ence upon co-ordinate cultures of black and white, overt manifestations of hostility have been nearly nonexistent since the brief outbreak of Ku Klux Klanism in the twenties. Perhaps the general situation is that they regard their Yankee friends with much the same covertly humorous forbearance one would accord an otherwise sane friend who spent his Sabbaths among the Holy Rollers. But the fact is that the immediate communities of these schools welcome the white teachers, damyankees though they be, into their clubs and churches, and prominent members consent to serve on the boards of trustees and contribute to the endowment of the mixed-faculty colleges.

This change of heart is partly due to the sincere appreciation of many thoughtful Southerners of the contribution the once-reviled Northern teacher has made, not only to the Negro, but to the South. It is due also to the conciliatory attitude on the part of the teachers, who as a class have long since ceased to invade the South with chips on their shoulders. Deeply as they may deplore race discrimination South and North, most of them are aware that it is psychologically all wrong for an outsider to attempt to impose his own standards on a community. On the campus they enjoy their own little oasis of free and easy interracial friendships, but abroad in the town, if they don't exactly do as the Romans do, most of them at least try to avoid giving the Romans any unnecessary offense.

But this feat of attempting to live in amity with two subtly opposed forces calls for a rare degree of wisdom and common sense. It is not surprising that efforts to please the community have sometimes resulted in offending the students.

As to the latter, they are as far removed

from the newly emancipated slaves whom the stiffly starched Yankee schoolma'ams took in tow as the present Harvard man is from the young Puritan scholar of the days when Harvard was being piously founded; and they present as infinite a variety of the species collegiate as any modern-university student body. Some of them, coming from the deep South, have never had occasion to hold a friendly conversation with a white person before, and in consequence view their white teachers at first with some awe and much wary curiosity. A few, on the contrary, come from white communities of the North for the express purpose of scraping an acquaintance with their own race. Some from the Bible belt are of a devout simplicity and get the shock of their lives when they catch one of their nice, white lady teachers in the act of lighting a cigarette. Some are sophisticates of colored social circles and as much given to the practice of small snobberies as any Park Avenue socialite. Lovely quadroon girls have been known to break their ambitious parents' hearts in the course of their college careers by falling headlong in love with black-skinned classmates.

Being very much of the younger generation, the students are an alert, inquiring lot, not necessarily skeptical, but eager to try out new ideas, half-baked or otherwise, seldom afraid to speak out in meeting to challenge with friendly candor the pronouncements of the faculty. Indeed, Northern teachers who head South expecting a docile acceptance of every word from their exalted Nordic lips are due for some invigorating shocks.

It is inevitable that this attitude leads the students to challenge their own institutions, especially those which have inherited a somewhat stuffy atmosphere of repressive discipline from the post-Civil

War missionary years. The youngsters demand such innovations as the right to dance, play cards, and smoke. In the post-World War years when the much-discussed younger generation of all colors was at its most aggressive, such demands led to an epidemic of student strikes and lesser agitations at such venerable and respectable institutions as Fisk, Howard, and Hampton.

IV

However troublesome such episodes have been, they are on the whole a healthy sign of growth; they have indirectly resulted in a definite liberalizing of many Negro colleges in a steady attempt to bring them up to the standards of the great universities, scholastically, and to introduce a freer discipline, though it must be added that there is plenty of room for improvement in both respects. The unfortunate side of the matter is that the racial element is likely to become involved sooner or later; malcontents tend to ascribe unpopular administrative acts to prejudice, and, echoing the Kentucky whites of Reconstruction days, accuse their white teachers of being more interested in their pay envelopes than in their students.

But to make too much of this situation would be misleading and unfair to the pleasant spirit that more ordinarily prevails at these colleges of mixed faculties. Furthermore, it must be pointed out that the new generation of Negro students is pretty well matched with a new generation of younger white teachers who are usually in the most ardent sympathy with revolts against repressions of all kinds. They vehemently decline to view themselves as missionaries, benefactors, or social workers engaged in uplift; consequently there is rarely any taint of con-

descension in their attitude. Their unself-conscious, wholehearted co-operation with their colored colleagues, the enduring interracial friendships that they form on the campus furnish perhaps the best answer to the query which some of them forlornly ask themselves, "What right have I to this job?" And the answer grows out of a quiet, but implacable, opposition to the folkways of the Southern com-

munity with which they have learned to get along so well. Their excuse for staying is that if they should leave, the process of racial segregation would be complete; there would remain in the South no equal ground upon which the races can meet to dine and play bridge, work and quarrel and gossip together, and, all in all, behave toward each other like normal human beings.



ADDRESS TO SIRENS

BY EARL DANIELS

WHERE *now your song?*
 Too long you have been stilled,
 Or we have willed
 To stop our ears with wax
 And not to hear;

Sharpen the note;
 Up through each throbbing throat
 Let ancient music
 Clearly rise
 And sweetly fall.
 Call . . . call us . . . call once more
 Across waves which have
 Grown lax,
 Until the air,
 Drunken with delight,

Shall shine again as when
 Odysseus' bark,
 With rhythmic oar
 And full-spread sail,
 Cut sharp across the far horizon's mark
 To be seen no more.

We remain here.
 But why should we fear
 A skull-spread coast, and bones of men
 Who have long been dead?
 O give us song!
 Too long you have been still
 Against our will.
 Now,
 Give us song!

OUR RECEPTION FOR BOMBERS

BY W. F. KERNAN

NO ONE knew better than Napoleon how to make a hostile nation feel the full weight of war. He had no Condor bombing planes to harass the Prussian and Austrian cities into submission with liquid fire or lethal gas, but he invented a maneuver, since called Napoleonic, which enabled him to deal very effectively with his enemies' armies without losing any time in occupying their capitals. The First Emperor of the French discovered quite early in his career that, while it is generally soldiers who make war, it is always civilians who make peace. He soon developed the annoying habit of thrusting the spearhead of military operations deep into the heart of an enemy country, levying tribute right and left, and filling the proud and wealthy cities along his route of advance with hordes of his impoverished compatriots. All of the best families of Europe, including many generals more prominent in the *Almanach de Gotha* than in the field, considered this practice to be awfully bad form and said so—after the battle of Waterloo. Nevertheless, it is a matter of record that peace treaties especially advantageous to France were dictated from Berlin and Vienna during the years 1806 and 1807.

It is as true today as it was in the Napoleonic era that a well-directed attack on the nerve centers of a nation, its cities and supply bases, is likely to be as decisive as the defeat of an army. The economic repercussions of this solar-plexus stroke of

war are, of necessity, disastrous; but the greater danger of such an attack lies in its fatal effect on national morale—that indefinable force which augurs victory or defeat. History offers too many examples to admit of any doubt on this point.

Our own cities, due to their inaccessibility to this strategic blow below the belt, have hitherto been safe from the predatory action of foreign armies. At present, however, the devotees of air power appear unwilling to leave us any comfortable illusion about what is in store for us if we ever fight another war with an air-minded enemy. Our cities, particularly our coastal cities, are to suffer ordeal by bomb. They are to be impregnated with virulent diseases—compared to which the Seven Plagues of Egypt were mild and innocuous—by means of germs dropped from enemy planes that will flit about overhead as serenely as though they were members of the solar system. "The next war will be won or lost in the air," so runs the oft-repeated prophecy of the air pundits.

It appears that here again we have run into the old story of a supreme weapon destined, in the opinion of its advocates, to revolutionize war. For there has always been a tendency among certain enthusiastic propagandists to hail each successful innovation in the realm of tactics as a military panacea rendering all other forms of armament obsolete. After David's affair with Goliath in the vale of Elah, the Philistines probably entertained serious doubts con-

II

cerning the javelin and began target practice with slings. It is also possible that ancient Carthage had to listen to a small but vociferous minority demanding that Hannibal scrap his infantry and cavalry and use nothing but elephants for his attack against Rome. At the present time there is an engaging simplicity about the claims made for the bombing plane which gains many converts to the brand-new theory of the ascendancy of the air weapon. Sweeping generalizations about the opportunities for conquest which modern science has placed in the hands of the aviator are easy to make and difficult to refute. When such eminent authorities as Captain B. H. Liddell Hart and Mr. H. G. Wells predict misery, ruin and desolation from the air if another great war ever comes, the average citizen is inclined to believe in the reality of the menace thus outlined without stopping to think that there might be some adequate form of defense at hand.

And there is, one must admit, an insidious appeal to the imagination in the deadly efficiency of the bombing plane. Consider for a moment the potentialities of this lethal weapon which man has constructed for the undoing of his enemies. Specially constructed naval carriers transport it between continents. At the theater of operations it has a cruising radius of 300 miles. Soaring over an enemy's natural boundaries of river and mountain as easily as over his field armies, its orienting instruments approaching perfection, the bomber does its work as easily by night as by day. The aerial bombs attached beneath its fuselage are released at a touch; impelled by gravity alone, they explode on impact. The target is no diminutive object, but a great population area. Compared to such potentialities for wholesale slaughter, Attila the Hun appears as harmless as a character from *Mother Goose*.

Man is an inveterate tool-maker, and someone, I think it was Emerson, even attempted to define his place in the scheme of creation with reference to this faculty alone, calling him the tool-making animal. But tools, weapons, machines are merely the means by which man projects his personality into space and time. The airplane, because it speeds up the velocity of travel, because it moves in three dimensions, particularly because it increases, beyond the realms of Brobdingnagian fancy, the heights from which one man may look down on his fellows, is regarded as being remarkable and revolutionary. Perhaps it is; but let us remember that it is, nevertheless, only a tool. Therefore, when the airplane looks as though it might possibly become a menace—when it is equipped with bombs, gas cylinders and other instruments of destruction—certain hardheaded realists cease philosophizing about it and betake themselves to their workshops and laboratories. These men are also moved by the tool-making instinct. Reminding themselves of Cromwell's famous epigram, "Stone dead hath no fellow," they produce the anti-aircraft gun, a tool which enables man to project his personality skyward without leaving his mother earth. They also produce such instruments as height-finders, searchlights, data computers and sound locators. A new branch of tactics is thus created. The anti-aircraft regiment is organized and equipped; everything is made ready to interfere very effectively with the movements, purposes and missions of hostile aviators.

There is no reason why the tactics and technique of the anti-aircraft regiment should not appeal quite as much to popular imagination as the most rakish bombing squadron or the speediest wing of

aerial scouts. Good marksmanship has always possessed a certain fascination for Americans, and in the development of anti-aircraft gunnery we are brought face to face with a new sort of marksmanship that is destined to be of the utmost importance to us if we are ever again drawn into war. For it is truly amazing to note how at every point the defensive power of the gun has been extended to meet and neutralize the offensive power of the plane. Altitude, once the war ace's best protection against the ground gun, is now of little avail. All gunfire records of the past ten years were surpassed at one bound by the new 105-millimeter gun that has a vertical range of 45,000 feet. Nor can the enemy aviator hope to take comfort in his speed of flight. To the marvelous speed of the modern fighting plane the ground defense system opposes a volume of fire that would slow up Baron Richthofen himself. The swiftest scout flying at a top speed of 300 miles an hour can still be enclosed in a deadly box barrage of fire by the multiple-mounted machine guns that are capable of delivering 2000 rounds a minute. And remember that this terrific volume of fire is *automatically directed*.

It is the same thing when we consider the invisibility once conferred on the aviator by night flying. The Sperry-Wilson data computer makes the bomber about as elusive as a captive balloon. Here we have a whole collection of tools which make the man on the ground the master of the man in the air. But before we take up these fire-control instruments, let us have a look at the guns.

Constructed of the lighter alloy steels and mounted on pneumatic-tired motor vehicles, the cannon of the anti-aircraft regiments are as up-to-date as the Empire State Building. They move swiftly from place to place and go in and out of action

with a rapidity never before attained by artillery. These guns are as varied as the planes they are designed to destroy. For low-flying pursuit planes and scouts on ground-strafting missions there is the 50-caliber Browning, electrically controlled, automatically aimed and loaded, and with a multiple mounting that permits one field unit to deliver 2000 rounds a minute on a single target. Next in order, and with a greater range (15,000 feet), comes the 37-millimeter, firing a one-pound explosive bullet armed with a supersensitive fuse that is detonated by contact with the lightest and most irresisting fabric. A plane, the tip of whose wing is merely grazed by one of these projectiles, may suffer complete destruction from the resulting explosion—and a single battery of these guns is capable of continuous fire at the rate of 250 rounds a minute.

As we ascend the scale of anti-aircraft calibers, the ranges grow longer and the projectiles grow heavier. Rapidity of fire now decreases, and in exchange we get a tremendous increase in the energy released at the point of explosion—which is exactly what we must have for good shooting at high altitudes.

One battery of the new three-inch guns fires only 100 rounds a minute, but here each minute of fire represents the release of eighty thousand foot-tons of energy at the target. This destructive power is almost doubled in the case of the largest of all anti-aircraft guns, the 105-millimeter, whose 33-pound projectiles can be thrown a vertical distance of 45,000 feet.

In these cannon, then, we have a combination of the qualities dear to the artilleryman's heart: fire power and mobility; they are accurate too—extraordinarily so. Indeed, their fire-control system is even more remarkable than the guns themselves. In this, the final stage of the warfare be-

tween earth and air, the fallible human element is discarded. The anti-aircraft weapon is aimed by a robot.

III

To hit a plane, moving swiftly through space at a high altitude, with a gun that is anchored to the ground, involves the instantaneous solution of a difficult problem. Since no human brain could solve this problem within the time limits imposed by aerial gunnery, recourse was again had to a tool, and the Sperry-Wilson data computer was invented. The data computer is both brain and hand. It first makes a prediction and then lays the gun—not on the aerial target, but on a point in space ahead of it. It is the old method, familiar to all duck hunters, of leading the bird. But because we are concerned here with tremendous distances and speeds, because of variations in temperature, barometric pressure, wind and muzzle velocity, the correct prediction to be employed in shooting down a battleplane is not attainable by the simple, eye-hand method of the bird hunter. The problem is one of ballistics. Let us see how it is solved.

The data computer, or as it is sometimes called, the director, is set up at a central observation station in the area to be defended and is connected to the guns by the power lines of its data-transmission system—of which more later. It computes automatically the speed of an aerial target, its angle of approach, and the range and time of flight corresponding to a future position. It also applies the corrections, which vary from moment to moment, necessary to compensate for drift, wind, temperature, barometric pressure, and muzzle velocity. The operator puts into his instrument the altitude, present direction and angular height of the hostile plane, and

some two seconds afterward there is reproduced at the guns a range, a direction, and a fuse setting appropriate to a future position in space of that particular plane. The guns do the rest. In short, the input of the computer—the ingredients of the prescription—is certain, easily obtained, if apparently unconnected, data. The output is, in the language of the trapshooters, a dead bird.

The development of anti-aircraft technique under the stimulus of modern scientific research is an interesting story. Nor will the story prove less interesting when it becomes known that if one of our great cities is ever threatened by an air attack large numbers of the civilian population will be needed to assist the trained experts of the Army and Navy in warding off the impending doom. Making use of the instruments of precision which science has placed at their disposal, entire communities will turn out to destroy the hostile bombers with somewhat the same zeal that our remote ancestors were wont to display at the sight of the saber-toothed tiger. For, when organized, the anti-aircraft defense system around a city bears a marked resemblance to a giant spider web, the plane being accorded the role of a nonchalant and carefree fly. Civilian telephone, telegraph, and radio operators, boy scouts, and disabled veterans will all share the work of alerting the threatened area and increasing the sensitivity of the protective network, particularly at its periphery where tracking of the aerial raider is begun.

Assume, for example, that we are in the midst of one of those future wars which the Jeremiahs of the press are so anxiously awaiting. Assume, if you will, that an air armada sent skyward by some relentless enemy is even now approaching our shores. And having assumed this, imagine a series of huge concentric circles drawn around a

hypothetical city that must be defended. From the center to the outermost circumference the distance is 100 miles, and through the area of alertness thus defined run lines of communication and electrical transmission connecting the long-range rapid-firing guns with the instruments of fire control. In this web, radio sets, data computers, sound locators, height finders, and searchlights constitute the meshes in which the hostile aviators will be snared. When they cross the border of our anti-aircraft-defense zone, the ground scouts at the alerting stations on the periphery of the largest circle will broadcast the news of their approach, giving their approximate speed, direction of flight and altitude. Long before the raiding planes are sighted by the little groups of military experts around the data computers, these groups will have already set off on their instruments the data on wind, temperature and barometric pressure furnished them by their meteorological stations.

When the news of the enemy's approach is received, they will set off the trial altitude, trial direction, and trial speed factor of the approaching raiders. Learning that they have to do, let us say, with a bombardment squadron flying at 20,000 feet, they warn a battery of anti-aircraft three-inch guns to get ready and feed into the instrument the data for the muzzle velocity of high-explosive, armor-piercing shell. Next, the hostile planes come within range of their telescopic eyepieces, and they receive the command from the officers in charge to commence tracking.

Seven seconds is not a long time, but it is all the time it takes a Sperry-Wilson data computer to track a plane, get its exact speed and angle of approach and altitude, and weld these factors with the other data already set off into a definite and accurate direction for the business ends of the wait-

ing guns. During these seven seconds the soldier at the instrument has merely followed the planes through his eyepiece while other soldiers have rapidly turned certain dials on the instrument. Observe that, as I have pointed out above, the data computer is both automatic brain and automatic hand. Not only does it compute the data, but it lays the guns as well. As long as the planes are in sight it will continue to perform both of these functions with almost instantaneous precision.

For we must not forget, and certainly the hostile aviator will not forget, the inconspicuous power lines connecting the director with the guns. During the World War the necessary range, direction and fuse settings for fire against airplanes were telephoned down to the battery in the form of commands, and a dead time of ten seconds was thereby introduced into the procedure that made Archie, as the anti-aircraft artillery was then called, a term of ridicule to the enemy and a word of reproach among friends. Modern fire control had to take into account the fact that an airplane can move 800 yards away from a predicted point of impact in ten seconds, and so the electrical data transmission system was invented. Dead time, formerly so fatal to accuracy, is done away with, and the data is transmitted to the guns as fast as it is computed by the director, the whole process being instantaneous and continuous. The necessary prediction is made; the point in space where projectile and plane will coincide is determined; and then the prediction is translated to the guns in terms, not of spoken commands, but of gun elevation, gun direction, and fuse-explosion time.

However, it is not to be supposed that the bombing squadron whose war mission is the destruction of a city will obligingly confine its operations to the hours of day-

light. Like the wolf, like the Assyrian of old, like any other predatory character of history or fable, the aerial raider will come down on the fold by night. In fact, if the pundits who write articles on the air tactics of future wars are to be believed, the night, and the cloudier or foggier the better, is the ideal time to launch a bombing attack on a city or strategic area. This being the case, the forward-looking citizen, whether air-minded or not, will expect to find some powerful searchlights included in the normal equipment of the anti-aircraft defense zone. Nor will he be disappointed. The searchlights are there. Big, sixty-inch Sperry lights are now allotted to the new guns in the proportion of five lights to the four-gun battery. Each light is transported on a high-speed pneumatically-tired truck which contains as an integral part of its chassis a generator for supplying the necessary electric current. Each light produces a 600,000,000-candlepower beam and has a range of 10,000 yards. Most important of all, each light is capable of being automatically directed on its aerial target by the exponential sound locator. Let us examine the bearing of this on the future aerial night operations of hostile aviators.

IV

The Sperry searchlights with their qualities of strength, precision and simplicity are greatly superior to those that were used on the Western Front, both in light range and in illumination power; but for the requirements of anti-aircraft gunnery by night the searchlight alone is not sufficient. Most of us are familiar with the story of the searchlights of Paris during the World War; like the general in the famous A.E.F. song they were there, but the effect of their action was negligible. They flashed their giant beams back and forth across the

midnight skies, and many and wonderful were the pictures of them published in *L'Illustration* and the *Illustrated London News*—but the German bombs continued to fall. In fact, the dimensions of the aerial theater of operators are so great, the time element so important that it is extremely difficult to pick up a target merely by moving the light beams around at random. An additional instrument is necessary—one which will automatically direct the searchlight on the plane and keep it there. As a result of this need the MI Exponential Sound Locator was invented and made a part of the equipment of the anti-aircraft regiment.

The sound locator represents the indispensable link in the light-plane-gun chain of anti-aircraft operations. It is in reality nothing but a cluster of giant stethoscopes mounted on a light trailer and possessing a high degree of mobility. Its value lies in the fact that it will automatically detect the position and direction of flight of a plane from the acoustical data furnished by the noise of its motors. Searchlights and sound locators are connected by an electrical transmission system in such a manner that the light moves with the locator in both direction and range. Let us consider just exactly how this apparatus would be used to snare a hostile bomber engaged in the congenial occupation of raiding a city by night.

No matter from what direction the aerial raiders come, the sound locators, whose range is 30,000 yards, tune in on their motors and begin to function. Tracking commences. The searchlights turn automatically toward the targets. Data computers and guns get ready. Because a Sperry searchlight can be seen ninety miles away, and in order to avoid a premature shock to the aviators' delicate sensibilities, the lights are masked by opaque shutters

while they are following the more distant movements of the oncoming planes. Only when the targets come within the effective illumination range of 10,000 yards are the giant beams turned on. Thenceforth, the bomber is illuminated by a self-synchronous automatic system that is given accurate direction by the motors of the plane itself. Data computers now go into action, and some two seconds thereafter the batteries have an opportunity to present some very forceful arguments against the practice of dropping aerial bombs on cities by night.

In estimating the battle efficiency of the new anti-aircraft weapons and instruments, we have, of course, only peacetime experiments to guide us. However, the results obtained during the past decade from joint air-ground maneuvers conducted by various nations have been carefully tabulated by experts and permit the formulation of an interesting—and comforting—hypothesis. Thus Captain Dr. Hans Brehm, writing in the German aviation magazine, *Luftwehr*, November, 1934, issue, reports that with a ground-defense system properly organized within a 400-mile zone, a hostile air expedition would be forced to run the gauntlet of the fire of 37 batteries before reaching its objective. Assuming a probability that only two per cent of the automatically directed fire of these batteries reaches its target, Captain Brehm concludes that “this would be equivalent to annihilation.”

Now we can easily allow Captain Brehm the two-per-cent hits which he requires for the successful operation of his “active anti-aircraft defense system.” And, like Captain Brehm, nothing short of annihilation

should satisfy us. If we permit one enemy plane to release its bombs and escape, our net has not functioned properly. But, considering the demonstrated accuracy of the new fire-control apparatus, it appears that in future wars death is almost as certain to result from participation in air attacks as from the commission of *hari-kari*. Perhaps sooner or later the bombing of cities will come to be officially recognized as a form of euthanasia for desperate patriots. That it will ever become a really popular pastime may be seriously doubted.

The truth is that our slavish adulation of air power is merely the modern counterpart of an ancient illusion that crops up whenever a new engine of destruction appears before humanity with the challenge, “Parry me, or perish!” It has been so ever since the first resourceful cave dweller discovered that a piece of sharpened flint was more effective than a fist. It will probably be so until the end of time. There have always been fanatics who urged the scrapping of all other forms of armament in favor of one supreme weapon, and right behind them came the defeatists proclaiming, “It is useless to fight because war means certain destruction.” A sound tactical theory will deny both of these contentions.

However, war is still war, and, with due apologies to Nietzsche and to Spengler, we should do everything in our power to prevent its recurrence. But we still have to face the possibility that we may be unable to avoid it. If war does come, the soldier as well as the civilian will welcome the assurance that an adequate defense has been provided against a sudden air attack on the home front.

THE OPEN ROAD

A Story

BY JAMES T. FARRELL

A HEAD of him and behind him, the open road stretched in a long, straight line of parched, unrelieved, and dusty concrete. It was flanked on the left by a monotony of weeds and railroad track. To its right, was a continuity of rolling, half-baked prairie land, wavering with corn and oats.

He trudged along, fatigued, a bundle wrapped in a yellow slicker under his arm. He was dirty, filthy. On the previous night, he had slept in a railroad depot in Indianapolis, and his white shirt, which had already been gray with dirt, bore the checkered imprint of the floor. He was thirsty. He was hungry. His unprotected head throbbed. His eyes ached. To escape the boiling sun, he glanced down at the concrete. He saw flamelike, quivering black lines. He removed his glasses and wiped his watering eyes with a soiled handkerchief. He gently caressed his eyelids. He trudged along.

There was a humming noise ahead of him. He saw the noise grow into a moving speck, then into a roaring Cadillac that cannonaded forward. The driver waved to him as he flashed by, and he waved in response. He cursed that it was not going in his direction.

He trudged along. He paused to watch the flight of crows across the sky and away into the vanishing, slippery distances of space. He crossed the road and stood look-

ing on as sparrows exultantly chattered and fought along the sides of the mounded railroad track. He recrossed to the right-hand side of the road. He listened to the monotonous sigh of the summer wind through bending stalks of corn, and to him, it became a theme of death. Suddenly the wind seemed like a far, faint cry of human pain. He listened, struggling to find words expressing his mood and the sad, nebulous sounds of the wind. He trudged on, and the countryside sounds stirred his tired perceptions disconsolately.

Behind him, he heard the roar of a motor. He turned. An automobile came forward, its headlights aglare. He jerked his thumb, motioning for a lift. A Studebaker passed him. The wearing friction of its balloon tires and the turning of its motor hung in the air, a momentary echo. The world dropped into silence. Lonely, he trudged along.

He cursed himself. The day was almost over. He had left Indianapolis at nine. Now, it was nearly three, and he had only made about eighty miles. Chicago was a hundred miles ahead. If he didn't make it! Well, he could sleep by the roadside. He could wake, breakfastless, dirty, and stiff, and he could stand and watch a silly dawn floating over the world, insensate and alien. He could quote Walt Whitman for sustenance. But he was hungry. Tired. He wanted to make Chicago.

He trudged along.

The scene about him seemed to grow increasingly frugal. He saw the weeds by the track as poisoned. The prairie on his right seemed scorched, graceless. He looked beyond at a wistful blue mist of trees which sank into the distant horizon. He watched them. He caressed them with his eyes, and their sight made him more thirsty. He wished somehow to possess them, touch them, at least to describe them and his own emotions in apt words.

In the morning, he had felt gay, hopeful, free upon leaving Indianapolis. Two weeks there of nickel hamburgers and starvation. Two weeks of torrid summer weather. Sitting in the library reading books, his stomach empty. Panhandling around the Circle Monument with its atrocious statues dedicated to a martial patriotism. Two weeks as a hungry stranger in a burg he hated. And that night he had gone into a Thompson restaurant and asked if he could wash dishes, do anything for a meal. The oleaginous manager told him that he could drink all the water he wanted. The funny traffic system in the town. The girls — strange girls, pretty girls, apple-cheeked, buttery girls in bright printed dresses. Dirty, a bum, looking at them, wanting to speak with them, and touch them, and kiss them, and stroke and pet them. Good-bye Indianapolis.

And just outside the town, he had walked along the country road, breathing deeply, exulting in a feeling of release, on the go again, hopeful. Now, his morning's mood was gone. He had for it an almost aching nostalgia. And he trudged along. He recalled riding in an open Ford, watching the lovely, graceful flow of the land as he passed, inhaling the sweetness of country air, seeing haystacks, richly golden and silently bowed in morning sunlight. And

trees with silver-stippled caps and jackets of leaves melting into the horizon. Hollyhocks, fresh before doorways. Gabled houses, looking cheerful with new coats of white paint. A mellow, red-stoned Protestant church in Lebanon, with bright, stained-glass windows and a gold steeple. It had been a world full of happy surfaces, and his mood had matched it.

He grew melancholy, sad, with the reflection that, every spring and summer, the world thrilled with such surfaces. Then there would come one spring and summer and . . . He trudged along. He emitted a foul curse, the one adequate expression he could find for the feelings welling up in him, drawing tears of anger from his tired eyes.

Another car passed.

He slopped along, striving to keep his eyes closed, not looking at the sunburnt ugliness around him.

Another car.

II

He paused by a pasture fence, and watched several cows dully and contentedly chewing their cud. No hunger there. No thoughts of death.

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm," he throatied to the cows.

An aging, blackish cow looked at him with dumbly quizzical eyes.

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

The blackish cow commenced to jog slowly and suspiciously forward.

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

The other cows became restless. They gazed at him with eyes shot full of question marks. They jogged closer to the barbed-wire fence.

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!"

The cows whined and started to stam-pede around the fence.

"See here! You let them ka-ows be, and mind your own affairs! Go and be about your way before I call my man. Go on and be about your way, you dirty bum," a slatternly housewife called, standing, almost like a caricature in a comic strip, against the background of a sunken farmhouse.

He looked at the excited cows, while she cursed him. He bowed elaborately and remarked that it was merely sex appeal.

"mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!" he throatied, trudging on.

III

All day, he had been anticipating a warm reception from his few friends in Chicago. He had repeatedly visioned himself bursting in upon them while they were having a party. They would be having a party because they threw a party every night. He would cause an adjournment to a restaurant, where someone would stake him to a juicy roast beef with mashed potatoes, coffee, pie. He laughed at himself for these anticipations. He was an anticlimax there. He might just as well have gone on to New York, as he had intended. He was hungry, though. He trudged along. Cars zoomed past him. His head throbbed. More cars.

Fagged out, he sat down by the roadside. A Buick appeared. He jumped to his feet and jerked his thumb for a lift. He sat down again. A bug crawled over his leg, and he squashed it. He listened to the murmur of grasshoppers. From far away, he could hear birds singing. Creatures born to sing their little day, and die. And himself. Born to live in this restlessness, and die. And he wondered how a decent meal tasted.

Why was he returning to Chicago? It didn't matter where he was going. If he

went or he didn't, what? When he went, he wanted to be somewhere else. When he didn't go, he wanted to be going. And then he had gone again, and he had gone, and now he was eighty miles south of where he had gone. And the smoking room at the depot where he had slept, and how it had been rancid with body odors and the sweat of men who might go or not go, and it didn't matter. And they were hungry men too. Restless, he arose.

He became acutely conscious of his appearance, the dirt which covered him, and his clothing. He walked. He didn't want to think, or even to reverie. He didn't want to feel. He wanted his mind and his consciousness to become like the wood in a tree. He wanted to move on in a vacuous state of oblivion until he got a lift. He paused aimlessly by a field of oats, reached through the fence, and picked a handful of seeds. He squeezed them, and the white juice chalked his hands. Moody, he pondered the irreducible mystery of life. He had come from a white juice, and maybe they would throw him in a field, and he would rot, and part of him would become like these seeds, and on and on endlessly, with others after him feeling, sensing, suffering, loving, sensing, always sensing, always their consciousness drawing in from life, sensing, on and on endlessly, until that final day of thermodynamic reckoning. He tried to remember a passage from Job:

Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me. My flesh is consumed, my bone hath cleaved to my skin, and nothing but lips are left about my teeth. Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends.

All those beautiful wailings of mankind for itself. And blah! Here he was, an animal organism containing elements worth

about ninety-two cents, also wailing for himself. And he was afraid. He was a young man and he was afraid because some day he was going to die, and until he was going to die he was going to go on, sensing, seeing other people, seeing them flounder and blunder and suffer like himself, see them hungry and poor too, realizing that they were going to go on sensing, always sensing, and they were going to die and they were afraid; and have pity on me, have pity on me, you indivisible Three in One, self-creating, perpetual-motion machine, wagging your gray beard up there beyond the hot clouds and the hot sun, have pity on me, blah! He walked on, counting his steps, one, two, three, four, one, two, three, four.

A farmer rattled along at the wheel of a dilapidated Ford.

"Down away?"

The man scowled beneath a wide-brimmed straw hat. He moved after the Ford, cursing the man.

Four more automobiles hummed by him.

He wondered if he would ever get a lift. He drew a comb from his stuffed pocket and ran it through his tangled, gritty hair. He crossed to the left side of the road and changed his bundle from his right to his left arm. Such little movements and actions now were events to him, almost swollen with meaning. He stopped, bent down, and rerolled his bundle. A truck groaned southward. The driver waved, and he waved in response.

Dullness tagged him with insistent fingers. He thought of girls. Those girls in Indianapolis, buttery, their young bodies, and bright dresses, and how he had looked at them, and wanted to fondle them. And there were several in Chicago. The letter in his pocket from Texas. She was everybody's sweetheart. If he arrived in Chi-

cago, she was sure-fire. She had wide hips and thick ankles and she was always willing to help out anybody who was hard up, and it meant nothing, and even that wouldn't trouble him now. And Jill. He hadn't made the grade there. Beautiful with thick, dark hair and dark eyes, and dumb with some synapse, somewhere tangled up behind that beautiful dark hair. . . . And the novels he wanted to write, and how he got drunk and bragged that he would write them, and where were they, and would they ever be? And would he write them and go to New York? He wished he were back there. He remembered a party he had gone to on Eighth Street, and he had met that girl with the olive skin, and he had sat beside her and wanted to stroke her silky hair, and he hadn't gotten to first base. And what was her name? He walked on.

IV

A Studebaker, with a new coat of shiny blue, drew up in front of him. He had not heard it approach, and he looked up in surprise to see it stop. He clumsily ran to it and entered the door thrust open to him, to squeeze in beside two excessively stout, middle-aged Jewish women.

"How far you going?"

"Chicago. Going that far?"

He noticed the child beside the driver. She wore a blue-striped calico dress and a red beret.

"We're not going that far, but we can take you a little way," the driver said.

"We're not going very far, but you're welcome to go as far we we're going," one of the stout women said, her voice friendly and nonpatronizing.

They spun along. There was casual conversation about where he was going and where he had come from, the distance be-

tween Indianapolis and Chicago, the weather, and the admiration of the man at the wheel for President Roosevelt. After every statement he made, he seemed to cast a furtive glance back at his wife, as if for approval. The conversation lapsed, and all in the car seemed to become absorbed in their own thoughts, their faces shifting into moody expressions. They kept hitting it along at about thirty miles an hour, and he watched the countryside bounding past him. He tried counting the telegraph poles. They seemed to him, glimpsed so briefly from the car, to be crooked and staggering. He edged sideways into a cramped position to look out of the rear window and watch the road as it seemed to jump up from under the car. He edged back and counted telegraph poles.

They swept by a tumbling farmhouse. Before it was a pathetic old woman, bent into a walking ruin of flesh, wearily entering a gate, with a ragged young boy tugging and pulling at her right hand. The contrast, the woman worn and drooping, the child young and eager and spontaneous, was striking, impressing itself on his mind as a flashing picture of human life, painted in streaks of an unwitting and eternal pathos.

"Daddy, aren't we going too far?" asked the child, her voice sweet, young.

The father answered no and automatically glanced back at the stout women. The child insisted and, pert and pouting, she seemed a lovely little thing. He looked at her, at the mother beside her. Would she, too, grow up to be a reeking, over-stuffed bag of kindly and good-natured human flesh, tyrannizing over her husband, warning her own children to keep their hands in out of the window lest they get hurt?

He counted the telegraph poles.

He was dropped off at Atkinson, Indiana. Atkinson seemed to consist of a small and apparently disused railroad-station platform to the left of the road; a combination garage, filling station, and hot-dog stand across from it; an all-weather road shooting by the filling station and across the Indiana prairie; and the sign.

He trudged on along the side of the road. He hoped to get a long jump, perhaps a ride all the way in. Cars passed him, sometimes in whizzing bunches. He lost his temper and flung unheard curses at the occupants. He cursed humanity at large, and he was steaming himself up to the point of cursing the cosmos when he was distracted by a blabbering horn. It was a large car coming toward him, a Cadillac, which slowed down in front of him and curved to a stop by the side of the road. He ran toward it, noticing the Illinois license in the rear. He stopped by the driver.

"Down away?"

The horn blared. The car shot forward, and he caught a smirk on the driver's face before he disappeared. He stood in the center of the road, shaking his fist after the speeding car.

He trudged on.

V

He came to another town and hastened through, noticing that it was, like so many American small towns by main highways, dreary and depressing. It lay there naked and asleep in the harsh and blinding August sunlight. Its main street possessed the same storefronts, the same line of cars parked along the curb at an angle, the same three or four witless, soporific faces in front of the hotel, the same air of waiting for eternity to justify its existence that so many other small

towns he had seen possessed. He passed the two blocks of dusty-windowed stores, walked by a sprawl of bungalows. At the outskirts of the town, the frame houses dribbled off like outposts.

He passed a gray-painted Nation Oil Company tank station, and in front of it he read a sign in red letters against a tan background:

THE CITY OF OTTERBEIN

WELCOMES

YOU

POPULATION 982

SPEED LIMIT 15 MILES PER HOUR

WATCH OUR KIDDIES

He laughed and trudged on.

He figured that it must be late and guessed that at least three hours must have passed since he had reached Atkinson. Dots seemed to careen before his eyes. He was gnawed by hunger. Fatigue was wearing him out.

Suddenly, he realized that the countryside was banded in an intense silence, as if the world hung wombbed and suspended in a vast quietude. He was alone in it, alone in this tremendous hush that extended aimlessly and endlessly beyond and beyond and beyond the sky. He paused, as if to listen to the silence. He was alone in this tremendous and suddenly noiseless world, and he would always be alone in it. He was hanging by his heels on a second-rate planet in this tremendous world, while the planet spun around and around, and in his way he just seemed to spin around and around, and he was alone, alone and small and unimportant and dirty, and yes, hungry, and he felt himself to be as ridiculous as a caricature, and all around him was this world, large and insensate. He gazed at the countryside; the scene seemed sickly. A bird traced its silent flight across the

sky. He smoked his last cigarette. He knew that he loved this world and this silence, and he was afraid of it, and he was afraid of the death that would sever him from feeling and sensing it, sending him back to become part of this feelingless vastness. He trudged along.

A dusty Hudson drew to a halt in front of him. He hastily got in.

There were two fellows in the front seat. The driver was slovenly and in his thirties, and the lad beside him was about twenty-five.

The driver talked. He was going to Chicago. Him and his buddy, Lem, needed some money to pay fifteen men that was working for them, that is for he and Lem. He had been driving all day, and him and Lem had a business. In 1927, him and Lem had built forty-seven houses, no, it was forty-eight houses in Quincy, Illinois; nine in Blue Island; three at Round Lake; and fifteen at Chicago. This year they would build even more houses, him and Lem. They were hustlers, him and Lem were, and they did good work and had good times, him and Lem did. They hadn't had a vacation for a long time, but this year they, him and Lem, they were going to get one. The lad beside the driver mentioned women. The driver was off again. He didn't need to never go lookin' for them, because he had his lady friend back in Cincinnati, and everytime he felt like it, why he just sent her the money, and she came up to Chicago and they had a time together. That was the way to manage it, because then there was no trouble, and you didn't go gettin' burned. The fellow up front was playing Lem's partner for a job and assented. Lem's partner turned around and asked him if he was broke. He nodded, thinking that the fellow might buy him supper. Lem's partner said that

young fellows shouldn't go hoboing around, being wards of charity and of society. A young fellow should settle down on a job and get himself a stake. The young lad in front agreed. Lem's partner said sure that was the thing.

"That's what me and Lem did. Now look at us!"

He sat back, too tired to listen, and dropped into sleep. He awoke to find the car stopping. Lem's partner and the young fellow beside him got out to eat, not inviting him. He was disappointed, and he cursed, but sleep eased him of bitterness and hunger. He awoke again to find the car bumping along. He tried to feel glad that he was really getting into Chicago for the night. But what of it? Another city. First there was one city, and then there was another. Between them were parched and dusty roads. He thought of a line from one of Masfield's poems:

But only the city of God at the other end
of the road.

Nice lines for poets to write, and what did they mean? Soon, anyway, he would be in Chicago again. First one city, then another. He fell asleep, seeking words to discover what he really felt.

He awoke at Sixty-third and Western and got out of the car without thanking Lem's partner. He hung around the cor-

ner for an hour, trying to bum a ride. Finally, he stomached his pride and pan-handled carfare. He got on the streetcar and fell asleep. He opened his eyes at Cottage Grove and glanced out the window at the lighted shows and windows. Familiar and meaningless. He changed at Stony Island and rode on a north-bound car, alighting at Fifty-seventh.

He found some of his friends in a studio of the deliquescent art colony at Fifty-seventh. They were all talking. They always talked. When they had parties, they talked. When they didn't have parties, they talked. They always talked, and generally the conversation was about somebody else's sex life. He walked in, and one of them said that he had no money. Another said that they all had their problems and didn't want to hear of his. Another said they were broke. They continued talking about somebody else's sexual difficulties. He went outside.

He sat on a bench in Jackson Park. The evening was cool and moonless, a black August night. He sat. He had come all the way from Indianapolis to do something like sit alone in Jackson Park, while the black August night was crushed around him and the wind grew rough in the deep green trees. Anyway he was hungry, and the world was full of cities. He fell asleep.

THE CLINIC

Newsreels Should Be Seen and Not Heard

BY JOHN ERSKINE

LIKE most Americans I have the newsreel habit. I must have my morning and my evening paper, but twice a week I must see for myself what the papers have been writing about; and if the headlines have interested me in men or women whom I have never met, I want to know what sort of folk they are, what they look like, how they talk.

If the newsreel did not on the whole satisfy my curiosity and give me pleasure, I would not keep on going, yet whenever I do go, there are things about the program which make me almost resolve, not quite but almost, never to go again. Since the people who prepare and edit the reels are probably not eager to lose my trade, I conclude that the irritations which they furnish me, along with the news, are bad accidents. They could be avoided if the aesthetics of this peculiar medium, or what is the same thing, if the psychology of its audience, were understood. And if the irritations were eliminated, the newsreel would have its fair chance as the most democratic of the arts.

I think the newsreel *is* an art in its own right, not simply a branch of the motion-picture industry. It appeals to our primitive hunger for news or gossip, our curiosity about life in its untouched state, exactly as it happens. There is a wide difference between this kind of curiosity and the kind which is aroused by fiction or by calculated drama. The art of news-reporting may be lower in the scale than

the art of literature, but it is still an art, and a difficult one; and though it is often brought to perfection on the printed page, it seems not yet mastered on the screen. To employ the literary techniques in the reporting of literal truth is to produce not an art but a mess. But the makers of our newsreels are apparently determined to defy this principle.

For example, if the title on the screen announces the wreck of the *Morro Castle*, I must first listen to a snatch of music before I see the picture. There will probably be a few measures of Wagner's fire-music. This is to let me know there is a storm coming, and tragic disaster, but I knew that before. I recognize Wagner and I must waste a second disentangling myself from memories of the opera house and getting down to what actually happened on the Jersey coast. As soon as I am free of the music, and the picture starts, a firm voice, modulated to a properly tragic tone, begins a lecture on the causes of the accident, the number of lives lost, the progress of the official investigation. Now of course, when the wreck took place, there was no introductory opera selection and there was no accompanying lecture. The introduction of artificial elements has cheated me of what I came for—the opportunity of seeing exactly what happened. The pleasure should be primarily for the eye. But the firm voice pursues me, distracts my eye, and wrecks my pleasure.

I used to be annoyed at the well-meaning guards in the art galleries of Italy, who are reluctant to let a visitor enjoy the pictures in peace. If you happen to stand in front of one of those innumerable paintings of St. Sebastian, interested in the design or the color, the guard will probably nudge your elbow and whisper, "St. Sebastian—killed with arrows—see the arrows?" For fear you have missed them, he will then point them out. If you have had my experience you will honor the intelligence of the guards in the Vatican Gallery, who in that one place allow you to lose yourself in the art and in your thoughts about it.

We could profitably imitate the silence of the Vatican guards in our travelogues. How often have you learned a thing from the accompanying lecture which the picture by itself could not tell you? And how much more would the picture have told, if the voice had not distracted you? "Here," confides the lecturer in a coy tone, "we see a native mother imparting to her infant its breakfast." He's right, of course—we see it. "They don't wear much clothing in Bali," he adds, to fill in time. That too we had already noticed. At the end of the travelogue the commentator usually feels obliged to pronounce a literary peroration, with a sentimental cadence, accompanied by some fatuous philosophy. "And so we take leave of So-and-So," he says, "glad to have visited, if only for a moment, this cradle of civilization."

It's really impertinent of him! How can he know whether I'm glad to have visited it, or whether I think the droning of his voice has anything to do with the cradle of civilization?

Yet this is the commentator at his best. At his worst he indulges in wisecracks and puns, especially if he has absolutely no

knowledge to impart, or if the subject deals with strange and primitive people, whose customs and costumes are obviously not ours. For such films we are ready to bring unusual attention, since they deal with what is novel. It's a kind of mental torture to be distracted with cheap jokes.

Information may legitimately add pleasure to the travel film, and if it is imparted in the right way, we are promptly grateful. I have seen some travelogues, chiefly, I think, from Great Britain, in which only an occasional word was spoken, and there were restful stretches of silence. If the needed information is brief, it can be thrown on the screen, since the frank interruption of the picture is less annoying than the clash of what you see with what you hear. But information can be imparted by the voice, even while the picture is unfolding, if the commentator will confine himself to essential ideas or facts, deny himself all rhetoric, omit all qualifying words, and imitate Adam, who named the animals but did not describe them.

One would think that the newsreel would have profited from the experience of the sound films in general. Where you make a double appeal to the eye and to the ear, you must reckon with the fact that the eye is very fast and the ear by comparison very slow. Not even the most economical dialogue of the stage can be transferred in full to the motion picture. Yet in the ordinary film drama there is more need of language than in the newsreel. In the films made by René Claire the economy of language is so great that one or two hundred words suffice for the whole story. The illusion of talk is there, but few audible words. Charlie Chaplin himself, whom René Claire follows, could hardly be more silent.

You'd think that this technique might be transferred to the newsreel. Yet it

should be admitted that it is one thing to be economical of words when you are indicating a drama, and another when you are conveying information. In a good drama the pantomime tells the story, which the language merely points up. If the newsreel must present an incident which lacks its own pantomime, the difficulty begins. A special technique must be devised. If the newsreel sinned only in such cases, we should say that the art was in process of development, and patience is necessary. But the chief fault is found in the pictures of those very incidents which are self-telling.

Few events are more inherently dramatic than a race. Given a fair view of it, you can follow the struggle and catch the full excitement of a great finish. It would take a genius to do more for you in words than your own eye will do, if it has a chance. But in our newsreels all races are accompanied by a voice which yells at us in one long stretch of breathlessness. The intention is to help us be excited. For the most part the loud patter of the commentator is unintelligible, but when you do grasp the meaning, it turns out to be obvious drivel. "They're off!" he yells. "Every horse straining every muscle, every rider high in his stirrups! Now they're rounding the turn! Boy, this *is* a race! Now they're—just see those fleet hooves coming down the track, every horse straining every muscle, as though they wanted that forty-thousand-dollar purse! Now watch Jumping Jerusalem come up from the rear, ears back [or forward], every muscle straining! Is that a horse? Believe you me! Now he's fifth, now he's fourth, no, third, no, second—it's neck and neck—AND HE WINS!"

The announcer has forgotten that an actor can't make an audience cry by shedding his own tears. His listeners may be

sorry for him, but not in a complimentary sense, and they will be more inclined to laugh. Fifty words would be enough to comment on any picture of a race—just the name of the horse which the picture at the moment shows, and every word clear but quiet. The quieter the comment, the more excited we are likely to become.

When a race or a game is shown, it seems to be a principle in newsreels to cut the picture just when the action becomes exciting, and to switch you over to a view of the gallery, so that you can see how excited the people were whose view of the original event was not interrupted. The effect of this treatment is sheer exasperation. At that moment you are not interested in the gallery; you resent having your pleasure amputated. You want to watch the original event as it originally happened, with such concentrated attention as you would have given had you been there.

Since sound has been added to the motion pictures, and since the radio has been developed as a form of entertainment in the average home, we have become, as a people, sensitive to diction, to the quality of voices, to the inflection or cadence of sentences, to the pronunciation of words. At least we have become much more sensitive than we were ten or fifteen years ago. In the pictures and on the air the standard of correctness, as to pronunciation, and the standard of beauty, as to tone, have risen steadily. Evidently the directors of the films and the radio are taking pains to make sure that the actors and the announcers are fit to be heard.

No such care is taken with the newsreel. Here you still suffer from the faults which used to disfigure the radio or the screen. At any moment you may hear theatrical or affected intonations, as though the speaker were reading his words without

himself understanding them, or you may be startled by explosive accents and by false emphasis, or you may have to play the part of the innocent but damaged bystander as the announcer arrives at the pronunciation of a word by the experimental method, trying several versions. The names "Arkansas" and "Wyoming" almost always precipitate hesitation or originality, and "Los Angeles" varies according to taste. Mexican names, of course, wreck us completely. And I have yet to hear a newsreel voice which could pronounce correctly "inquiry" and "February."

This point is, to say the least, worth thinking of. In our schools we've never made much headway in teaching our native tongue, whatever that tongue may be, but the radio, the pictures, and the newsreel drive sounds into our consciousness with terrific impact, and the impression is lasting. If the audience for the newsreel is as

large as we believe it is, then we have special reason to regret that the care taken with the sound lags so far behind the excellence of what is presented to the eye.

The program often contains photographs of the camera man risking his life to capture for us a good view. I'd like to see a photograph of the commentator looking up a desperate word in the dictionary.

Ten years from now we shall recall what we put up with, what quite avoidable horrors we endured, in the newsreel. We shall wonder why the men who furnish us with this extraordinary entertainment and education did not take pity on us sooner and, from the very beginning, respect the requirements and the limitations of this art. That we are patient at all is proof that the newsreel brings something which even in a mangled state we would rather not miss.



Sixty Billion Dollars — Tax-Exempt

BY TRAVIS HOKE

IN ALL the clamor about taxation these days — the frantic snatching at new ways of taxing and new things to tax — one huge potential source of public revenue has escaped the briefest notice. The federal eye did not fail to light on the wide open spaces in the Morgan, Mitchell, and Capone returns, but nobody has made the feeblest gesture toward a sixty-billion-dollar property which has never paid a cent of taxes. What is more, nobody in authority is likely to suggest taxing it; for taxes and politicians are inseparable, and politicians, the rumor goes, must live. If anyone in office ever does suggest such a thing, I shall pray for his soul.

And he will need prayers, for the prop-

erty to which I refer is that of religious, charitable, benevolent, and educational institutions. These institutions are now tax-free, but they could be taxed by removing the exemption. No politician, however, dares propose disexempting them because he could not exclude the religious portion; let him even talk about taxing churches, and he ceases to be a politician.

There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent the taxing of this property. By plain logic, in fact, the Constitution can only be construed to forbid the exemption of religious institutions. It declares that there shall be no state religion, that church and state are divorced, that no man may be forced to support any religion. But be-

cause religious institutions pay no taxes, taxes on other property are that much higher, and every citizen of the Republic is forced to support religion just as surely as if the item "Church Maintenance" were listed on his tax bill. He may be a Back Bay Unitarian or an atheist, but he is contributing his mite to some far-flung temple of Duck River Baptists. He may be paying directly from his pocketbook for the upkeep of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, South, or of his synagogue, but he is also paying, through the tax collector, for the upkeep of St. Patrick's Cathedral and for the comfort and sustenance in their jobs of every cardinal, bishop, priest, and Salvation Army drummer in the land.

Taxpayers are forced, by this same process, to support private educational institutions—for some reason this fact is held to be the silencer to any argument against canceling exemption of religious property—on the assumption that anything labeled "education" is so beneficial to the public that every member of the public must support it. It may be argued that the educational system of the country does more for the population than any single religion, and certainly there is need of private schools and colleges—the public schools and many of the state universities are so hopeless that no one sends his children to them if he can afford something better. But many a Woolworth salesgirl, through indirect taxation, buys daisies for the Vassar chain; and many a man who cannot afford to keep his son in high school is helping to support Groton and Harvard.

The taxpayer was supporting the Anti-Saloon League, too, no matter how loudly he cried for his beer; the Hester Street pushcarts are chipping in for Nazi *ver-eins*; and the taxpayers of some states are helping to keep up the club rooms of ex-

soldiers' organizations and the houses of college fraternities. (In 1929 the 1,040,003 members of college fraternities and sororities had 2,399 houses valued at \$90,678,374.) For it is not only churches and schools that are exempt, but almost anything that by stroking the imagination could be called religious, charitable, benevolent, humanitarian, or educational. Almost everywhere in the United States the following properties claim and receive exemption: scientific, literary, historical, and temperance societies; public and private libraries; building and loan associations; cemeteries; medical societies; bar associations; observatories; fraternal organizations; and frequently the property of ministers, priests, widows, and orphans.

The institutions are exempt chiefly because they have always been exempt, but the argument in their favor, on the few occasions when there is an argument, dwells on their benefit to mankind and resolves itself into the settled point of law that public policy may override logic and the law itself. The institutions, it is held, should be bolstered by tax exemption because they do not produce wealth. As an anonymous statistician managed to remark, in the midst of dismal columns of figures: "It is always hoped that the financial loss to the public coffers will be insignificant compared to the welfare gained by the community."

Religious institutions may not produce wealth, in the sense that stockholders pin the profits in their fob pockets, but they handle a good deal of money; and some of them, by their own statements, are going concerns. The Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., to take the first example that offers, reported at the nadir of the depression a turnover (the word is their own) of some sixty million dollars a year, of which \$14,000,000 went for repairs, im-

provements, building funds, etc., and \$12,000,000 for missions and other benevolences. In four years fifty-four million dollars were spent on building operations and the like, an annual load per Presbyterian of \$5.35. The annual benevolence in that time was less than five dollars. And, as someone has pointed out, most "benevolence" goes for denominational enterprises and little of it is for public welfare outside the church.

The Methodist Episcopal Church seems to produce a good deal of wealth, one way or another. Its indebtedness increased from \$19,000,000 in 1921, to \$67,000,000 in 1930. It takes pretty able financing to borrow forty-eight million dollars in ten years—active financing as well, for in 1930 fourteen millions were spent for buildings and improvements, and over seven millions paid off in indebtedness. Twenty-one million dollars were spent for the extension or improvement of the Methodist Church in one year. This, with interest, amounts to some twenty-five million dollars out of the annual turnover of \$85,000,000.

If the educational institutions are not producers of wealth, then the millions taken in by colleges for football games alone is Confederate currency. True, much of this money goes for coaches, rubbers, sporting-goods stores, and scholarships; and the profits, as such, do not go to non-collegiate stockholders. But professional football teams are taxed, and the fields they play on are taxed; and why is it educational one year to see Bronco Nagurski build up his character by slanting off tackle for thirty yards, and not educational the next?

So with other exempt institutions. There are tax-exempt hospitals, standing on land much too costly for their purpose, charging so much that even the American

Medical Association investigates the excessive cost of hospitalization. There are all kinds of organizations, from antivivisectionist through prohibitionist to socialist, serving special prejudices or beliefs, battling public opinion to inflict their beliefs, and taxing public pockets to support themselves.

The cost of government mounts higher. The national wealth dwindles. Here is sixty billion dollars' worth of property lying untaxed. It is difficult to estimate how much the taxpayers' burden would be reduced if it were taxed. Certainly a lot of churches, hospitals, libraries, colleges, and foundations would go out of business. Their property, in some instances, would be put to other uses and would produce taxable revenue. In other cases their work would be taken over by the government and supported by direct, instead of indirect, taxation.

Justification is conceivable for exemption of charitable institutions which perform, free, duties taken over from the state, but that justification wanes as the state takes on social duties, such as workmen's compensation and health insurance, unemployment relief, and the like. Certainly there is no basis for exempting charitable institutions that charge fees. The state undertakes to maintain the poor and helpless; it has never agreed to support those who can pay. There is a difference of opinion as to how charity should be administered, to whom and by whom, but the taxpayer has no say in the matter; he merely pays, because charity is exempt. Granted that if exemption were removed, many charities would cease to operate; but the government, federal, state, or local, would replace them, would take back the functions they once bore, and the taxpayer would have some voice, theoretically at least, in the giving of his alms.

It is inconceivable that any obligation lies on the state to exempt benevolent institutions such as the Y.M.C.A., or fraternal ones such as Odd Fellows or Dekes, because, whatever functions these organizations perform, they are not those which the state ever assumed. Yet Mason and Moose and Knight of Columbus and Knight of Pythias go on paying for each other's lodge rooms, and the nonjoiners chip in, and one and all shell out for the Y secretaries and volleyball players.

State-owned schools cannot, of course, be taxed, for taxes support them. Free schools supported by private funds might lay claim to exemption on historical grounds if no better. But how many privately endowed schools are actually free? And why should religious or parochial schools be untaxed by a nation that officially has no religion? There is a belief that anyone's education benefits all the people. The poor taxpayer is advantaged by the rich man's education, presumably, on the assumption that an educated rich man will be easier on him than an ignorant one; proof of this assumption escapes me for the moment.

In a competitive system of society, it would be perfectly fair to ask churches to support themselves or go out of business. Aside from misty generalities about "spiritual values," wherein does a church contribute more to the public good than a shoe store, which, theoretically at least, must contribute goods and services at a fair price or fail? Assume that both shoes and religion are essential; the difference between spiritual and material contributions is one of kind, not of value. Church attendance is greatest in places where there is no competing social center; why not, if that kind of social function is valuable, exempt motion-picture theaters? If churches cannot keep themselves running

without taxpayers' money, it is because not enough people want their goods, or their prices are not right. Perhaps religion, like education, ought to cost more. But it ought to cost nothing to those who don't want it.

Actually, of course, churches sell something. They sell a service, an after-life insurance which has to do with the comfort and well-being of the insured when he has escaped the two inescapables, death and taxation. But just why it is a function of the state to maintain a citizen's peace of mind as to his future in some other state is another point that eludes me, nor do I see why *you* should be required to pay *my* way to heaven when you'd just as soon I went elsewhere.

In 1929 the takings should have been good. Philanthropic donations to religion were reported at \$996,300,000. Church membership for the year before stood at 54,576,346. It was costing, therefore, without counting unreported donations and other means of income, \$18.43 a year to insure each soul. The tax bill the next year, federal, state, and local, was \$83.33—less than five times as much. And about seventy-one millions of the unredeemed were helping to support fifty-four millions of the saved, paying, on the basis of the taxation the churches would have paid, about \$4.05 each of the \$18.43.

They are still paying it, and perhaps more. They are paying for the after-life insurance of other people. They might prefer old-age pensions or employment insurance or just a thicker steak; and probably they could pay for some of these things with after-life premiums. But they are not allowed to: they have no say in the matter. Tax exemption is taxation without representation. Just remember this untaxed sixty billion dollars next time you pay your income tax.

The Strange History of Babington's Curse

By MYRON GORDON

BABINGTON, it turns out, was an innocent man. The curse that bears his name was given in the confusion of the time and in the desire to attach blame to someone, even though that person was only remotely connected with the unhappy idea of introducing the American aquatic weed, *Anacharis*, to the unsuspecting sweet waters of the British Isles. America's harmless aquatic plant citizen, the homely pondweed, *Elodea canadensis*, is well-behaved in its own country. It is collected eagerly and cultivated in fresh-water ponds and aquaria. Yet it occupies a black page in England's history. And Babington's name will always be connected with the unusual story of a plant's running amok in a strange country.

Babington, an English professor of botany, was studying the mysteries of reproduction in *Anacharis*, a weed, originally native to dry land, which had deserted terra firma for the fertile and more abundant water supply of pond ooze. The significance of this change in mode of life fascinated Babington. He watched and studied his plants carefully; he kept his waterweeds safely indoors in his greenhouse.

On one unhappy day in 1847, however, his friend, the curator of the Cambridge Botanic Gardens, asked for and received some of these American water plants from Professor Babington. These he innocently introduced into the waters of the River Cam. In a few years, by 1852, this once-rare waterweed multiplied and spread throughout the course of the river. Though it faced competition from the native British fresh-water plants, the American invader ran wild. Nothing could stop it. It

became a botanic cancer in the life of the river population. It usurped all the nourishment in the stream. It choked the native water plants out of existence. It did more than that: it completely filled the stream. It stopped fishing, swimming, and rowing. It clogged the flow, raised the water level, and prevented the towing of barges. An emergency was declared by the government, but no successful plan of coping with the green menace was discovered.

There was another outcropping of this pestiferous weed in Berwickshire. Its growth became so luxuriant in the River Trent, by 1854, that it threatened to block that stream at Burton. Still the governmental experts could do nothing. They had to let nature take its unnatural course. It was Babington's Curse.

In America, the perfect *Anacharis* family, father, mother, and offspring, live kindly; they keep well within their destined boundaries. They are the best of neighbors. When the plant is ready for biparental reproduction, a female flower bud, borne on a long filament, is sent upwards from its main stem. In this manner *Anacharis* shows its terrestrial ancestry at the time of pollination for, although the plants are entirely aquatic during most of their lifetime, they are conceived above the waterline. The female flower opens at the surface of the water and exposes its ovules to the air. At about the same time another filament which bears the male flower bud is formed at another portion of the stem. The male flower bud breaks away from the stem and floats to the surface, where it breaks open explosively and scatters thousands of pollen grains that float about until they reach the female flower. Here they fertilize the

ovules to form seeds. One species of Anacharis, *Elodea densa*, has white flowers containing nectar, which attracts pollen-carrying insects to the ovules. Thus these aquatic plants have retained an ancestral trick of their terrestrial relatives for the purpose of propagating aquatic descendants.

But in England, Anacharis never reproduces itself in the sexual manner just described. Agnes Arbor, the British botanist, suggests that the whole Elodean population of England may be regarded as a single individual, mechanically subdivided into vast numbers of apparently distinct plants. It seems that Professor Babington gave the curator of the Botanic Gardens a monstrous female. Indoors this plant amazon displayed no inkling of its vast vegetative reproductive powers, but, once taken into the English river courses, the waterweed subdivided itself into hundreds of new plants. These hundreds subdivided themselves and produced thousands more. Single strands of the virile fresh-water weed grew twenty to thirty feet long. The aquatic botanical monster multiplied, invaded, and filled the rivers of England.

Fortunately for England, soon after

Anacharis had reached the peak of its remarkable growth, a period of disintegration set in—for no apparent reason. It grew, it flourished, and then regressed miserably to a period of stagnation, almost to a point of extinction.

The history of the early South American potato in Ireland up to 1847 is another curious record of the grand success of a newly introduced vegetable in suitable territory. Potatoes flourished wonderfully well in Ireland. They became the basic food of the peasantry. But, like the Elodean waterweeds, they were propagated vegetatively. And so when disaster in the form of an infectious disease hit one potato, all were affected. The potato famine of Ireland in 1846 was a national calamity. The Anacharis famine of England after 1883 was a national blessing.

The weakness of any organism propagated, not by two parents, but by vegetative reproduction lies in the sameness of the offspring. England's Anacharis plants were identical to the n^{th} degree. They could not survive changing conditions. But the name, Babington's Curse, has lasted till this day.



Mysteries of the Carnival Language

By CHARLES WOLVERTON

SO THIS mark walks up to the joint and I screw the sticks. I keep on grinding. He wants to play and he's plenty lush. He stirs the skillo and I let him win a cuter. Then I jackpot him. Is he in a heat! I'm working the gaff, and splitting the nails, I'm that good. I keep on fairbanking the chump until he is between a poop and a sweat. The score is half a C and he's broke. Do you know what this mark does then? His knees fold up and he's sitting on his

keester in front of the joint with his kisser rubbed up against the bally cloth."

This is substantially a word for word report of a colloquy in the carnival language. It was spoken by one of the smoothest workers I have ever known. The essence of his recitation follows: A customer comes up to Red's concession. Red tells his outside workers to leave. The man is prosperous. He wants to play. Red lets him win a quarter, and then gives his cus-

tomers a chance to increase his winnings (or so the customer thinks). Red is in fine fettle, and can stop the arrow at any space he wishes. The customer is induced to play at increasingly larger stakes. He loses \$50 and is broke. The customer faints and sinks to the ground, his face pressing against the canvas.

The carnival workers' language is not an accidental and purposeless collection of slang words. It is a deliberately disguised speech. Few professions preserve the intimate arcana of their trade more jealously than carnival men, because no calling could suffer more from public knowledge of its details than theirs. Hence, a comparatively small part of their language drifts into the common speech, although it is rich and humorous. For that language is a necessary ingredient of their secret recipe for making a living.

Carnival people live apart: their speech is parochial. They carry their language from town to town as they carry their tents, never leaving a stake behind.

The carnival has borrowed from the show business and the circus the use of pig Latin, but the more elaborate disguising of words by inserting an unintelligible syllable in the middle of a word probably is an invention of its own. Carnival men, or *carnies*, as they call themselves, have told me they spoke it twenty years ago. Two syllables, *eeiz*, are added after the first consonant or consonants of the first syllable, and the rest of the word is added thereafter. Hence, *joint* becomes *jeeizoint* and *broad* becomes *breeizoad*, and *a suisant a leeizali*, an utterly meaningless phrase, is added to confuse the hearer. So a carnies says, "*The breeizoad reeizuns the jeeizoint a suisant a leeizali*," which means, "*The broad runs the joint*," or if you still can't understand, "*The lady is the proprietor of the establishment*." This systematic distor-

tion of words frequently is called *carnese*.

The use of pig Latin and *carnese* is considered bad taste, however, unless occasion demands it. Carnies seldom employ either one unless persons outside their profession are within earshot. Even then it must be used with discretion, although not because *carnese* is likely to be understood; rather, the status of carnival people is suspicious enough without making an already insecure position worse. Nor is it always necessary to distort a word when the meaning of that word probably is unknown to the listener anyway. A *mark* is no more confused when he is referred to as a *meeizark*, if he doesn't know what *mark* means. If a man with a badge is spoken of in his presence as a *fuzz*, changing the word to *uzzfay* might create more suspicion than confusion in the officer's mind; it would be wiser to call him a flatfoot.

Many carnival words have a background in early English speech. *Shill* and *gandy dancer* are mentioned by George Borrow in his descriptions of early nineteenth-century street fairs. *Razzle dazzle* goes even further back, because of its kinship to *drazzle drozzle*, a word used by restoration dramatists, and possessed of a confluence of meaning.

Here is a glossary of the carnival man's language:

Agent: operator of a concession.

Bally: to spiel in front of a sideshow; from *ballyhoo*.

Bally cloth: plush used for display.

Bally stand: an outside stage.

Barker: spieler for a show, as distinguished from *grinder*, a concession spieler.

Blow: to leave the show; also, when a game inadvertently pays off due to some mechanical fault, it is said to have *blowed*.

Burglar: a concession agent at a stock joint.

- Burned up: a phrase applying to towns that are overswindled.
- Case: to scrutinize, usually from the viewpoint of one who tries to judge how much money can be acquired.
- Century: one hundred dollars; also, C note; yard.
- Chill: to become suspicious.
- Corn game: concession.
- Crap: cheap prizes.
- Cuter: twenty-five cents.
- Decapachena: the "only living man without a head." A man is placed inside a canvas inclosure with a board on his head and the shoulders of a coat on the board, like Washington Irving's headless horseman. *Decapachena* obviously is derived from *decapitate*.
- Deemer: a dime.
- Deuce: two dollars.
- Dilly: usually part of an expression, "Ain't that a *dilly* [or *honey*]!"
- Doniker: toilet.
- Doodle-e-squat: broke. "I haven't got *doodle-e-squat*."
- Educator: *Billboard* magazine; ironically implied regarding greenhorns who learn to be troupers from reading it.
- Fairbank: a technical gambling term. Chumps are persuaded to increase their stakes successively with each play. My guess is that the word originated from the name of some forgotten grifter who used the method.
- Fin: five dollars.
- Flash: impressive prizes used for decoration only, because they are seldom lost; display of any kind; to arrange prizes on the shelf—"to *flash* the joint."
- Flat joint: a concession which plays only for money, as a skillo or swinger *joint*. To *flat* means to play for money.
- Fortymiler: an apprentice to the carnival business: he is afraid to get more than forty miles from home.
- Fuzz: officer of the law.
- Gaff: the means by which the apparatus of a game is controlled; for instance, the *gaff* on the skillo joint works in this fashion: the arrow is imperceptibly lowered by pressing a foot against a brace connected with a counter board, thereby causing the steel collar on the arrow to rub against the brass collar of the standard holding the arrow, thus braking the arrow at will.
- Gandy dancer: grifter who sells novelties.
- Geek: a degenerate who bites off the heads of chickens in a gory cannibal show.
- Gilly: to transfer a show from the railroad to the lot; a *gilly* show is a carnival that moves in baggage cars.
- Goniff: fool.
- Grab joint: hamburger stand.
- Grease: to bribe; curry favor.
- Grift: euphemism of *graft*; to swindle.
- Grifter: agent of a flat or strong joint; confidence man. Obviously derived from combining the two words, *grafter* and *drifter*.
- Grind: to spiel at a concession.
- Gunzel: fool; inaccurately spelled *gunsel* occasionally.
- Half-and-half: hermaphrodite.
- Heat: Mob resentment; activity of the law.
- Heyrube: general uprising of spectators.
- Homeguard: local competing concessionaires.
- Hoopla: concession.
- Hoosier: countryman; hick.
- Jackpot: to induce a player to continue to play—and pay—by raising the percentage of possible payoff; figuratively, it applies to the condition of a married man or a partner in business.
- Jerk: eccentric fellow; fool.
- Jig: Negro; source: probably because of their ability to dance.
- Jig show: minstrel show.
- Jillion: great number.

- Jillionaire: person possessing illusions of great wealth.
- Jit: five cents.
- Joint: concession; a place of business; also used interchangeably with *thing*.
- Keester: valise; rump; also a cheap sport.
- Kelsy: a broad on a cash basis.
- Kisser: face.
- Larry: a broken or worthless article.
- Lily: homosexual.
- Lunk head: fool.
- Lush: prosperous.
- Lushed up: drunk and prosperous; doped.
- Mark: citizen; a word derived possibly from *mark*, meaning *target*.
- Mit camp: gypsy fortune-telling joint; source: *mit*, from *hand* or *palm*.
- Mixup: ride device.
- Mud: plaster figurines.
- Mud show: one which moves by truck.
- Mug joint: photograph gallery.
- Nappie: dish; I have seen this word in Thackeray's novels.
- Nudie: nude show.
- Nut: concession charges for booking a joint; expenses.
- Parlay: to double your money until you win; for example, in playing chuck-a-luck, if you begin with a 10-cent bet and lose it, you next bet 20 cents; losing again, you increase your bet to 40 cents, to 80 cents, etc., until you win. I'm giving you the meaning of the word, not advising you to try it.
- Pitch-till-you-win: boardinghouse where food is served family style; also a ring game.
- Punk: child; in common parlance *punk* generally means an adolescent boy, but no such distinction is made in the carnival language.
- Punk day: children's day.
- Razzle-dazzle: kelsy; also used by the public in reference to carnival rides, although not so used by carnies themselves.
- Sawbuck: ten dollars; could this be derived from the similarity of an X to a sawbuck? Double-saw, 20 dollars.
- Score: the amount of money taken from a single player.
- Screw!: go away; scam!
- Screwy: eccentric.
- Scruff: barely to earn a living.
- Set joint: concession.
- Shill: one who buys a ticket at a side show immediately after the bally, in order to lead the crowd to the ticket box.
- Silo: motordome.
- Sillo: concession.
- Sligh: to dismantle, as a tent.
- Slug: one dollar.
- Slum: cheap prizes.
- Snowed: doped.
- Stick: one who plays a joint for the house, to attract chumps by reason of his large winnings; this term is frequently wrongly confused with *shill*; to *stick*, also as a verb.
- Still: describing a spot where a show plays without the benefit of crowds drawn by a locally organized fair.
- Stir: to turn a gambling wheel or arrow; jail.
- Strong: high in percentage for the operator of a game; as Bill, a fellow agent, said when he was losing money in a slot machine: "Jeez, this joint is *stronger* than my sets."
- Struggle spot: a town where business is bad.
- Swingers: a concession.
- Thief: agent of a strong or flat joint.
- Top: tent.
- Trey: three dollars.
- Walkaway: short-change money.
- Weed: marihuana.
- The more respectable side of the carnival business has contributed very little to the color of its language. It has remained for the thieves and grifters to enrich the speech

of the midway and, in a larger sense, help free the American language from English pedantry. Listen while the carnie talks:

"Case that gunzel with the gray hat. Speedy says he flashes a yard and a half a while ago down at the swingers. He chills when them thieves get greedy, though. . . . What a sweet score that would be. You call the sticks while I work on this mark. . . . Sticks, we're playin' for the

jerk in the gray hat. Lush. . . . Step up and try your luck, mister. You win every time, sometimes . . . 25 dollars to the man with the straw hat. . . . Screw! sticks, uzzfay! . . . The heat's on. . . . Now it's off. . . . Ten cents or three for a qua'tah, a prize every time for a dime. . . . You with the gray hat, step up. . . . Fleeizat the jeeizoint, the sceeizore is heeizigh as the skeeizy a suisant a leeizali."



The Truth About Sleep

BY JEROME W. EPHRAIM

SLEEP is a special kind of rest. It is marked by loss of consciousness, increased resistance of all barriers against external and internal stimuli, profound alterations in bodily activity, and the ability to wake up. Yet the need for rest is not a necessary or inevitable cause of sleep. Under proper conditions, most people can go to sleep when they are not in the least tired, mentally or physically. In fact, it has been shown that, if you blindfold the average person, put cotton in his ears, and ask him to lie down on a soft couch for thirty minutes, he will almost invariably fall asleep. Many people cannot help dozing off at Sunday morning sermons, even though they actually had excessive sleep (if there is such a thing!) the night before. Ringed snakes, it is said, wake up at noon, become active for an hour and a half, and return to their natural, quiescent, somnolent state till the following noon. Hibernating animals stow themselves away for the winter and continue their slumbers long after any fatigue toxins have been slept off. Pups and newborn babies are polyphasic: that is, they wake up five or six times during the day and night, demand food, get it, and, after a short in-

terval, go back to sleep again. Earthworms, rabbits, rats, and congressmen are likewise polyphasic, though their intervals of activity are somewhat longer.

Surveying the animal kingdom as a whole, it might almost be said that slumber is more natural than the conscious activity which we associate with being awake. Sleep is ancient, primordial; it links us with the carrots and the cabbages. Being awake is a novelty, the price of progress. Oysters probably doze their lives away. Fish need to have at least some consciousness, because they have to make choices (sometimes to the bafflement of fishermen who wonder why they won't bite). However, when that first insane fish, hypothetical but plausible, jumped out onto dry land, it had to take on the status of a watchful animal, ready to run or defend itself against attack and ingenious enough to discover means of getting food. The history of the higher animals, whatever the details, has been the history of the development of faculties capable of circumventing the innate and primitive tendencies to relapse into slumber.

There is a sharp distinction between the sleep habits of man and those of animals

lower in the evolutionary scale. Man is monophasic, he has developed a diurnal, more or less artificial, habit of sleeping for one long period every twenty-four hours. This habit is artificial, however, only in the sense that it is not inborn, but is acquired. In the language of behaviorists, it is a "conditioned reflex," in short, a habit growing out of the repetition of identical acts in a more or less identical manner. It is comparable in some respects to eating. Custom, not nature, has ordained three meals a day; nevertheless, so strong is habit that, if we go without a single meal, we feel uncomfortable, though the system may not be in need of any food whatsoever. By reconditioning, quite different eating habits can be established, and the same is true with sleep. The habit of nightly slumber, however, is strongly fortified by the alternations of daylight and darkness—and by universal custom. As infants, the first important habit that most of us learn is to sleep continuously throughout the night, and that habit is instilled into us by our mothers, who, in turn, learned it from their mothers, and so on ad infinitum.

Conversely, staying awake continuously for sixteen out of twenty-four hours might also be described as a habit, though for many an easier one to hold to. Inability to do so is sometimes described as a disease, narcolepsy, a condition from which the fat boy in *Pickwick Papers* is said to have suffered.

All insomnia might be defined as some phase of overstimulation of the outer layer of the brain, the cerebral cortex. Temporary insomnia is usually the result of residual excitement from the activities of the day, though any disturbance which prevents us from calming down may prevent drowsiness, the natural prelude to sleep. Chronic recurrent insomnia may be

due to disease or disoriented mentality, but it is more likely to be the result of failure to establish a well-consolidated habit.

The methods of forming a habit need not be detailed at any length; they will probably occur to anyone. The important thing to know is that nightly slumber is not dependent on some mysterious physical or mental condition, but, being a habit, can be acquired, deepened, and preserved by the repetition of almost any appropriate ritual. That means, first of all, a regular hour for going to bed. Do not wait till you get tired; the aim is drowsiness not tiredness. For persons observing a regular routine, drowsiness recurs nightly at the appointed hour, like clockwork, whether they are tired or not. And this is as it should be; the whole process is one of conditioning. Pavlov, the celebrated Russian psychologist, so conditioned dogs that they would go to sleep at the sight of a hypodermic syringe, even though no morphine whatever was injected. In the same way, for most humans, the sight of the clock pointing to bedtime is sufficient to bring on the symptoms of impending sleep.

Certain conditions, physical and psychological, favor sleep, and these should be incorporated, to whatever extent necessary, in the bedtime ritual. Choose a soothing bedroom, without distracting elements, preferably finished in blue or blue-green, the sleep-inducing colors. Arrange to shut out, so far as is possible, noise and light, cover or turn to the wall bright reflecting objects such as mirrors. Furthermore, wherever possible, the bedroom should be dedicated solely to sleep; if used for waking activities, the room is likely to acquire disturbing associations. For this reason, sick persons often find it of immense advantage to move into another room for the

night. Beds should be comfortable, but not too soft — and it is less disturbing to sleep alone!

The most important physical concomitant of sleep is relaxation. Normally, we relax sufficiently, merely by betaking ourselves to our couch. And it is an interesting fact that it is virtually impossible to stay awake over extended periods, say two or three days, while lying in bed. This has been conclusively proved in the laboratories, where the experimenters, trying for long-distance insomnia records, have to keep upright and keep moving to stay awake. Once they lie down, they fall asleep instantly, in spite of coffee, noise, bright lights, and devotion to science.

Many cases of stubborn insomnia are believed to be due to the inability of the victim to relax residual tensions in the skeletal musculature. Knowing how to relax fully is something of an art and well worth learning, especially to those who go about in a high state of tension and excitement. Good physical-culture teachers know something about it, and it may be studied at length in Jacobson's *Progressive Relaxation*. As a simple measure, try saying to yourself, "I will now relax my arms," and do it; repeat with the legs, then the trunk musculature, then the shoulders, next the neck, and finally the eye muscles. Why relaxation is so important is thus explained by Kleitman: "By going into a quiet, dark room and lying down upon a soft couch we are left with the proprioceptive [i.e., muscle] sensations as practically the only stream of disturbance reaching the cortex. As muscles relax, the number of these impulses decreases. When a certain critical low level of muscle tonus is reached, sleep is precipitated. In deep sleep the tonus is so low that no knee jerk [the familiar test employed by doctors] can be elicited." And he adds: "In

all our experiments on the effects of prolonged wakefulness, staying awake could be accomplished only through continual muscular activity. This is the most constant and outstanding fact in our laboratory."

Fatigue promotes sleep because it induces relaxation. For this reason, a brief walk at night may help. Overfatigue, on the other hand, may have quite the contrary effect. The theory that sleep is in some manner caused by fatigue toxins — excessive lactic acid in the tissues and so on — has never been substantiated. The flaw in the theory is, as already noticed, that most people can go to sleep without being fatigued in the slightest. The normal sequence, however, is fatigue, relaxation, drowsiness, and sleep. If the fatigue does not cause relaxation, it will not bring sleep. The deep slumber, resembling narcosis, following exhaustion, as with soldiers after long forced marches, is perhaps an exception to the general rule; here, sleep gives the appearance of a drugged condition and may, indeed, be the result of fatigue toxins.

It is well known that warm baths promote relaxation and sleep. For "residual excitement," Professor Laird of Colgate recommends 15 to 30 minutes in water at 92° to 97°; for "motor unrest," the inability to lie still, he is of the opinion that a 10-minute bath at 102° to 108° is more effective. Or if a bath is not available a rubefacient liniment may be used.

Other useful appurtenances to the bedtime ritual are warm drinks and aromatic scents.

These are partly psychological in value, but are harmless props. A little food at bedtime, preferably in liquid form, has the advantage of allaying incipient hunger contractions and fits in neatly with almost any conditioning scheme. The food concen-

trates sold for addition to milk add no miraculous soporific quality, but are simply a somewhat expensive means of augmenting the total calories. However, if any of your friends expresses great confidence in some proprietary food-drink or similar whatnot, it would be no kindness to argue them out of that belief, since the belief itself will often get results when nothing else will. In a somewhat similar class is the "good old caudle of Dr. Kitchener," which is still highly recommended by genial English practitioners of the old school. It consists of:

Tincture of cinnamon
Powdered white sugar, of each 1 dram
White of one egg
Madeira wine, 2 oz.

Directions: Mix and drink slowly at bedtime.

This prescription rejoices in the name of *Balsamum Vitae*, and is described as "a carminative and food happily combined with stimulant." Who could stay awake after a nightcap like this? Others may prefer a little dilute whisky or a single glass of beer, and for appropriate subjects their occasional use undoubtedly has merit, giving relaxation and a foretaste of the euphoria of sweet dreams.

The widespread belief that coffee "keeps you awake" appears to have no foundation in fact, except in so far as the psychic fear, engendered by superstition, operates to that end. Investigations by Hollingsworth, Laird, and others indicate that caffeine, in moderate amounts (the equivalent of, say, two cups of coffee), tends to promote sleep rather than otherwise. Laird experimented by giving some subjects caffeine and others sugar pills, without disclosing the ingredients; the former slept better than the latter. It is possible that poor methods of brewing sometimes extract

from coffee undesirable elements which may have insomniac properties. But the almost universal use of coffee as a morning stimulant, which gives it associations with waking up rather than going to sleep, is probably the principal reason for its bad name in this respect.

Moderate sleep trouble, difficulty in getting to sleep or wakefulness, is surprisingly common, especially among brain workers, as the results of a questionnaire sent out from Colgate to several hundred distinguished men emphatically showed. In this group 70% were afflicted. The usual self-diagnosis is inability to get one's mind off one's problems. For this reason, thought control frequently plays an important part in coaxing slumber. In the questionnaire mentioned, most of the insomniacs reported special technics to induce slumber: 33% used thought-control methods; 25% resorted to reading; 18% cultivated relaxation with or without warm drinks. About 4% found smoking helpful, at least in passing the time; and an equal number tried hot baths. Three per cent used drugs, which the investigators thought was "rather surprising." Aside from hypnotic drugs as such, 2% were accustomed to take a wee nip of some alcoholic beverage to insure sleep, and of these, it interested the investigators to note that about half were college professors of considerable distinction.

Thought control varies all the way from counting sheep to the more esoteric forms of autohypnosis. All schemes are methods of limiting consciousness. The following, from a variety of sources, all have their adherents:

Listening to imaginary drops of rain falling on a tin roof. (Said to be better than counting sheep because it requires less mental effort.)

Naming the counties of Ireland, or the presidents of the United States, or, provided it does not increase your blood pressure, the alphabetical agencies of the New Deal.

Assigning names to each letter of the alphabet, A is for Albert, B is for Benjamin, etc. (Or take animals, fish, names of countries, anything you like. A resident of New Jersey was so impressed with the value of this idea that he wrote a book about it.)

Painting large imaginary 3's extremely slowly on a large black wall with an imaginary brush and a tin of white paint. (This one is cited on the authority of an eminent psychologist, who is of the opinion that anybody who paints three of these 3's in this very slow manner will find it virtually impossible to keep awake.)

With eyelids closed, focusing one's eyes on the tip of one's nose. (There are other methods of autohypnosis, such as gazing with eyes open at a crystal ball suspended from the ceiling.)

Repeated religious formulas or mantras. (For those who are ill at ease or unaccustomed to move in this sphere, the age-old Buddhist formula, *Om mani padme hum*, has been found efficacious in lifting the mind out of its preoccupations.)

Keeping the mind on a single pleasant thought. (Hold it *in* the mind, but do not think *about* it, i.e., do not use it as a point of departure for active cerebration.)

Reconstructing any one of Euclid's simpler demonstrations, e.g., the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the other two sides.

Reciting nonsense verses slowly, over and over. (Lewis Carroll's "Jabberwocky" or Edward Lear's Limericks will come in handy here.)

Focusing the mind's eye on a circle of darkness, meanwhile keeping out all intruding thoughts. (A difficult feat, but said to be highly rewarding to those who can master it.)

It is very important to dispel the *fear* of insomnia. The average mature person probably needs about eight hours' sleep daily, but many get along quite well on

less, and the supposed bad effect of losing sleep is often greatly exaggerated. Furthermore, in the absence of severe pain, it is quite out of the question to stay awake to the point of real danger. Rest in bed accomplishes nearly as much as actual sleep, and six hours of rest plus two hours of slumber will sustain life. Naturally, the poor insomniac does not awake with that refreshed feeling that comes with a good night's sleep. All agree that, in some obscure fashion, sleep is a positive process, not a mere temporary death, but the refreshment undoubtedly is psychic, quite as much as it is physical. Night is said to be the enemy of the nervous, but if one can make it his friend by reading or other unstimulating occupation, one has nothing to fear. It can hardly be emphasized too much that sleep will eventually supervene, unless heroic methods are undertaken to prevent it. As a matter of fact, most insomniacs, as has been repeatedly shown by recording devices, sleep considerably more than they think or are willing to admit. Furthermore, your sleep bill is not a matter of exactly balanced debits and credits; one good night will make up for several poor ones.

Under a physician's direction, the use of drugs, analgesics or hypnotics, is justified for two purposes: (1) to lessen pain, which often makes sleep impossible and (2) to break through the vicious circle that insomnia sometimes presents, thus aiding the victim to re-establish a normal habit. So far as hypnotics are concerned, the drugs most frequently employed belong to the barbitol series. These drugs, while quite safe as administered by the physician, are definitely not suited for self-medication. A little aspirin may be taken when there is discomfort, but, beyond that, probably the only safe rule is to avoid experimenting without professional advice.

THE LIBRARY

BY LAURENCE STALLINGS

Magic in the Spoken Word

HUMOR, ITS THEORY AND TECHNIQUE, by Stephen Leacock. \$2.50. 6 x 8; 261 pp. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.

PROFESSOR LEACOCK is a political economist, and in his less lively moments accustomed to dryness and order. His readers have grounds to entertain hopes of a more orderly treatise than he offers us in the present work; one hoped for a basic treatise on the art of belly laughter—a sort of anatomy of humor by a first-rate humorist. Instead, we are given a rambling and delightful book, filled with fun—with the serious best of it devoted to a comparison of methods distinguishing the jokes of Mark Twain and Charles Dickens, giants of the Victorian era, which Leacock regards as the golden age of humor. The inference is drawn that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, the implications of humor as social criticism were best supported by brutal fact. Mark Twain as the Westerner, viewing European civilization with the hearty contempt of a Mississippi “half-horse, half-alligator,” brought off his effects triumphantly, regardless of the justice underlying his strictures upon continental culture. Dickens, without the vantage point of a Rocky Mountain view, patiently, within his angry cell of London fog, was forced to breathe life into caricatures and make them seem human. Mark, because of his perspective, needed only stereotypes. The reader will gain a great deal of understanding from Leacock’s masterly analysis

of the humorous demarcations of the two men.

It is true that Leacock, a Canadian professor, was the first to seize upon the contemporary approach to ridiculing grandiose American institutions and has influenced greatly other first-class humorists, such as the late Ring Lardner and the continually lively Robert Benchley. Yet the works of Artemus Ward, despite their apparent reliance upon comic spelling, are basically the inspiration of both Lardner and Benchley, as well as the old peer, Don Marquis. I fail to find, in a careful search of a book with no index, any mention of Marquis in Leacock’s volume. And perhaps it is not within his province to discuss the greatest humorist within the memory of contemporary criticism—Charles Chaplin—though the author does touch upon the future of films and radio in the field of humor. Unquestionably, written humor will decline rapidly in our time, and the balladry of films and radio will beckon the best men from the field of jests in print. There has not been, as yet, a good book on the humor of the films. The radio art is mainly a dreadful wise-cracking of brassy vulgarity, relieved by stereotypes such as “Vass you dere, Sharlie?” and such banalities as Ben Bernie’s “Yowsah.” The films, however, are worth the highest consideration, though only Chaplin has persisted in greatness; and the flashes of talent displayed fitfully by the Langdons, the Laurels, and such like only suggest that some day we

shall have a great school of comedy. Certainly Chaplin has been a good enough Molière to found one.

Aside from disappointment in finding Leacock's work erroneously billed as a precise dissection of humor's anatomy, one must hasten to add that the book is funny. The Professor's comparative selections, such as a Mark Twain item scored with notes in the manner of an Oxford don's work upon a joke by Aristophanes, are in Leacock's familiar and comic vein. Of dirty jokes, he says that "they are all right when the humor is strong enough and clear enough to wash away the dirt . . . when the joke redeems the dirt." Leacock forbears printing any selections of such risible redemption, on grounds that some readers would not understand his attitude. Once, James Stephens, when reciting a scatological Limerick in this reviewer's hearing, declined the request of another hearer that he write it down. "There is a magic," said Stephens in his soft Irish voice, "in the spoken word." And so there is, and the greatest treatise which could be written on humor — if an Irish bull is permissible in a review of them — cannot be written; such a work would need to be delivered, before a select assemblage, each Tuesday night for three consecutive months, in the main dining room of Jack Dempsey's saloon.

Will Professor Leacock undertake the first compilations for such a seminar? He would be an ideal provost for a noble series of symposia.

Whatever the Greeks may have lacked, at least they had viscera capable of absorbing crude jokes delivered in the theater. It has been a favorite point with Leacock that Aristophanes is funny nowadays to no one save a classicist; yet the man needs theater for his scope, as Gilbert Seldes proved in a whitewashed adapta-

tion of *Lysistrata*. I believe that *The Birds*, were it played with the abandon of Minsky's burlesque troupe, would prove enormously funny without footnotes and that most of the Aristophanean slapstick, pig-bladder diversions would need no explicit prompting as to text; the mere sonorous rhetoric superimposed upon coarse pantomime would be sufficiently understandable to any audience.

Leacock himself is far from being a prurient fellow. "Nothing is more wholesome," he says, "than a group of men roaring in concert over an after-dinner joke. No editor would print it, though any editor would enjoy it." . . . I think that James Stephens is exactly at the root of the matter; just as Aristophanes knew the magic of the spoken word. That genius would have been cribbed into mediocrity had he been forced to use a printed text for his effects, or been subjected to the radio dragoons. This is the exact opposite of Leacock's thesis, for he believes that humor flowered as the Victorian era made newsprint available to all. Having been denied the privilege of hearing Mark Twain at his private best, I cannot say; but who will doubt that Twain, with three drinks in him, was not funnier with his cronies than ever he was in *Innocents Abroad*, *The Connecticut Yankee*, or *Huckleberry Finn*? The Greeks would have staged this stuff for him, and Mark Twain could have written for his public with the same ease he took at the bar in the Holland House.

The very characteristics which Leacock admires so discerningly in Mark's western humor are not exactly those — as we hear to distraction — of the country editor in a mining town of the old West. The country editor merely set into type as much as he dared of what he had heard the night before, while cadging drinks among the

natural, hirsute humorists who were liquoring their risibilities in the Silver Dollar Saloon — where men were men, and ladies of leisure had the leisure to listen to gentlemen indulging in the pleasure of natural laughter.

Leacock seems to forget this, though he cites Abraham Lincoln as one of the legendary masters in the art of telling a frontier joke; and this itself is a negation of his thesis that humor flowers in direct ratio to the amount of newsprint available for humorists. Anyone who has read Carl Sandburg's written accounts of Lincoln's humor must realize this after hearing Sandburg's oral testimony relating to the same. We are fond of attributing the backgrounds of American humor to frontier days and associate this dimly with trial and privation. Yet the truth is apparent after second thought: frontier humor was essentially saloon humor. What is the hyperbole of backwoods humor but the inability of a lush to check his jest with a decent amount of exaggeration? He cannot check it, for he has the audience of a group of men who will remain all night to laugh and listen. And what about the effect of meiosis — the art of understatement? Surely it is the joke of the man who has drunk too much to be verbose, since his energies have sunk largely to the business of his remaining erect and facing himself manfully in the saloon mirror between drinks. It is he who is responsible for the faint line, the quick understatement of some vast indignity which he has suffered at the hands of a friend, notably a woman friend. The pioneer editor was the mirror of these manners, but not the mold of their form. If American humor persists today as the freshest among nations, it may be chiefly because Americans are the last men to have had a fling on their own.

Hamlet in a Cutaway

PANIC, A PLAY IN VERSE, by Archibald MacLeish. \$2. 8¾ x 5¾; 102 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

FORTY years ago, Bernard Shaw was saying that, had he a mind to it, he would write his plays in the blank verse of the Elizabethans. He was merely absenting himself, he assured his audiences, from the circle of Marlowe because the British of Shaw's day had long since ceased to speak in verse. It is the thesis of Archibald MacLeish, necessary for his argument in a play, that Americans now speak in the nervous rhythms of the trochee and the dactyl. Voices of men in the streets descend from stressed syllables, rather than rise expansively in the Shakespearean manner. "Its whole beauty and color," the American poet says of his language, "its great vigor and vitality result from the sharpness and distinction of its stresses."

It is an anomaly that Americans, in the theater, are more at home in Shakespearean rhythms than in their own accents — as witness their natural reception of Maxwell Anderson's plays, which, despite philosophies undreamed by olden Horatios, are studiously patterned on the sonorous movement of Elizabethan verse. In *Panic* there is often eloquence, but it is never lofty-launched upon the sea of the grand style. As a working play, its faults are obviously those of symbolism; and while MacLeish has nothing to learn from Anderson as a poet, he can derive many lessons from the Elizabethanist's superb handling of the artistic problems in presenting a dramatic story in verse.

Panic opens badly, with a suggestion of the voices which Maeterlinck used as hocus-pocus to bewilder audiences for many years. It is not enough to throw out atmospheric rumblings of a panic, such as

the great one of Roosevelt's first presidential week. Only when the protagonist of the tragedy, the banker McGafferty, is disclosed with his muse, Ione, is the play capable of movement. From then on—or for about twenty minutes—MacLeish has a play going with great results. Granted that he has used his language superbly and has shackled the speech of the American banker into poetic chains, he has still ignored the main concession he must make to an audience: that of holding his audience tense through the sheer instrumentation, not of verse, but of theater.

Marlowe and Shakespeare, while sensitive to rhythms of the speech about them, were always hammering at the theater itself, using its tricks for every value. MacLeish presents a banker and a mistress, and the chumps out front, in whose speech he is writing, won't smoke symbolism for a minute unless they are fully aware of the realities concretely supporting the playwright's fancy. It is a pity that *Panic*, as a play, must be an artistic failure though a *succès d'estime*. For it would have been an immensely valuable gift to our theater—if MacLeish had succeeded sensationally in breaking the convention of oh-yeah speech, inducing poetry into the ears of the chumps again. It would have broken shackles which are far more irksome than those of rhythm, and irons which every playwright must now feel. Only O'Neill, with his ponderous verbosity, and Anderson, with his face turned to the past, have broken those straps and checks. In most of his verse, MacLeish has gone further, signally, in using living speech than did Hardy in *The Dynasts*, or Robinson in his gropings around New England. The influence upon the American theater, if someone succeeds in such a worthwhile aim as MacLeish's, will be incalculable.

Ladies of Culture

QUEEN VICTORIA, by E. F. Benson.
\$3.50. 5¾ x 8¾; 406 pp. New York:
Longmans, Green & Company.

I CHANGE WORLDS, by Anna Louise Strong. \$3. 6½ x 9½; 422 pp. New York:
Henry Holt & Company.

THERE is no end to books on Queen Victoria, as, stunned, we contemplate the decay of her world. It is much as if admirers of the full-rigged ship devoted their talents to minute descriptions of the figurehead at the bow. Benson cannot possibly lend her life the acid contrast necessary to such a work, for he is the chief dispenser of Victorian memorabilia, and his volume, *As We Were*, successfully concealed, with innate charm, just what the Victorians were.

The chief interest to be found in a biography of Victoria is the attitude of the biographer. Granted that Lytton Strachey presented her unfairly, it must be admitted in the concession that he made a brilliant job of it. Benson treads in fearfully, being of angelic disposition, and sets about gracefully admitting the basis of Strachey's libel, mitigating it with an amused tolerance which never swerves from printing, when pressed, the approximate truth. Where the author of *Eminent Victorians* once toyed wittily with a vast machine of politics, Benson is more concerned with giving a domestic background to Victoria's life, though the facets of her career which must delight all amateur psychologists glitter occasionally by reflection in Benson's amused eyes. Just why such a lush field is permitted to lie fallow, when the psychologists are so thorough in digging into the past, must be only a matter of diminishing royalties if such liberties are ever taken with a Royalty considerably diminished herself.

I read the book with interest chiefly in

perusing an estimate of England's queen by a gentleman antithetical to Lytton Strachey's attitudes. Though it may be true that the latter lost considerable esteem in the obituaries the English critics paid him, Benson's work, with its access to official archives, at least absolves Strachey of mendacity and rehabilitates much that the wittier man belittled. Benson's book is the last word in gentleness. Until another Strachey—preferably John, or any other good Marxian—cares to survey the past of this remarkable queen, Benson's biography will remain a standard work.

There is a fine honesty about Miss Strong's work, which is the autobiography of a motor-minded pedestrian who has thumbed for a ride on many a band wagon and who is still vigorous enough to declare that there is probably no end to her journey, not even at Moscow. Three hundred years after her forefathers came to New England, she has become an emigree retracing a trail. It is not at all astonishing; people who left the pleasant seventeenth century to live in huts in the New England woods can be capable, even fifteen generations later, of making the most astonishing changes with a prosaic calmness bordering on the fantastic. Miss Strong, however, is far from being fantastic. Having been granted the sight of her at her chores as swing-man on the *Moscow Daily News*, it is a pleasure to testify to her sanity and good sense.

The jacket of her book ingeniously superimposes the Soviet Hammer and Sickle upon the Stars and Stripes. This is true of her personality, as readers of her book will learn. She, better than any other correspondent, knows the history of American pilgrims to Russia and she can call out of mind the names of thousands who have flocked to the promised land of Lenin. Women, particularly, should read her au-

tobiography, for it is filled with the quiet heroism of housewives and farmwives suddenly catapulted into a fervor of Bolshevik sociology. In its easygoing way (though it contains much an average journalist would have made intensely exciting), it gives an intimate picture of the struggle of the Russian masses under a dictatorship of the proletariat, where the poor still rise little above their former woe. Her chronicle has the disarming simplicity of the period in American sociology which Lewis Mumford calls our golden age, when high-thinking gentlemen learned to bend their backs to manual labor as an intellectual lark. Miss Strong's subjects, mainly the women of Russia and their present political masters, are shown to possess the same afflatus.

I doubt that her work will receive the popularity it deserves, though in Russia it is no novelty for Miss Strong's little pamphlets to be printed in issues of 250,000 copies by the state press. Her transcendentalism—it is much as if Ralph Waldo Emerson went about playing the concertina and cracking sunflower seeds—has been of immense value to the Russian state in its dealings with the American technicians and experts who were the vanguard of Russia's new economy—those adventurous men from General Electric and Baldwin Locomotive who, despite Miss Strong's predilection for a machine socialism, returned home to capitalistic oppression as soon as the Soviet gold handout ran low. Doubtless when Russia again accumulates enough gold to modernize machinery which is rendered obsolete every five years, these experts will again embrace a temporary sojourn among the commissars. Then Miss Strong will again interpret to waiting millions the wonders of the Big Bad Wolves from Schenectady, Pittsburgh, and Bethlehem.

POETRY

BY LOUIS UNTERMAYER

SELECTED POEMS OF MARIANNE MOORE. With an introduction by T. S. Eliot. \$2. 5 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 126 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

CHORUS FOR SURVIVAL, by Horace Gregory. \$2. 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 127 pp. New York: *Covici, Friede*.

A WINTER DIARY & OTHER POEMS, by Mark Van Doren. \$1.90. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 179 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

STRANGE HOLINESS, by Robert P. Tristram Coffin. \$1.75. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{4}$; 101 pp. New York: *The Macmillan Company*.

GOLDEN FLEECE, by William Rose Benét. \$2.50. 6 x 8 $\frac{1}{2}$; 223 pp. New York: *Dodd, Mead & Company*.

THESE five poets represent every degree of convention and revolt, of experiment and tradition. In some the departures are chiefly political; in some they are wholly literary, having to do with technique rather than with a social aim; in most, however, the motive and effect are curiously mixed.

Marianne Moore's poetry bristles with problems, problems which are accentuated rather than solved by Mr. T. S. Eliot's introduction. I, for one, begin to be fascinated by what Mr. Eliot says about Miss Moore's touch, her technique, and her final accomplishment, but I end by disagreeing completely with all his conclusions. Mr. Eliot makes quite a point of Miss Moore's stressing a syllable more than ordinarily by splitting a word or causing the rhyme to fall on prepositions, pronouns, and articles. He admires such patterns as:

an
injured fan . . .
the
turquoise sea

and such distortions as:

ways has been—at the antipodes from the initial great truths. 'Part of it was crawling, part of it was about to crawl, the rest was torpid in its lair.' In the short-legged, fitful advance . . .

To Mr. Eliot's usually discriminating ear this is *light* rhyme—and of this "light rhyme Miss Moore is the greatest living master." To my ear, it is the very opposite of light rhyme; it is not only heavy, but, with its jig-saw arrangement and false (i.e. strained and arbitrary) emphasis, it is downright ugly.

The content of Miss Moore's work is equally puzzling. It seems to be a conflict of rich associations and meager creative force. Miss Moore's mind is highly sensitized; it is both musing and microscopic; it is crammed with a vast amount of reading—there are fifteen pages of Notes which refer among other things to the *Diary* of Tolstoi, Lafcadio Hearn's *Talks to Writers*, the letters of Robert Browning, Ditmars' *Strange Animals I Have Known*, Baxter's *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and the *Illustrated London News*. Her pages are studded with quotations from these sources, and it is often hard to see the poem because of the quotations. Such complex allusiveness, as in the case of Eliot's own poetry, leads to obscurity, and it is not surprising that, in such pieces as "Nine Nectarines and Other Porcelain," "Picking and Choosing," "An Octopus," "The Jerboa" (even Eliot concedes "it would be difficult to say what is the subject matter of 'The Jerboa'"), and "Part of a Novel, Part of a Poem, Part of a Play," there is an accumulation of detail

at the expense of clarity. The details in themselves are vivid—Miss Moore has a sharp eye for the minutiae of gossip, the infrequently noted characteristics of animals, the strange nuances of casual statements—but her communication suffers as communication because of the very excess and dispersion of her observations. The variety of her descriptions and the wealth of her juxtapositions do not, unfortunately, compensate for the lack of a larger design or the still greater lack of any compelling emotion.

It is this compelling emotion which is, I believe, the base of poetry, and its absence forces one to question whether Miss Moore is, in spite of her formal patterns, a poet at all. It must be apparent to anyone that she is a wit, a precisionist, an agile commentator. But when Miss Moore ends a poem—and a poem on poetry—with such lines:

In the meantime, if you demand on the one
hand,
the raw material of poetry in
all its rawness and
that which is on the other hand
genuine, then you are interested in poetry.

one senses an impoverishment of the very imagination she lauds and feels that one is listening to an astringent essayist with a passion for textbooks and a perverse gift of rhyme.

Horace Gregory's *Chelsea Rooming House* made an auspicious debut; his *No Retreat*, published about two years ago, established Gregory as one of the three or four most important American poets under forty. *Chorus for Survival* reaffirms that estimate. I confess that I cannot follow the announced program which promises a relation between the prologue (a modern prothalamion) and the subsequent poems which are partly lyrical, partly narrative. The only relation I see is the

natural relation which the poet has unconsciously, rather than consciously, imposed upon the book—the disclosure of a personality. *Chorus for Survival* is definitely the most personal of Gregory's three volumes, and in that sense, it is the richest. Perhaps there is nothing as unaffectedly tender here as his "Poems for My Daughter" (in *No Retreat*) which are moving without being mawkish. But there is an equally deep undercurrent and a sympathetic immediacy in the lyrical section 13; in the flexible poem beginning "Ask no return" which marks 16; in the tribute to James Oppenheim (an unforgettable picture of an almost forgotten contemporary); and in the concluding grave lines which take up and complete the theme of the Prologue. In these, and in the more ambitious section 14, which employs Emerson as a living symbol, the echoes of Eliot so noticeable in Gregory's early work have all but disappeared. What remains is a voice that has found itself in accents which are free but not freakish, somber but not morose, low-pitched and restrained but not without richness. Even those who may find some of the passages difficult will not fail to appreciate the finely varied music.

Mark Van Doren is a strange mixture of tendencies. His *A Winter Diary* is a combination or, rather, an alternation of tradition and revolt. His techniques are both time-tested and experimental: the title poem is a lengthy genre picture in precise heroic couplets; the following group is a sequence of Shakespearian sonnets, complete to the slightest Elizabethan conceit; his lyrics range from the most formal designs to unexpected arrangements, from the inevitable pairings of vowels to consonance, slant rhyme, even to lyrics with no rhyme at all. Technically such poems as "The Escape," "Memorial,"

"The Bore," and "Recognition Scene," with their mingling of suspended vowels and rhymed consonants, are the most interesting. But, apart from their novelty, the pure lyrics represent Van Doren at his best; no reader can fail to appreciate the fine spirit and delicate music of such poems as "Always Evening," "Report of Angels," "Laugh Not too Loudly," and "This Amber Sunstream" which ends:

Another hour and nothing will be here.
Even upon themselves the eyes will close.
Nor will this bulk, withdrawing, die outdoors
In night, that from another silence flows.
No living man in any western room
But sits at amber sunset round a tomb.

"A Winter Diary" strikes me as the finest sustained piece of writing Van Doren has ever accomplished. It is almost twelve hundred lines long, yet there is not one forced nor flat couplet. It is rich in accurate observation, spiced with wit, and sensitive to the least physical and mental detail of daily life on a northern winter farm. It is full of delightful bits, such as the need to excite the mind on occasional evenings with a detective story or a tale of horror:

This the remote, the sanctuary year,
When the safe soul must fabricate a fear.

For sympathetic landscape and portrait painting there has been nothing like it in American poetry since Whittier's "Snow Bound," and I would not challenge anyone who considered "A Winter Diary" the superior poem. It is a particularly rich Currier and Ives print in terms of living literature.

William Rose Benét and Robert P. T. Coffin are at their best when they uphold the tradition, particularly the trade of ballad making. Benét is more concerned with making the strange seem familiar, Coffin with making the familiar seem strange. Unfortunately, Coffin is a little

too persistent in emphasizing the wonder of the commonplace; poem after poem makes the same point that God is the great artificer, that there is a richly intricate design in Everything from the hive of the honeybee to the pheasant's jeweled eye, and that mystery is just around the corner. Moreover, the effect of monotony is induced by Coffin's metrical scheme, most of his verses being cast in rigid couplets, varied only by having the stress laid on the weak (or wrong) syllable. Individually, however, there are several charming and even memorable poems, this poet being especially happy in his half-factual, half-mystical evocations of animals and insects. "Counting of Sheep," "The Bull," "The Startled Heron," "Bees," "The Spider" have grace as well as understanding, and "The Inner Temple" and "Advice to a Young Farmer" will delight many besides the bucolic audiences which they seem to address.

Golden Fleece is a selection from the poetry of William Rose Benét, with some twelve or fifteen new poems published since *Man Possessed*, a previous selection. Here are those early favorites: "Merchants from Cathay," "The Falconer of God," "The Horse Thief," "The Woodcutter's Wife" and here are the somewhat later — and to my mind — finer textured pieces "Eternal Masculine," "Night," "The Fawn in the Snow," and the lusty "Whale." It is in such moments that Benét seems at his best; he still has the faculty of evoking a sharp new music from some old legend, of taking a page from a dusty mythology or a book of fairy tales and not only vivifying but recreating it. The bringing together of a fleeing American cattle-rustler and Pegasus (in the "Horse Thief") is, in itself, a daring fancy, but Benét's gusto makes it captivating and, what is more, convincing.

CHECK LIST *of* NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MILTON.

By *Hilaire Belloc.*
\$4

J. B. Lippincott Company
6 x 9; 313 pp. London

Milton, weighed upon the balance of the famous Belloc prejudice — for King and the Roman Catholic Church — is found wanting as a man but resplendent as the author of *Lycidas*, "the summit of all Milton's creative affair." The author's treatment is singular chiefly in the emphasis he gives to the half-unknown *De Doctrina*, Milton's "final philosophy," purposively hidden by him and only resurrected 150 years after his death, a heavily documented Latin treatise containing his denial of the central Christian doctrines, the Trinity, Monogamy, an absolute Creator, and "even of the immortal soul." This work, says Belloc, should destroy forever the popular illusion of Milton as the voice of English orthodox Protestantism.



SON OF HEAVEN.

By *Princess Der Ling.* *D. Appleton-Century Company*
\$3 6 x 9; 248 pp. New York

Kwang Hsu, Son of Heaven, was one of China's most misunderstood emperors. Born under evil omens, his life was a series of major tragedies: forced by the Empress Dowager to marry a woman whom he did not love, frustrated in every attempt he made to liberalize the government, robbed of the Pearl Concubine — his faithful mistress — by the hand of a murderer, driven into exile by his enemies, he returned to the throne in 1902, only to be poisoned by Li Lien Ying, his lifelong antagonist. During her years at Court, as Lady-in-waiting to the Empress Dowager, the author became intimately acquainted with Kwang Hsu and learned from his own lips much of the inside story of his tragedy. Her book presents the details in a clear, sympathetic, and straightforward manner, and does much to remove certain unbecoming stains from the name of a great man.

MAIMONIDES.

By *Dr. J. Münz.*
\$1.50

Winchell-Thomas Company
5½ x 8; 238 pp. Boston

Issued on the 800th anniversary of the birth of Moses Maimonides, this book attempts to give a picture of the cultural background of medieval Spanish and North African Jewry and to present the significant facts of Maimonides' life and teaching. Dr. Münz gives a clear and readable account of the great philosopher, physician, and communal leader and in untechnical language analyzes his two chief works, the commentary on rabbinic law, called *Mishneh Torah*, and the work dealing chiefly with the attributes of God, known as *The Guide of the Perplexed*, written in Arabic and translated into Hebrew by Maimonides' disciple, Ibn Tibbon, and later into Latin, in which form it had a considerable influence on the great Christian scholastics, notably, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, who, like Maimonides, were concerned to reconcile Aristotelian philosophy with biblical tradition. The present work, which makes no pretension to profound scholarship, contains a number of interesting selections from Maimonides' writings and is provided with an index and a brief appendix containing notes by the translator. It will serve well enough as an introduction to the subject for the general reader.



THE WIZARD OF MONTE CARLO.

By *Count Corti.*
\$3

E. P. Dutton & Co.
6 x 9; 288 pp. New York

Monte Carlo is a name more universally known than François Blanc; yet it was Blanc, as proprietor of the Casino, who really put Monte Carlo on the map of Europe. Here is the tale of his wizardry; his youthful speculative beginnings; his daring and determination; his success as a panderer to a human passion too strong by far to be held in check by the legislative pens of the moralists. It is the biography of

a man and the silhouette of an obsession. Not so well-organized as it might be, but competently written, this is a good running narrative spiced with anecdotes. There are illustrations and an index.



AUTHOR HUNTING

BY AN OLD LITERARY SPORTSMAN.

By *Grant Richards*. *Coward-McCann*
\$3.50 6¼ x 9½; 319 pp. New York

Thirty-eight years ago, when he was only twenty-six, Grant Richards started a book publishing business in London with a capital of £1400, borrowed largely from friends and relatives. He went at it with adventurous vigor, sought little advice, acted solely on his own instinct for books worth publishing, and brought out for the first time works by Thomas Burke, Chesterton, James Joyce, John Masefield, Alfred Noyes, Warwick Deeping, and others. Shaw's plays he published when other publishers considered them hopeless, and he went after another edition of A. E. Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, even though the first was barely selling and was published at Housman's expense. As for Dreiser in America, he practically forced our own publishers to recognize him. In this volume, which he also calls *Memories of Years Spent Mainly in Publishing, 1897-1925*, he tells all in an amusingly haphazard way. The many letters from Shaw in it easily make the best reading. There are several illustrations and an index.



GOETHE AND THE JEWS.

A Challenge to Hitlerism.

By *Mark Waldman*. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*
\$2.75 5½ x 8¼; 295 pp. New York

In this volume Dr. Waldman reviews rather sketchily those parts of Goethe's life and writings which reveal his attitude toward the Jews. He shows that the Jews greatly interested the poet, who had a high regard for many contemporary Jewish artists and intellectuals. However, he frequently also fell to the level of the lowest Jew-baiters, acquiescing, sometimes quite loudly, in the usual myths and rumors of their horrible practices. Furthermore, as regards the incessant persecution of them in Germany, Goethe, says the author, "never raised a finger to ameliorate the wretched lot of the Jews. . . . [He], unfortunately, lacked a passion for social justice . . .

It seems that he was satisfied with the existing order of the world." Nevertheless, in spite of "the many inconsistencies and contradictions" in his attitude toward this question, Dr. Waldman says he is "certain that Goethe would not be welcome in Hitlerland and would in all probability have landed in a concentration camp or in exile." An index is lacking.



ELIZABETH: EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

By *Maureen Fleming*.

Claude Kendall, & Willoughby Sharp
\$3 6 x 8; 255 pp. New York

This is a historical novel based on facts gathered — according to the author — from every available history and biography in English, French, and German. It opens with a description of Elizabeth's childhood days in Bavaria, carries the reader through the numerous dramatic high spots of her picturesque life, and closes with her tragic death at the hand of an Italian assassin. Her devotion to her eccentric father, her strange relations with the mad Ludwig II of Bavaria, her unhappy love affair with Count Andrassy, her repeated clashes with the nagging Empress Sophie, and finally her cool indifference to her husband, Franz Joseph, for whom she never really cared — all these situations are clearly defined by Miss Fleming. Nevertheless, the book as a whole is needlessly over-colored, and the strong modern flavor of the dialogue does much to dispel the atmosphere of nineteenth-century Vienna. There are twelve full-page illustrations.



I CAME OUT ALIVE.

By *André Mikhelson*. *Little, Brown & Company*
\$2.50 5¾ x 8½; 304 pp. Boston

This book contains more kick than a gallon of vodka. It is a stirring, breath-taking account of the experiences of a young boy, an aristocrat by birth, who is plunged, homeless and parentless, into the mad chaos of the Bolshevik Revolution, and who is forced to work out his salvation as best he can, unguided by discipline or moral restraint. He steals, he indulges his adolescent lust for cruelty, he gives free rein to every sexual impulse, and he joins the communists in their endeavor to destroy his own class, until finally respect, pity, and deference cease altogether to have meaning to him. To despise all

things becomes his desperate slogan. On the verge of insanity, broken in body and spirit, he at last wakes up to the grim realities of his situation and effects an escape into Germany where, slowly, he regains his equilibrium. A powerful book; once read it cannot easily be forgotten.



THE TORRINGTON DIARIES: VOL. I.

By the Hon. John Byng. Henry Holt and Company
\$4.50 5¾ x 8¾; 382 pp. New York

Although written over one hundred and fifty years ago, the Torrington diaries have only recently been brought to light. John Byng retired as Lieutenant Colonel of the Foot Guards to enter the Civil Service in England; he retained his position through most of the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and from 1781 to 1794 kept a diary of his holiday tours through England and Wales, in which he recorded his impressions of people and places. Byng, apparently, was a simple and unimaginative fellow, blind to the beauties of the countryside, and totally lacking in wit and insight. This volume, for the most part, is dull and trivial; like so many scholarly discoveries these days it had best been left to sleep in peace. C. Bruyn Andrews is the editor, while John Beresford contributes a rather tedious introduction.

PHILOSOPHY

VALUES AND REALITY.

By Leo Richard Ward. Sheed & Ward, Inc.
\$3 5¼ x 8; 331 pp. New York

This book purposes to be an intelligent preface to sane living, based largely upon Thomistic dicta which the author believes to be deserving of our respect and recognition. Actually, however, it is the same old romantic humanism of the Irving Babbitt variety, with plenty of wailing over the sins of the present age, and with plenty of the familiar hokum about how really temperate and well-behaved everyone used to be back in ancient Greece. Like most writers who shackle themselves to medieval Christianity, Mr. Ward is forever becoming entangled in his chains. To justify his teleology, for example, he refers to man's constant striving toward perfection; yet he devotes half the book to a discussion of the aimlessness and degeneracy of present-day civilization. Elsewhere he informs us that although the end of life is not

"perfectly known" we should nevertheless "go on toward it" just as "the animals and vegetables do." But this would mean yielding to natural instinct — which is just what Mr. Ward insists that truly civilized people have to fight against. In the closing chapter the bewildered author makes a characteristic plea for greater reverence in our modern life on the absurd ground that reverence "keeps men from fanatical excesses" and from "thinking themselves messiahs." There is an index.



THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

By John Cowper Powys. Simon and Schuster
\$2 4½ x 7½; 254 pp. New York

Mr. Powys is back again with a whole new bagful of metaphysical tricks, any one of which, he believes, has the power of putting the tired housewife and the discouraged businessman on the right road to happiness. These tricks have seductive labels: the Ichthian Leap, the Panergic Act, the In-Spite-Of Act, etc. It is all very simple, assuming of course — as Mr. Powys stubbornly does — that the mind has control over its own thoughts. But if such were the case, Mr. Powys' tricks, obvious as they are, would have been adopted long ago. The fact is that Mr. Powys, an accomplished poet and stylist, is no philosopher. As an analyst of the deeper, more intricate human mechanisms, he is — as has become increasingly patent ever since the appearance of *The Meaning of Culture* — a mere pretender.



JUDAISM: *An Analysis and an Interpretation.*

By Israel H. Levinthal. Funk & Wagnalls Company
\$2.50 5¼ x 8¾; 272 pp. New York

In this book, Dr. Levinthal has endeavored to bring to Jew and Gentile alike a clearer and richer understanding of the spiritual values inherent in the traditions of orthodox Judaism. He devotes separate chapters to such important considerations as the place of ethics in Judaism, the doctrine of heaven and hell, the attitude of Judaism toward labor, the conception of God, the attitude toward the messiah idea, and the role of Palestine in Judaism — past and present. Although, taken as a whole, it is a valuable and informative work, readers may find Dr. Levinthal a bit too repetitious, and too readily inclined to turn his chapters into miniature sermons in Jewish apologetics. Moreover, the state-

ment that the thinking world today is "athirst for God" sounds rather ridiculous in the face of the facts; as does the suggestion that "the world's greatest scientists" — specifying such weak-kneed emetics as Millikan and Eddington — are slowly returning to the embraces of the Holy Spirit. But when the author sticks to his subject — Judaism — he is at all times competent and intelligible. The absence of an index is regrettable.



AN ALMANAC FOR MODERNS.

By *Donald Culross Peattie*. G. P. Putnam's Sons
\$3 5¼ x 8¼; 396 pp. New York

A day by day record of a sensitive, poetic, and skeptical mind as it moves casually among the innumerable wonders of nature. The book contains many interesting facts about outstanding naturalists of all ages, and also sets forth in simple, compact language, the author's own philosophical musings. "Science," writes Mr. Peattie, "is a ship afloat upon a wide waste of waters. Less than Columbus does it know where the world is bound. It does not even know from what port we have set out." Nevertheless, for the stout-hearted among us the search itself is the thing, and the shore may be, for all we know, an illusion. Sex must be regarded as an end in itself, to be revered for its own sake; and beauty, far from being a slave to purpose, is nothing but "sheer delightful waste to be enjoyed in its own right." Pagans who find sufficient poetry in the world as it is will not go wrong in buying a copy of this illuminating almanac.

TRAVEL

PROVENCE.

By *Ford Madox Ford*. The J. B. Lippincott Company
\$3 9 x 6¼; 372 pp. Philadelphia

No one has ever written a book quite like this. It could be called a history of Provence, or a gastronomic guide, or reflections on London, or the *Michelin* of a philosopher. It is all of these and it is more. Written in the exact and beautiful English of a great stylist, the book is as lovely as a rare tapestry and as engrossing. After the recent deluge of stark, simple writing from the battered Underwoods of the realists, Ford's classic command of the language reminds the reader that English is a noble, as well as an

expressive, tongue. In his calculated, random manner the author weaves the historic tapestry of Provence — but before he has done, most of the world is in his cloth. Provence, he says, is the cradle of the human race and the hope of future civilization. The book is attractively illustrated by Biala. There is an index.



A VAGABOND IN SOVIETLAND.

By *Harry A. Franck*. Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$2.75 5¼ x 8¼; 267 pp. New York

Russia, according to Mr. Franck, is neither communistic nor classless; competition still thrives, money buys, and poverty suffers. Property still comes first in importance, and people are created as unequal there as they are in the rest of the world. Nevertheless, the country today offers many distinct advantages: the people are not plagued with advertisements; their lives are not dwarfed by inhibitions; there is no prudery, no snobbery, no offensive rich; important industries come before unimportant ones; the younger generation, before the old; woman is no longer an economic burden; there is no illegitimacy; and abortions are as common as toothaches.

SOCIOLOGY

GREENWICH VILLAGE, 1920-30.

By *Caroline F. Ware*. Houghton Mifflin Company
\$4 9 x 6¼; 496 pp. Boston

An almost oppressively documented work about that strange small town which has persisted in maintaining its individuality in the heart of Manhattan. The tenement dwellers get more space than the long-haired gentry, as they should. Italians and Irish, mostly, they had a rough time of it during the decade under discussion, what with rents skyrocketing as more and more of their warrens were remodeled into arty studios for uptown shoeclerks. But they have retained a great deal of local civic feeling despite the awful incursion of embryo Hemingways and Cézannes. These latter are disapproved of thoroughly by the local *pères de familles*; several instances are noted wherein young gals of the neighborhood are yanked out of gypsy tearooms by irate parents as quickly as a Baptist deacon would snatch his daughter from a brothel. The author discusses the sexual problems of the Villagers with an unusually sane

frankness. The book will appeal more to the student than to the general reader. There are charts of everything (except the ratio of Lesbianism to bathtub gin), maps, and an index.



MODERN HOUSING.

By Catherine Bauer. *The Houghton Mifflin Company*
\$5 5½ x 9¼; 379 pp. Boston

Miss Bauer made her inquiry into modern mass-housing schemes on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation, and a large part of her report is devoted to what has been undertaken abroad. She is somewhat skeptical of the Brain Trust's efforts to rehouse the American proletariat on a national scale, and at the cost of the Federal Government. She is firmly of the opinion, she says, that "there will never be any realistic housing movement in this country until the workers and the consumers — and the unemployed — themselves take a hand in the solution." But she does not say how they are to take that hand, or how the money is to be found. Her book presents a large mass of interesting material, but it is somewhat diffusely written. At the end she prints a good selected bibliography, and a series of plates showing typical modern housing undertakings in England, France, Germany, and Holland. They show a great many differences, not only in detail but also in fundamental plan, and even in apparent purpose and intention.



TWENTIETH CENTURY CRIME.

By James Edward Hagerty. *The Stratford Company*
\$2 5¼ x 7½; 222 pp. Boston

In this comprehensive little volume Mr. Hagerty sums up all of the more serious charges against our present ineffectual methods of controlling crime in the United States. The work is divided into three parts: the first deals with the administration of criminal justice, the second with the criminal, and the third with penal systems in general. The author believes that we are employing eighteenth-century tactics of control, that we are allowing self-seeking politicians to corrupt our judiciary, and that our prisons are at present unsuited for the improvement of convicts. In the final chapter he sets forth clearly and concisely the fundamental principles of the new penology, which emphasizes the prevention of crime, stresses the importance of treatment in the early stages of delinquency, and encourages individual diagnosis on the grounds that the

equal treatment of unequals is egregious inequality. The book is intended primarily for the layman, and is admirably suited for use in connection with college courses in criminology.



THE ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF THE SOCIAL SCIENCES. Vols. 13 and 14.

Edited by Edwin R. A. Seligman and Alvin Johnson.
The Macmillan Company
\$7.50 each 7½ x 10½; 674 + 676 pp. New York

Nothing much need be added to the previous notices of this work in the present place. The articles are supplied by competent writers, they show signs of intelligent editing, and they cover their ground adequately. The work is beautifully printed and stoutly bound. The two new volumes run from Pur to Tra, and include such important subjects as Race, Radio, Railroads, Religion, Sex, Slavery, Social Work, State, and Taxation. Among the authors represented are Edwin M. Borchard, H. N. Brailsford, G. D. H. Cole, Alexander Goldenweiser, Paul U. Kellogg, Harold J. Laski, Robert H. Lowie, Margaret Mead, Broadus Mitchell, Roscoe Pound, Edward Sapir, and Allan Nevins. As in the earlier volumes, there are many articles by foreign scholars — Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Swiss, Italians, Scandinavians, and even Czechs, Spaniards, and Bulgarians. The *Encyclopedia* is now approaching its final volume. It fills a place that no other work occupied, and will be useful for years to come.

MISCELLANEOUS

AT WAR WITH ACADEMIC TRADITIONS IN AMERICA.

By A. Lawrence Lowell.

The Harvard University Press
\$4 5½ x 8¾; 358 pp. Cambridge

This volume is made up of a number of Dr. Lowell's writings and addresses on education, and includes excerpts from many of his Annual Reports as President of Harvard. "Throughout these papers," he says, "the guiding idea was to inspire in university and college life a greater desire and respect for scholarship, and especially creative scholarship, for in America these seemed . . . far undervalued . . . The endeavor involved a conflict with traditions, not, indeed, old, yet firmly entrenched and hard to dislodge." He discusses such topics as "The Duty of Scholarship," "The Selective Function of Education,"

"Self-Education in College," and "Academic Freedom." There is much sense in what Dr. Lowell says, more than in the writings of many other college presidents, but there is not much of real brilliance and originality. There is a topical index.



A PRIMER OF CHESS.

By Jose R. Capablanca. *Harcourt, Brace & Co.*
\$2.50 5 x 8½; 281 pp. *New York*

This book presents in a clear and readable manner the basic principles of one of the oldest and most picturesque of indoor sports. For the purpose of comprehensive study the author has divided his book into three parts: the opening, which deals with the process of bringing the different pieces into action; the middle game, dealing with the use of these pieces to obtain a definite goal; and the end game, which portrays the final struggle. In a thirty-page preface, Mr. Benjamin M. Anderson, Jr., decries the doctrine set forth by the present champion, Alekhine, that in a game of chess "one should seek to undermine the nerves and will of the opponent." He says that Capablanca never stoops to such low practices: "He plays the board. He will do nothing deliberately to break the morale or to shatter the nerves of his opponent."



THE POPULAR PRACTICE OF FRAUD.

By T. Swann Harding.

Longmans, Green and Company
\$2.50 8¾ x 5¾; 376 pp. *New York*

This is much the best of the recent group of books published, supposedly, to save the innocent consumer from the wrong mouthwash, the poisonous toothpaste, and the questionable can of oysters. Mr. Harding reviews the entire field and presents an appalling symposium of quackery, fraudulence, and dishonesty. Misrepresentation and deception, he points out, are the watchwords of most food and drug advertising in the popular magazines, in the newspapers, and over the air. Fraud, besides degrading advertising, undermines good business, biases education, and debauches commercial and professional ethics. Its suppression is attempted by private, semiprivate, and government agencies, but so far without success. Stronger food and drug laws are imperatively needed, but the lobby against them by manufacturers and advertisers keeps them off the

statute books. The book is well-written, authoritative, and complete. Unfortunately an index is lacking.



THE ART OF RENOIR.

By Albert C. Barnes and Violette de Mazia.

Minton, Balch & Company
\$5 6 x 9¼; 515 pp. *New York*

This is an objective study of Renoir, prefaced by several introductory chapters in which the authors discuss the method that must be employed in any intelligent approach to the various forms of art. Renoir's greatness lay in an enormous innate capacity to learn continuously as he advanced in years and experience. "From the very beginning of his career his endowment enabled him to grasp what was significant in the life about him and in the traditions of the past and to incorporate the findings in his own expression. The successive stages of his painting reveal an ever-expanding personality embodied in the new and highly individual forms." There are one hundred and fifty-eight half-tone reproductions, together with an appendix in which most of the important paintings are objectively analyzed. The foreword to this volume was written by John Dewey.



BIOLOGY FOR EVERYMAN.

By Sir J. Arthur Thompson. *E. P. Dutton & Co.*
\$5 2 vols., 5¼ x 8; 1561 pp. *New York*

Earwigs have "an absurdly bad reputation for creeping into human ears, and thence into the brain. The second libel is nonsense; the first is based on very rare occurrence. Like some other animals, earwigs are fond of narrow passages, where much of the body is in contact with something solid. The forceps are used in folding the hind-wings, in seizing insects, in fighting, and when the two sexes come together. The common earwig . . . has a sweet tooth, and is often seen nosing about bee-hives." This sample passage illustrates how Professor Thompson achieves a rare success among scientists who attempt to make their specialties understood and appreciated by the lay public. If you are troubled with too much introspection, read these two volumes. If they do not get you out of yourself, nothing will. From amber to zygomatic arch, the bewildering and fascinating universe is here, in language which everyone can understand and enjoy.

AN OPEN FORUM

[Informative, argumentative, or amusing letters from readers, on any subject, in any manner, will be welcomed to these pages.]

THE LITERARY FOURTH ESTATE

SIR: Mr. Karl F. Zeisler, who says newspaper authors never arrive, has been eating doughnuts. He is perfectly right when he says that the routine of newspaper work often eviscerates the writing talents of many young men, but when he declares it is the general rule and that the success of a newspaper man like Ring Lardner is an exception which proves the rule, he is forgetting a lot of evidence.

In my own time in New York (I used to be a moderately good reporter) I worked with the following newspapermen who since then have had varying degrees of success as magazine writers, novelists, and writers for the motion pictures: Alva Johnston, John O'Hara, James Thurber, Joel Sayre, Nunnally Johnson, James M. Cain, Damon Runyon, Louis Bromfield, Gene Fowler, Bruce Gould, Phil Stong, Oliver H. P. Garrett, Walter Davenport, Elmer Davis, Donald Henderson Clarke, Walter Millis, Ishbel Ross, Frank Sullivan, James K. McGuinness, and if you want me to be really funny about it — Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

Mencken and Nathan were reporters. So were James Branch Cabell, Ernest Hemingway, Theodore Dreiser, Irvin S. Cobb, Arthur Somers Roche, Ward Greene, Alexander Woollcott, George S. Kaufman, Marc Connelly, Carl Sandburg, Charles MacArthur, Ben Hecht, Sinclair Lewis, Thyra Samter Winslow, and if you want another gag — Albert Payson Terhune.

Some of these people are pretty good writers.

Newspaper work didn't exactly destroy the talents of Edgar Allan Poe, Stephen Crane, David Graham Phillips, O. Henry, Richard Harding Davis, and Ambrose Bierce. England has produced four fairly decent writers, at least, who did newspaper work. I refer to H. G.

Wells, G. B. Shaw, Arnold Bennett, and Rudyard Kipling. Maybe all of these people would have done better if they had never been in a newspaper office, but I doubt it.

Mr. Zeisler, who writes very well himself, should take an aspirin and try to relax. Newspapers are not always gelders of genius.

STANLEY WALKER

New York



RETREAT FROM BAR HARBOR

SIR: I thought Mr. Petrie's letter, in the May OPEN FORUM, advocating the evacuation of South Dakota was first-rate; but he didn't go far enough—why only South Dakota? I rise to a point of order and suggest similar treatment for the State of Maine. The climate down here is plainly unfit for human habitation from October to May each year. Only hibernating farmers, subdormant legislators, Indian guides, and landlocked salmon manage to survive the ice and snow. Nothing happens here for six miserable months, until we come out of our burrows in May to hail the shadow of the first Chevrolet-load of summer boarders. Then for six months we attack the lush tourists ravenously, gorging ourselves with enough fat to last through another winter.

What I propose is that the State of Maine be evacuated yearly on October 31, and the natives shipped up to New York. There they would be forced to spend their summer earnings in night clubs and other dens of raw vice, thus putting good money back into circulation and inducing a mild inflation. They could be sent back here to man the summer hotels on May 1, and the process started all over again. Six months'

absence a year would be good for the natives and it would be even better for Maine. God made this state for a summer resort, and any attempt to use it for other purposes is not only downright stupid but actually irreverent. How long will it be before Americans learn to live only in the sections of this country that are really habitable?

JOHN DEXTER

Bangor, Me.



THE POOR PULITZER PRIZE

SIR: Our Pulitzer Prize has so often been badly awarded that no writer can possibly take it seriously or think of it as any more than a convenient and free bit of publicity of the somewhat less effective variety. It has, on occasion, called attention to a mediocre novel and stimulated sales by exaggerating importance. I am qualified to speak only of the drama and novel awards. Occasionally the judges have been forced to make a suitable award. Usually, when they have chosen between a group of mediocrities, they have done extremely badly. I should like to see the prize discontinued if only for the dignity of American letters.

SIDNEY HOWARD

Princeton, N. J.



PORTRAIT OF AN ENGLISHMAN

SIR: The following is a clipping from the London *Times*. As you can see, I haven't altered even so much as a comma. Who would dare to? The letter is the most perfect description of a professional Britisher I have ever run across in thirty years of reading.

K. L. CASEY

London

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON TIMES

Sir,—A letter in *The Times* of January 4 signed "A Forty Years' Reader" tempts me to tell you what has led to my having read *The Times* for over 74 years. In October, 1857, at Florence, my father called me into his study and said:—"My boy, circumstances beyond my control oblige us to remain in Italy for some years. I want you to be an English boy and to grow into an Englishman. What will do that more than anything else and teach you all about England will be reading *The Times*. Every morning after breakfast you shall read me one

or two paragraphs." I was filled with pride, and the one or two soon became a goodly number.

In 1862, when my father died, I had no *Times*, but I managed to obtain a copy when a week old and to keep it for one day. It made a heavy inroad on my slender pocket money. Pride gave way to interest, and I read *The Times* from cover to cover till I started for England in 1868.

In London I at once tried, and succeeded, in obtaining *The Times*, and interest gave way to habit. In 1870 I became a successful "competition wallah," and since then I have bought or subscribed for *The Times*. I never missed one in Egypt nor in South Africa during the Boer War, nor during my time in India. In 1873 Delane showed me over *The Times* Office. I was ill in the spring of last year. *The Times* was carefully kept, and I have devoted the last Christmas Day and the Bank Holiday to reading 13 back numbers. I was happy, for habit has given way to obsession.

Your obedient servant,

GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON

Turf Club, Jan. 8



EMPHATIC MR. STRONG

SIR: L. A. G. Strong's article, "English Poetry Since Brooke," is of great interest to me as subject matter; and somewhat curiously, might I say, dogmatic in presentment though it is, it induces co-operation. I am aware, however, of fire in Padraic Colum that the word "innocent" scarcely conveys; it is a great thing to be able to express strong truths quietly. And for me John Masefield has more illusion than apparently he has for Mr. Strong; also, though I don't object to it, "... humanitarianism and an intense love of animals are not easy to express in poetry" is to me an arresting statement.

Very pleasing aspects of the article are the proprietorial impartiality of the observations, the conciseness in connection with extensiveness of survey, and at various points an ability to state with delicacy certain insights which are difficult to express; for example that W. H. Auden's "achievement hitherto is semiprivate, in the sense that those who know him personally have a better chance of understanding it than those who do not." One also concurs very earnestly with Mr. Strong's implication that proficiency apologizes for singularity, and that "in contemplating nature" a man can live "as intensely as

when he is contesting an election on the Communist ticket."

Mr. Strong has made his statements so emphatically as to excite interest in modern poetry and he obliges one to infer a certain continuity of poetic development. Either feat is not very usual it seems to me.

MARIANNE MOORE

Brooklyn, N. Y.



THE LUSITANIA

SIR: Oswald Garrison Villard evidently thinks the Germans had no "right" to sink the *Lusitania* because she, so he claims, was not carrying munitions to England ("The True Story of the *Lusitania*," in your May issue). Oddly enough, Mr. Villard admits that the liner's cargo did include 4000 cases of Springfield cartridges—which are indubitably munitions if I understand the meaning of the word. That, however, is a small matter. The point that all pacifists fail to recognize is that *anything edible or wearable is munitions*. Potatoes are as much war material as 42-centimeter shells; wheat is as vital a munition as TNT; and shoes are as necessary to a belligerent as machine guns. Any vessel transporting foods or goods which can be used to sustain the population of a power at war is at once a war vessel, and must inevitably be treated as such. How can this be rationally disputed?

Of course ninety per cent of the condemnation accorded the German submarine campaign during the last war was directly inspired by the superefficient English propaganda. No mention was ever made of the English blockade, which prohibited any ship from reaching Germany. It is only obvious to point out that, when boatloads of food were prevented by this blockade from reaching their destinations, thousands of German women and children starved to death. Thus the charge of "taking the lives of innocent non-combatants" can be as logically brought against the officers of His Majesty's Fleet as against the U-boat commanders. Needless to say, if this pertinent parallel had been pointed out as forcefully in 1917 as the horror of submarine warfare was pointed out by the British propagandists, the United States would never have entered the war—on the side of the Allies. Of course, the sinking of passenger ships by the German undersea fleet was much more dramatic than the British Navy's slow starvation of unidentified women and children in Berlin. As usual in the so-called cere-

bration of *homo sapiens*, the appeal to the emotions was more powerful than the facts in the case.

Far be it from me to suggest that any nation, let alone ours, should ever be expected to enter a war intelligently. It hasn't been done for centuries. And it won't come to pass in the near future—we will no doubt shortly be locked in mortal combat with Japan, just because some Filipino's fishing canoe is upset by the wash from a Jap destroyer. No, I am not an uplifter. But what I do insist on disputing is the hair-splitting that the pacifists are now engaged in. I say we ought to face the facts of life—we're old enough. There are no humane rules for war and there never will be. Let's not quibble about whether BB shot is a munition and caramel custard pie is not. *Anything which can be used by man is war material*. It is about time we stopped sentimentalizing and buckled down to the facts. The next war isn't going to govern itself by anybody's moralistic ideas of what is "right."

CAMERON G. DAVIDSON

New York



SIR: I read with interest Oswald Garrison Villard's article, "The True Story of the *Lusitania*," in the May *MERCURY*. I am not quite sure, however, that turning over this sorry business of the *Lusitania* is very profitable, at this time. Especially now that Captain Turner is dead, and we can't get his story. I have recently written an article for *Liberty* dealing with the slightly ossified mentality of many commanders; and I am now in correspondence with a former naval officer who served aboard the *Mauretania* before the war and who has no illusions as to the average intelligence of shipmasters. In fact I had some such article in mind not long ago, raising the question of the wages on which officers of freighters are expected to be intelligent. The New York cop on the beat is better paid.

The most important part of Mr. Villard's article concerns the questionable wisdom shown by the big steamship lines in operating so strictly on the seniority system, whereby the man who is merely careful, and manages to avoid trouble, eventually graduates into the highest positions. This works, except when, as in the case of the *Lusitania*, he suddenly faces a situation in which he needs to make lightning decisions and make them right. As for the *Lusitania* not being where the Admiralty ordered her to be, that went on all through the war. Ships were always being sunk, with a

destroyer twenty miles away. If the master had obeyed orders, he would have been where the destroyer was. But if he had obeyed orders from an impersonal and *socially superior* Navy he wouldn't have been a merchant-ship master. He often thought (privately) that the Navy was a fool, and took no notice. I am speaking of ship-masters in general, not of Captain Turner. There was friction. The Navy didn't understand the masters, and the masters wouldn't understand that the Navy was doing things for their own good. So there were faults on both sides.

WILLIAM MCFEE

Westport, Conn.

SIR: "The True Story of the *Lusitania*," is a somewhat labored attempt on the part of a notorious apologist for Germany to show that blame for this atrocity should rest with the steamship company rather than with the German Government, which ordered the ship's destruction. It is palpably a piece of fatuous futility to argue that there was no intention on the part of the Germans to sink the *Lusitania*, because of the general nature of the published warning to prospective travelers. The author speaks of the warning appearing in the papers under date of April 22. Why does he fail to mention the appearance of this same warning in the newspapers of May 1, the day of the *Lusitania's* sailing? And how does he explain the anonymous telegrams received by many of the ship's passengers warning them against the proposed voyage?

It is no revival of war passions to assert that after twenty years the black infamy of that awful crime still haunts its perpetrators as well as their apologists, and this very paper by Mr. Villard is an unconscious confession of that solemn fact. Taking everything as true entirely apart from those facts not stated—and there is really no dispute about them—no argument however ingenious can ever change the unanimous verdict of history on the "deep damnation" of the deed committed by the German Government on that fateful May day. Mr. Villard makes a good plea, but it doesn't ring true.

WENDELL H. NEY

Chicago

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION

SIR: I have recently been trying to find out what has become of the psychoanalysts. At one time

they were as common in our midst as panhandlers, but at the present moment they are more notable for their dearth. The only solution to the mystery that I can think of is that, with the advent of the New Deal, they all made a lightning change and became economists. Do you agree?

WALLACE MARQUAND

Dallas, Tex.

CURES FOR PERJURY

SIR: Judge Ulman's interesting article "Perjury in the Courts," in your May issue, clearly states the difficulties which beset a court in its search for truth, and accurately points out the existence of two forms of untruths on the witness stand: (1) the failure to remember detailed events after a lapse of time, (2) the deliberate lying of witnesses to achieve selfish ends.

The first could be corrected if it were possible to hold trials soon after the event. This is hard to do in large cities, where congested calendars delay trials sometimes for three years. If the taxpayers' pockets could stand it, a remedy would lie in the creation of more courts and judges, but that is an ideal situation which will take time to achieve. But at least the machinery for setting down correct statements of fact could be engendered by an adequate system of examinations before trial in which the litigants could put their witnesses on record while the facts are still fresh in mind. And this would serve also to curb the second evil, for deliberate lying becomes easier to accomplish with the passing of time. As Judge Ulman points out, actual perjury is prevalent because of the difficulty of conviction and punishment. This might be cured by making the penalties lighter than they are now in many jurisdictions (reducing felonies to misdemeanors), and possibly by eliminating a jury in favor of a judge or bench of three judges to avoid the natural sympathy of fallible humans with their fellows.

JOSEPH P. POLLARD

Colorado Springs, Col.

ARE YOU LISTENING?

SIR: Mr. Littell wrote an interesting article in your April number about modern annoyances, including the radio. But he said nothing about the raucous, strident, ear-shattering voices of the announcers. The only time an impulse to murder arises in me is when I am jolted from my chair

by some moronic announcer's shouting "This is the Chafe and Mixwell coffee hour!" or some other such perfectly unimportant statement. He bellows this announcement at the top of his voice with more emotion and power than if he were introducing Leonardo da Vinci in the flesh. Worse, every fifteen minutes he returns to the microphone to holler that his coffee has no fusel oil in it or something else equally uninteresting, and even brings a chorus of stooges to repeat the words in loud screams after him. The result is that I have never allowed a can of this coffee in my home. Does anyone else feel the same way?

CHESTER KRASNOV

Seattle, Wash.



BERLIN PROTESTS

SIR: The most notorious single fact about the honesty of the American press is that the honesty does not exist. Every cable from an American correspondent in Germany since the advent of Adolph Hitler is added proof to the truth of what I say. Not one honest news story has come out of Berlin. Hitler has been maligned, reviled, and cursed. Does it occur to no one that a man worshiped by 98% of the German people must have some good in him? If Roosevelt were half as well loved here in the United States he would get a lot more peaceful sleep between now and 1936.

The latest example of this prejudice was the cabled report of Der Führer's order for national conscription. The *New York Times* announced pontifically that this action turned the Treaty of Versailles into a "scrap of paper." As opposed to the continual violation of the same treaty by France *not* making it into a scrap of paper? The *Herald Tribune* of the same city ended its leading article with a choice bit of "editorializing in the news columns" when it said that the law re-introducing conscription "made sorry reading for Americans who went into the war so ardently in the hope it was 'a war to end war' and a war to 'make the world safe for democracy.'" Overlooking the puerility of the *Herald Tribune's* conception of the causes of the war, one points out again that the announcement, three days before, that the French were increasing their period of military training from one year to two was just as much a violation of the Treaty of Versailles; because that treaty specifically provides that the Allies shall not increase armament either. Yet the press greets the news of fresh prepara-

tion for war on the part of the French—the most viciously militaristic nation of modern history—with sugary sympathy; while the preparations of the Germans to guard against further French aggression are received with denunciation and revilement.

I can't understand it. But the day will come when the world will recognize Adolph Hitler as the greatest leader of his time.

WILLIAM SCHULTZE

Jersey City, N. J.



SAD ITEM

SIR: Misgovernment in the United States cannot be corrected until a law is enacted barring lawyers from public office. Since nearly all offices are now held by lawyers who lack the ability to earn an honest living, there is no hope for enactment of such a law. Therefore misgovernment in the United States will continue forever.

RANDOLPH BARTLETT

New York



PORTRAIT OF A PATRIOT

SIR: I met a most remarkable American the other day. He is a veteran of the A.E.F. (wounded in action—*Croix de Guerre*), a man now thirty-seven years of age, supporting a wife and three children. Salary \$2300 a year.

In talking with him I learned the following facts: 1. Since receiving his honorable discharge from the army in December, 1918, he has not joined the American Legion or any other veteran's organization. 2. He has not applied for, or accepted, one cent of government money in any form—no bonus, no free hospitalization, no free insurance, clothing, or food. 3. He did not put in for his adjusted compensation certificate. 4. He has not agitated for the bonus or written to his congressman about it. 5. He has never asked for preference over nonveterans in obtaining a job. 6. He has never demanded that the government support him and his dependents and their dependents for life. 7. Since November 11, 1918, he has never marched in a parade.

In brief, this man, when the war ended, came home, took off his uniform, threw it in the ash can, and resumed the honest pursuits of an ordinary citizen.

What I want to know: Is this man a 100% American patriot—or just a plain damn fool?

NELSON R. CODERT

Concord, Mass.

THE CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN BROOME, age twenty, has been writing less than a year. At present he is employed in a New Jersey manufacturing plant and is completing his first novel, *There's a Goal*.

EARL DANIELS has contributed verse to numerous periodicals, including *Poetry*, the *New Republic*, and the *Bookman*. At present he is teaching English at Colgate University.

JEROME W. EPHRAIM, who contributes his informative articles regularly to THE MERCURY, is the author of *Consumer's Guide to Scientific Buying*.

JOHN ERSKINE is Professor of English at Columbia University and the author of many popular books.

JAMES T. FARRELL has recently completed, with the publication of *Judgment Day*, his distinguished trilogy on sidewalk life in Chicago. The first two novels of the three were *Young Lonigan* and *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan*. Mr. Farrell's apprenticeship to writing was served, after he left the University of Chicago, as expressman, cigar-store clerk, filling-station attendant, advertising salesman, and office boy to an undertaking parlor.

FORD MADDOX FORD, author of *Provence* (reviewed in this issue), has just published a novel, *Ladies Whose Bright Eyes*.

MYRON GORDON is Heckscher Research Zoologist at Cornell.

WILLIAM GROSSMAN, Harvard A.B., M.A., and LL.B., has been active in the savings-bank life insurance movement in New York.

TRAVIS HOKE was born in St. Louis and educated at Washington University there. His first job was on the old St. Louis *Republic*. Later he was editor of *Popular Science Monthly*.

W. F. KERNAN, captain in the Regular Army, was educated at Tulane and Harvard. He is the translator of Marshal Foch's *Conduct of War*.

NEWMAN LEVY, New York lawyer, is the author of *Opera Guyed* and *Theatre Guyed*. He contributed "Justice Goes Tabloid" to the April issue of THE MERCURY.

SUE NORTH is a teacher in a Southern Negro college.

S. K. PADOVER, born in Austria, came to this country in 1920. He was educated in Vienna and has received degrees from Wayne University and the University of Chicago. Since 1933 he has been Research Associate in History at the University of California. His most recent book is *The Revolutionary Emperor: Joseph the Second*, published in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin.

E. MERRILL ROOT is Professor of Literature at Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana. He is the author of two volumes of poetry, *Lost Eden* and *Bow of Burning Gold*.

H. W. SEAMAN, born in England, has served on newspapers in Canada and the United States. He is at present on the staff of the *Sunday Chronicle*, London.

L. A. SIGAUD has been banker, lawyer, and corporation executive. He was commanding officer of the American Corps of Interpreters with the A.E.F. and is now a lieutenant colonel, U. S. Army Reserve Corps.

ANTHONY M. TURANO, a frequent contributor to THE MERCURY, practices law in Reno, Nevada.

LOUIS UNTERMAYER is the well-known critic.

CHARLES WOLVERTON, newspaperman, reports that he has recently been a grocery clerk, telephone lineman, carnival-concession agent, and a writer of pickle advertisements. He attended Park College, Missouri.

ARNOLD ZWEIG, exiled from Nazi Germany, is at present in Palestine. His best-known work is *The Case of Sergeant Grisha*. Viking Press will publish a volume of his short stories next month.



\$500 REWARD

That the American undergraduate is not at all bashful about saying what he thinks becomes more obvious each day as entries for THE MERCURY's \$500 prize contest come in from all sections of the Republic. The students were asked to give their opinions of the professors who are currently governing the country under the pedagogic aegis of the New Deal. Suggestions as to how the present sad plight of the nation might be improved by the undergraduates themselves, if given a free hand, were also solicited. The young writers have fallen to with a whoop and are now everywhere engaged in joyfully lambasting the dignified brethren of cap and gown. The suggestion that the federal government be taken over by a Student Council seems to have met with widespread approval, and the idea of a twenty-one-year-old Chief Executive has been cogently advanced by several of the competitors. This

essay contest still has two more months to run. Undergraduate monographs on any phase of the subject will be welcomed.

RULES GOVERNING THE COMPETITION

1. The best essay received prior to September 1, 1935, will win its author \$500. No paper received after midnight, August 31, will be considered.
2. No essay may be more than 2500 words in length.
3. All undergraduates of American colleges and universities are eligible to compete.
4. MSS. should be addressed to Contest Editor, The American Mercury, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.
5. The judges, whose decision will be final, are H. L. Mencken, Laurence Stallings, and Paul Palmer.



IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES

THAT WILL BE FINE

by William Faulkner

TROPICAL WEATHER AT THE SOUTH POLE

by Lincoln Ellsworth

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS WRONG

by Eugene Lyons

THE TRUTH ABOUT HANGOVERS

by Jerome W. Ephraim

WALT WHITMAN — STRANGER

by Mark Van Doren

THE CENTENARY OF MARK TWAIN'S BIRTH

by Edgar Lee Masters

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF THE DEPRESSION

by Katharine Fullerton Gerould

POETRY

by Bernice Kenyon, E. B. White, and others



OLD - FASH I O N E D

S I M P L I C I T Y



TELEPHONE SERVICE in this country is modern. It leads the world. Yet there is an old-fashioned simplicity about the Bell System. This applies to capital structure and financial methods as well as to the nation-wide plan of decentralized operation under centralized control.

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY



THE NEW FICTION

*Continued from front advertising
section, page vii*

has become, in its turn, a pattern. But *Siesta*, by Barry Fleming (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50), is a really unhackneyed novel of the South. Fleming breaks away from the already outmoded school of violence as completely as he avoids the banalities of the elder tradition. His characters are no more monsters of cruelty than they are wax dolls. They are human beings, influenced quite normally by their environment. It is interesting to conjecture how much of human nature — nobility, passion, genius — is geography. Sinister influences work beneath the surface of Fleming's Alabama town, culminating in a tragedy tinged with irony. The story is told so quietly — in keeping with its title — and the final tragedy is touched so lightly that the book seems to creep up on the reader and become, before he knows it, a fine novel.

The Island, by Claire Spencer (Smith & Haas, \$2.50), is of the North and the sea, but in it romance, emotion, and atmosphere become romanticism, emotionalism, and atmospheric effects. Miss Spencer is a highly talented woman, but I believe that a quality which she perhaps cherishes as "fey" is actually a lurid imagination. Her scenes, players, and plots are bathed in a light, not unearthly, but theatrical. Consequently, in spite of minute and loving nature descriptions, the West Highland scene is insubstantial: the people posture and declaim; the action leaves one unmoved; and the two really stalwart characters of the novel, an adamantine woman and a grand old sea captain (clear indication of what Miss Spencer can do if she will), upset the balance of the story, as a cold blast or a stiff breeze might upset backdrop and wings.

With "Young Joseph being seventeen," Thomas Mann continues in *Young Joseph* (Knopf, \$2.50) the trilogy begun in *Joseph and His Brothers*. He follows the Genesis story closely until the brothers return with the coat of many colors, torn and reddened with the blood of the kid. With sumptuous imagination, he has built up a background of astonishing richness for the stark Biblical narrative. It is a daring writer who attempts collaboration with the Old Testament, but Mann meets the test trium-

phantly. For sheer grandeur of mind he has not his equal among contemporary writers. Himself eating the bitter bread of exile, he forces no analogies between the fate of the German Jew and that of Joseph, but he who runs may read. Let the heathen rage. Mann dwells in an impregnable spiritual stronghold. He grows in wisdom and grace.

In contrast to Mann's fine work, we have *Abraham, Prince of Ur*, by W. G. Hardy (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50), the attempt of an archæologist and historian to make a novel out of another great Old Testament story. Hardy provides excellent side reading on the Sumerians, ancient Egypt, and the tribal ways of the Habiru; but against his elaborate background and inside his careful costumes, unhappy dummies strut — a DeMille spectacle. Think of the grand Jewish picture of Abraham haggling with God over Sodom, and of the sacrifice of Isaac, a story almost foolproof emotionally, since it comes to life even in the stiffest of the old English mystery plays. Then turn sadly to a Sarah who is the lascivious, domineering vixen out of Hollywood; to a Hagar, the abused, pure-minded mistress of how many novels; to senselessly vulgar scenes and painfully colloquial dialogue.

An authentic talent is revealed in *Condemned to Live*, by Johann Rabener (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.), translated from the German, by Geoffrey Dunlap, into flexible, idiomatic prose which deserves special commendation. Rabener owes much to the precept and example of Jacob Wasserman, the obvious prototype of the Victor of the novel, who plays the rôle of kindly mentor to Fedor. Rabener is an avowed disciple of Dostoevski, but there is in his work a clarity and logic and a classic sense of proportion not found in the murky pages of the Russian Titan. This modern version of the Oedipus-Jocasta theme is held strictly in hand. There is a notable absence of hysteria in the author's point of view, although the background of the story is the hysterical postwar Berlin of inflation, deflation, suicide, and sexual degeneracy. Rabener's technical virtuosity is remarkable, and it will be interesting to observe his creative development as he proceeds to emerge from the shadow of the superman whose genius dominates this novel.

9th printing*

5th printing†

3rd printing‡

A BOOK published in 1925 reprinted for the ninth time—one published in 1926 reprinted for the fifth time—another published in 1932 reprinted for the third time. Two titles exhausted and allowed to go out of print. Such is the record for March of The New Republic Dollar Series, which for ten years has maintained itself as the only successful venture in publishing new books at low prices.

HAVING been the first to introduce the glassine wrapper (later to be followed by cellophane), the Series is now pioneering with a light cloth binding of a new durable material which renders jackets unnecessary. It is to be hoped that this new departure will meet with general favor since it combines the flexibility of the paper covers heretofore used, with the permanence of a library binding.

THE first title to appear in the new dress is "Permanence and Change," by Kenneth Burke, a work in philosophy by a non-professional philosopher. The author describes it as "psychological fiction" in which such thinkers as Bentham, Marx, Darwin, Freud, Spinoza, Nietzsche, Bergson, Veblen, Dewey and the many brands of modern artists are allowed to speak their parts. It is an exciting and attractive book which everybody concerned with the orientation of his own thinking should possess. And it may be had very simply, either by sending back \$1.00 with the coupon below or inquiring at any good bookstore.

* YOUTH IN CONFLICT
by Miriam Van Waters

† MEANING OF ADULT
EDUCATION
by E. C. Lindeman

‡ THE POWER FIGHT
by Stephen Raushenbush

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

Of the English novels read this month two are comedies of character and manners, written with that fine detachment and in that clean, lucid style which mark the work of so many gifted Englishwomen. Susan Ertz in *Now We Set Out* (D. Appleton-Century Co. \$2.50) writes a simple story of a young husband, jealous of what has gone before, and a young wife, wise in her generation. Even though a little "new poor" complication comes into it, the plot is scarcely novel. But the wisely and gently smiling onlooker-emotion, the cheerful good sense, and the gracious prose of the book make for delightful reading. In Elizabeth Cambridge's *Susan and Johanna* (Putnam's, \$2.50) there is a little more passion, if the same poise. Indeed I believe Miss Cambridge could handle a bigger theme. This is a character study of two young women meeting the emotional problems of their lives in the peaceful setting of the Cotswold countryside. The book is written with remarkable economy. An insight, at once intelligent and intuitive, into the details of living which go to make up character and a deceptively unstudied style mark a writer of considerable talent.

Nothing Like Leather, by V. S. Pritchett (Macmillan \$2.50), I found a dullish success story, a bitter tragedy of ambition and self-love. The central figure's life from tannery pits to London office is a sort of soul-tanning process, and is skillfully handled from a psychological point of view; but the prose is rather stiff and angular. *Shadow of Swords*, by Robert H. Hill (D. Appleton-Century, \$2.), is an honest, amateurish tale of hunger marchers and labor riots in an English village, in which the scholarly idealist, biting off more than he can chew, the convinced ironmaster, the pro- and anti-violence labor leaders, the troubled clergyman, and the young lovers appear with more sincerity of purpose than skill of presentation. And *Dew in April*, by John Clayton (Kendall & Sharp, \$3.), pleased me, as a lover of good, sound historical novels, very much. It is a story of convent and monastery life in thirteenth-century Provence in the heresy-hunting days which followed the Albigensian Crusade, and I found it fine, both in its historical details and human characterizations, and in the author's understanding of the medieval temper.

The Pumpkin Coach, by Louis Paul (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50), is a more heartening book for a spring day. It is America seen through the bright, friendly eyes of an educated Samoan boy who dreamed that it was heaven and found it was good earth. Uan lands in San Francisco and

sees things and, when his money is gone, bums his way to New York and a job. He gets to know all kinds of Americans and he likes them. He has a fine time, and some horrible things happen. In the hospital where he finds work, he gives blood for a transfusion. A dying man lives, and Uan feels all the better. That is a bit of easy symbolism for a story of the widow's-curse sort of heart—the more it pours out, the fuller it is. Sharp scenes, fuses that touch off whole panoramas in the reader's imagination, enrich a novel which I must be allowed to call wholesome. The book is both touching and gay. There is plenty of gusto in it, but no noise. It sometimes seems as though it took new eyes to see America.

The clearest new eyes that have seen it for a long time are those of Louis Adamic. With his vision, temperance, honesty, and warmth, he needs only a fine prose style to make him a writer of great and good influence. If too much journalistic reading and writing could be balanced by a diet of Swift and the *Areopagitica* for a few months, the best of America would have, in Louis Adamic, a powerful, eloquent voice. His story of immigrant blood and America today is *The Grandsons* (Harpers, \$2.50). It is not so much a novel as a stage set, characters introduced, and two acts performed. As father-confessor and commentator, Adamic hears the story of the Gales. Their grandfather was Galé from Carniola, their grandmother, part Indian and part Yankee. And they have other European blood. They are Peter and Margaret, and Jack, their cousin. From the grandfather, killed in the Haymarket riots, to a big-shot gangster grandson, a wobbly grandson, a social-climbing granddaughter, and a neurotic grandson struggling to keep his footing on a heaving world, the Gales are American. Margaret disappears into the wealthy middle class; Andy is shot to death by fellow gangsters; Jack, married to a New England Adams gone Stalinist, dies for One Big Union on the sands of the Imperial Valley; and Peter, half-mad, leaves, on his deathbed, his notes for the great American novel. Of them all, Jack, simple-hearted and single-minded, alone is at peace with himself. Of course, there is no ending to such a story. Adamic does not try to give one. His job is to sort the notes. We all know the settings and the characters. What happens happens because of them and by them. What happens around us all and before our eyes. The notes, alone, are Adamic's creation. In his hands they may become, some day, a great novel. But probably he will not live long enough to learn the end. As the notes are now, they are for you to read and work on yourself.



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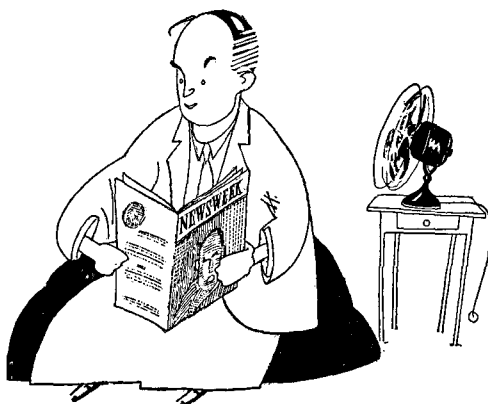


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M6

RECORDED MUSIC

SYMPHONY IN E FLAT (*Koechel 543*).

By *W. A. Mozart.* R.C.A.-Victor (Nos. 11775-77)
\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records *Camden, N. J.*

From the succession of Mozart sets that the winter has given us, one would think that it was his anniversary and not Bach's that is being celebrated this year. However, another recording of the E-flat symphony can hardly be looked upon as undesirable, especially one with as many virtues as this effort of Bruno Walter and the British Broadcasting Company's Symphony Orchestra. Though Walter is at that dangerous point in his career when the designation of "specialist" is dangling over him (moreover, a specialist in Mozart), his instinctive musicianship has thus far preserved him from the overrefinements which seem inevitable under those circumstances. Save for an excessively stressed point or two in the slow movement, this symphony is very sympathetically treated. The orchestra is excellent, and the recording satisfactory.

OVERTURE—"WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME."

By *Roy Harris.* R.C.A.-Victor (8629)
\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record *Camden, N. J.*

TRIO FOR STRINGS (*No. 2*).

By *Paul Hindemith.* Columbia (68274-76D)
\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records *New York*

CONCERTO FOR HARP AND SEVEN WIND INSTRUMENTS.

By *Carlos Salzedo.* Columbia (68282-84D)
\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records *New York*

Contemporary music is well-represented on discs this month with three large works of living composers, including one (the Harris overture) which was commissioned by the recording company for phonographic reproduction. It is regrettable that the gesture was not better rewarded, for Harris has inflated this trifling theme out of all relationship to its essential meaning or significance. There are a few good lugubrious moments, but the piece as a whole is noisy, empty of musical quality. It is well-recorded by the excellent Minneapolis Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy. The Hindemith trio has that rarest of virtues for a contemporary work, the impression of an actual creative impulse. It is a limited age, artistically, that must recognize in such a minor work as this the measure of its musical potency, but that recognition has more flattering implications than those contained in a dozen more pretentious pieces. Paul Hindemith, Simon Goldberg, and Emmanuel Feuermann do an excellent

job of the performance, and the recording has been very well achieved. Salzedo is more widely known as a harp virtuoso than as a composer, though he is one of the most ingenious and cultivated musicians now resident in America. This work is interesting primarily for the sonorities Salzedo has created for the instruments of his choice; the material itself is pleasant enough, if of no great originality. Lucille Lawrence is the harpist, and the reproduction is admirable. A short harp solo (*Chanson dans la Nuit*), also by Salzedo, occupies the sixth side.

DIE FLEDERMAUS—COUPLET; CZARDAS.

By *Johann Strauss.* Columbia (G4101M)
\$1.25 2 parts; 1 10-inch record *New York*

DER DOPPELGÄNGER-STÄNDCHEN.

By *Franz Schubert.* Columbia (4099M)
\$1.25 2 parts; 1 10-inch record *New York*

Both of these records are the work of international celebrities—the first, of Lotte Lehmann; the second, of Richard Tauber. But the things they are engaged with do not suit their abilities with equal felicity. Mme. Lehmann is responsible for a really unique record in the two excerpts from *Die Fledermaus*. Her abundant vitality and musical feeling easily compensate for the blemishes of tonal quality that are more than occasional in her singing. She is, indeed, a priceless interpretative artist. Tauber is guilty of so many refinements in his singing of these two songs that the fine quality of his voice is quite beside the point. But the record would be disqualified in any case by the use of an orchestral accompaniment in place of the piano originally designated by Schubert. The conductor in each case is Dr. Weissman, who does his job very capably.

CONCERTO IN A MINOR (*No. 1*).

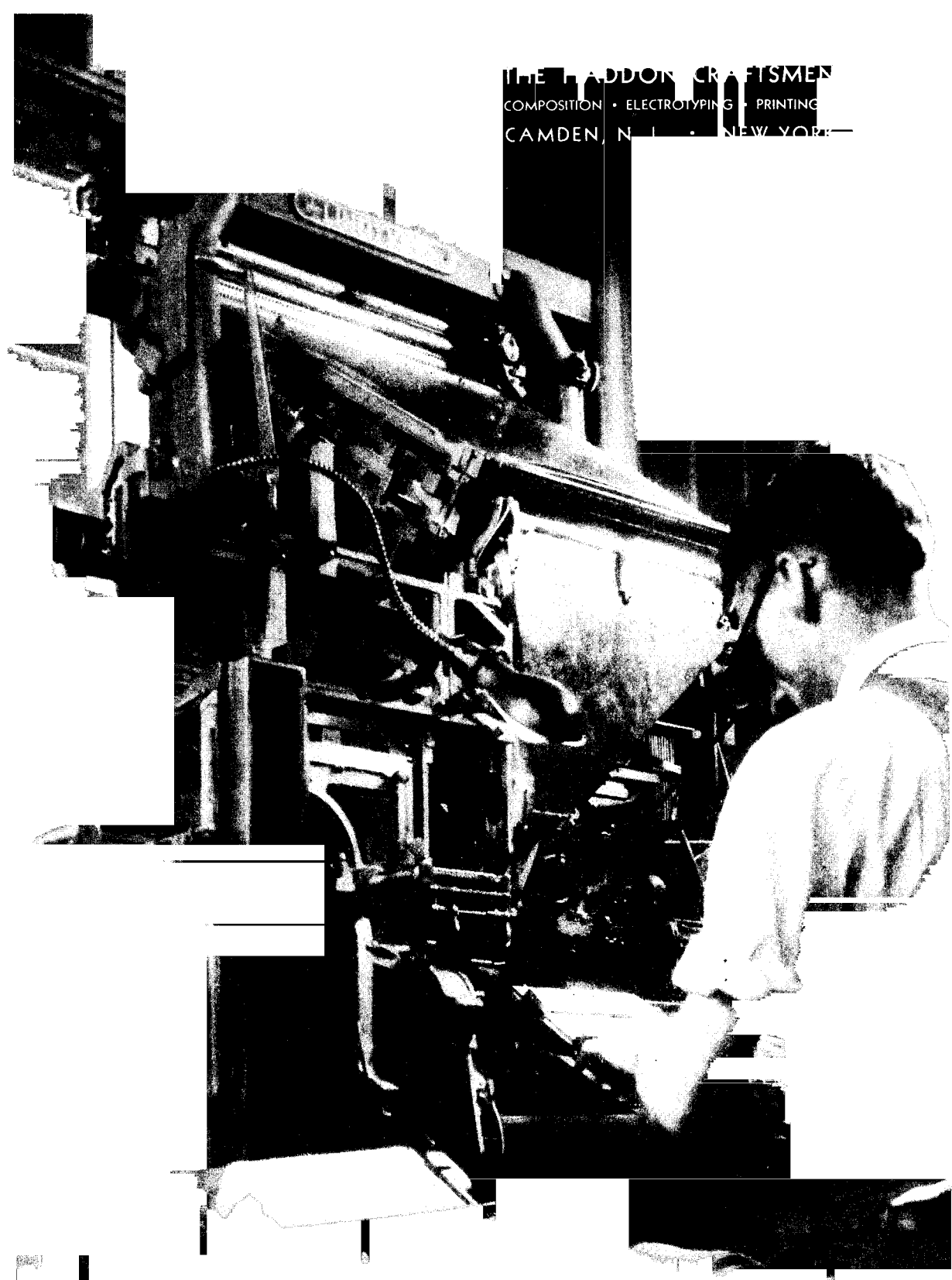
By *J. S. Bach.* Columbia (Nos. 68277-78D)
\$3 4 parts; 2 12-inch records *New York*

Not the best of the Bach violin-concertos, this is nevertheless a welcome addition to the number of those on discs. It is particularly interesting for connoisseurs of violin-playing, for the performance of the solo part is an excellent example of stylistic authority and decisive grasp of the musical materials; while certain phrases are superbly articulated. However, it is somewhat less attractive, tonally, than one could wish, and the orchestra is recurrently thin and unpleasant. A conductor noted merely as "Dobroy" supplies the accompaniment with a group of players from the Vienna Philharmonic.

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ART OF THE FUGUE.

By Johann Sebastian Bach.

Columbia (Nos. 68257-66D)

\$15 19 parts; 10 12-inch records New York

Another impressive contribution to the Bach anniversary (as celebrated on the phonograph), the *Art of the Fugue* is here presented in the Roy Harris version for string quartet. Though the Graesner arrangement for chamber orchestra still remains unchallenged as a performing medium for this monumental expatriation on a motto theme, the Harris transcription does take the work off paper and offer it to the ear. It is safe to assert that more people will hear this work in the next ten years than have heard it in the past century and a half — a sizeable justification for any mechanical device, were an apologia for the phonograph needed. The Roth Quartet plays the work with much comprehension, and the recording is excellent.



CONCERTO IN D MAJOR (FOR ORCHESTRA WITH ORGAN).

By Georg Friedrich Händel. Columbia (No. 68256D)

\$1.50 2 parts; 1 12-inch record New York

One of a dozen concerti by Händel for this combination, the D major is a strikingly characteristic example of his genius, with that lordly expansiveness of style which remains uniquely Händelian. In this version by Sir Hamilton Harty (who also conducts), the solo passages for organ are purely incidental; they are rendered with exceptional fidelity in the reproduction. It is an excellent companion-piece to the recently recorded *Origin of Design* suite of Händel (Beecham), and the tonal quality has much of the same brilliance. The London Symphony Orchestra and Harold Dawber (organist) are the artists.



SYMPHONY ON A FRENCH MOUNTAIN AIR.

By Vincent D'Indy.

Columbia (68279-81D)

\$4.50 6 parts; 3 12-inch records New York

D'Indy's death last year has somehow served to direct attention to his considerable output of compositions, though during his lifetime he was more widely known for his biographies of Beethoven and Franck. Though the individuality manifested in his works is not large and is completely unaggressive, there is in them a quiet and pervasive superiority of musical thought that entitles D'Indy to a definite place among the minor figures of the last generation of composers. In fact one might designate him as the next step forward for the adulators of Franck, when they tire of the one work he rewrote a dozen times. This is not the best among D'Indy's works, but it is an excellent introduction to the quality of his thought, the manner of its expression. Marguerite Long is the assisting pianist, and Paul Paray conducts the Colonne Symphony Orchestra of Paris in a competent and well-recorded performance.

—IRVING KOLODIN

Fifth Avenue Buses Are Carrying More Passengers Than Last Year

This was also a fact in the months of February and March (the latest figures available when this advertisement went to press), although some people thought that the Madison Avenue buses, which started running February 1st, would take passengers away from the Fifth Avenue buses.

It is quite evident that Fifth Avenue bus passengers are willing to pay ten cents for a comfortable, seated ride. A large percentage of Fifth Avenue bus passengers come from the highest-income rated sections of the City.

The Fifth Avenue buses are rightly called "The Shoppers' Motor." During the past 12 months 284,294 passengers were carried to the Wanamaker store by the Fifth Avenue buses, 366,918 passengers were carried away from Wanamaker's. A survey made by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company a few years ago when the coaches were carrying only 46,000,000 passengers a year, showed that based on a month's tabulation the buses delivered to

Lord & Taylor's	378,000 passengers per year
Altman's	423,000 passengers per year
McCreery's Fifth Avenue Entrance	233,400 passengers per year
Best & Co.	184,500 passengers per year
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